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NEDL TRANSFER



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S. S. Palmer



Philip James Sculpt

THE

LIFE and EXPLOITS

Of the ingenious Gentleman

DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

Translated from the ORIGINAL SPANISH of

Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

By CHARLES JARVIS, Esq;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

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TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

AS much as I dislike the usual practice of translators, who think to recommend their own by censuring the former translations of their author, I am obliged to assure the reader, that, had I not thought those of *Don Quixote* very defective, I had never given myself or him the trouble of this undertaking.

There have been already three of *Don Quixote* in *English*. The first by *Shelton* has hitherto passed as translated from the original, though many passages in it manifestly shew it to have been taken from the *Italian* of *Lorenzo Franciosini*. An instance or two will be sufficient.

In the ninth Chapter of the third book of the first part, *Sancho's ass* is stolen by *Gines de Passamonte*, while *Sancho* is asleep; and presently after, the author mounts him again in a very remarkable manner, sideways like a woman, *a la mugeriega*. This story being but imperfectly told, *Franciosini* took it for a gross oversight: he therefore alters it, indeed a little unhappily; for, in defect of the ass, he is forced to put *Sancho's* wallets and provender upon *Rozinante*, though the wallets were stopt before by the inn-keeper, in the third chapter of the third book. This blundering amendment of the translator is literally followed by *Shelton*.

Again, in pursuance of this, *Franciosini* alters another passage in the eleventh chapter of the same book. *Sancho* says to his master, who had enjoined him absolute silence; *If beasts could speak as they did in the days of Guisopete* (I suppose he means *Aesop*) *my case would not be quite so bad; for then I might commune with my ass, and say what I pleased to him.* Here the *Italian* makes him say "*Commune with Rozinante*"; and *Shelton* follows him; with this addition, "*Since my niggardly fortune has deprived me of my ass.*"

But what if *Cervantes* made this seeming slip on purpose for a bait to tempt the minor criticks, in the same manner as, in another place, he makes the princess of *Micomicon* land at *Offuna*, which is no sea-port? As by that he introduced a fine piece of satire on an eminent *Spaniſh* historian of his time, who had described it as such in his history; so by this he might only take occasion to reflect on a parallel incident in *Ariosto*, where *Brunelo*, at the siege of *Albraça*, steals the horse from between the legs of *Sacripante* king of *Circassia*. It is the very defence he makes for it, in the fourth chapter of the second part, where, by the way, both the *Italian* and old *Engliſh* translators have preserved the excuse, though by their altering the text they had taken away the occasion of it.

The edition by *John Stevens* is but a bare attempt to correct some passages of *Skelton*, and, though the grammar be a little mended by the connecting particles, the antique ſtyle of the old one is entirely broken. This is therefore so much the worse by altering the ridiculous of the old diction, without coming nearer to the ſense or ſpirit of the original. *Stevens* also has made the same wise amendments with his predecessor;

That of *Motteux* is done by ſeveral hands, and is a kind of loose paraphraſe, rather than a translation; and has quite another cast, being taken wholly from the *French*, which, by the way, was, also, from the *Italian*. It is full of what is called the *Faux brillant*, and openly carries throughout it a kind of low comic or burlesque vein. *Motteux* is ſo injudicious as to value his verſion upon this very air of comedy, than which nothing can be more foreign to the design of the Author, whose principal and diſtinguishing character is, to preserve the face of gravity, generally conſiſtent through his whole work, ſuited to the ſolemnity of a *Spaniard*, and wherein without doubt is placed the true ſpirit of its ridicule.

For the three principal points, which a ſtaunch *Spaniard* lays down to his ſon, are ranked in the following order; *Gravedad, lealdad, y el temor de Dios*, i. e. "In the first place gravity, in the ſecond loyalty, and

" in

" in the third *the fear of God.*" The first is to manifest itself in a punctilious zeal for the service of his mistress; the second in an unreserved submission to his prince; and the third in a blind obedience to the church. The first of these makes the chief subject of the present satire.

Upon the whole, I think it manifest this author has not been translated into our language in such a manner as to give any tolerable satisfaction; though it is evident from the two attempts made by *Motteux* and *Stevens*, and the success they met with upon the first publication, that there was an universal demand for such a work. However, in a short time, all those, who had any taste of the author, finding themselves disappointed, chose rather to have recourse back again to the old one, which, as it was nearer the words, was so much nearer the sense of the original.

There are three circumstances, wherein the excellencies of this author appear in the strongest light. The first is, that the genius of knight-errantry having been so long expired all over *Europe*, excepting in *Spain*, yet this book has been translated into most languages, and every where read with universal applause; though the humour was long ago spent, and the satire affected none but the *Spaniards*. Secondly, that, although it requires a good judgment to discover all the nicer beauties in this writer, yet there remain enough sufficiently obvious to please people of all capacities whatsoever. The third (which I confine wholly to *England*) is, that, though we have already had so many translations and editions, all abundantly defective, yet the wit and genius of the author has been able to shine through all disadvantages, so as to make every one of them as entertaining as any we have among us.

The ironical is the most agreeable, and perhaps the strongest of all kinds of satire, but at the same time the most difficult to preserve in a work of length. Who is there but observes our author's admirable talent at it? However it must be confessed, he has now and then broke in upon this scheme; which I am per-

suaded he must have been forced to in compliance with the humour of the age and country he wrote in, and not from any error of judgment.

It is certain, that, upon the first appearance of this book in publick, great numbers of the *Spaniard* readers understood it as a true history; nor perhaps is the opinion quite extinguished in that country: for an intimate friend of mine told me, that, meeting, not long ago, in *London*, with a *Spaniard* of some figure, and wanting to learn of him some particulars concerning *Cervantes* and *Don Quixote*, the *Spaniard* very gravely assured him, that *Cervantes* was a wag, the whole book fiction and meer invention; and that there never was such a person as *Don Quixote*.

We daily see people of a gross and low taste apt to be offended at a serious manner of jesting, either in writing or conversation; and therefore it will not be improper here to take notice of the frequent oaths, the author puts into the mouths of *Don Quixote* and his squire, and likewise of the pious reflections and ejaculations made by both upon very mean and ridiculous occasions. However unwarrantable this practice may be among casuists, it is certainly no fault that falls under the cognizance of a critic, neither can *Cervantes* in justice be condemned, who appears, in several parts of this very work, to be a man, not only of great morality, but true piety. We should rather blame the disposition and mode of his country, where the authors frequently take the liberty of mingling what we call profaneness and religion together. But above all the old romances, which he satirizes, abound in this very practice. May I not add, that a good writer of humour proceeds like a master-painter, who is designing pictures by invention? First, he is intent upon fixing the general idea of the characters, and, when he has carried these as far as he is able by the mere strength of his genius, he then applies himself to minuter likenesses from nature itself, to come nearer to the life, and describe the particulars more strongly. Thus the very interspersing those oaths and ejaculations contributes much towards giving the work that air

air of nature and truth, so necessary in a piece of this kind.

There are several broad hints of satire upon the wealth, the power and splendor of the clergy, as inconsistent with the original christian scheme; and he has also made pretty free with the voluntary penances, and heroic whippings, of his own countrymen. Such strokes would certainly never have passed the jealous eyes of the *Inquisition*, had they not been sagaciously balanced by several humble and dutiful passages in favour of pious donations, foundations, *Purgatory*, praying to saints, and other profitable doctrines of the church.

In some places you meet with sundry quaint turns, and now and then some obsolete expressions in bombast speeches; both which vices he endeavours to expose in those very passages, by making his hero imitate the stile and phrase usual in the romances so much in vogue: and one would wonder how monsieur and mademoiselle *Scudery*, and the rest of the *Beaux esprits* of the *French* academy, could be so barren of invention, and so unthinking, as to copy that very model of romance set down by *Cervantes*, wherein their heroes and heroines are exactly described, and the whole system ridiculed; particularly in the discourses of *Don Quixote* and the canon.

I thought here to have ended this preface: but considering, that this work was calculated to ridicule that false system of honour and gallantry, which prevailed even 'till our author's time; to which there are frequent allusions through the whole of this work; I have chosen to give some account of the rise, progress, and continuance of it, in this place.

As far back as we have any records of the *northern nations*, it appears, that they decided controversies and disputes by the sword. *Lucian* tells us, that whoever was vanquished there in single combat, had his right hand cut off. *Cæsar*, in his fifth book, says, the *Germans* reckoned it gallant and brave to rob and plunder their neighbours; and *Tacitus* observes, they seldom terminated a dispute with words, but with wounds and

death. But nothing can better shew, how common this practice was among the people, than the fatal instance of *Quintilius Varus* in *Velleius Paterculus*. *Varus* commanded three *Roman* legions, with their allies, upon the *Rhine*; where the enemy taking notice, that he was more intent upon deciding causes in a judicial way, than upon the discipline and care of his army, took occasion from thence of forming a design to surprize and destroy him and his army. And this they partly effected, by amusing him every day with scuffles and quarrels, contrived among themselves, to furnish *Varus* with store of plaintiffs and defendants; pretending to be extremely surprized and pleased to see the *Romans* end those disputes by the magistrate and civil pleadings, which the *Germans* knew no other way of determining but by the sword.

All over the *north*, single combat was allowed upon various grounds. *Krantz*, the *Danish* historian, tells us, how usual it was to decide causes this way; and that, not only between persons of equal circumstances; but so shameful a thing was it deemed to decline it, that even sovereigns have accepted a challenge from their own rebellious subjects. *Aldanus*, King of *Sweden*, fought with *Sivaldus* in the lists; and *Addingus*, king of *Denmark*, with *Tasso*, who had in vain endeavoured to raise an insurrection against him. *Schioldus* (nephew to that *Dane*, who gave the name to *Denmark*, they say, before *Romulus*) challenged his rival *Scate*, the *German*, to duel for a young lady. The famous pirate *Ebban* demanded the daughter of *Unginus*, king of the *Goths*, in marriage, with half his kingdom for her dowry; and there was no avoiding a concession or a combat; but, by good fortune, another bravo had challenged *Ebban*, and killed him. In the reign of *Fronto the third*, king of *Denmark*, one *Greppa* was accused by one *Henrick* of having violated the queen's majesty; and though the thing was true, and publick enough, yet *Greppa*, to prove his innocence, challenged the accuser: *Henrick* was slain, and after him his father and brothers, who endeavoured to revenge his death.

By

By degrees their acute legislators found out, that women, and old or infirm men, were under too great hardships, and therefore, in equity, allowed them the use of a champion, to battle it in their stead. *Gestiblind*, king of the *Gotbs*, challenged in his old age by the king of *Sweden*, sent his champion: and *Elegon* of *Norway*, having a mind to the daughter of *Fridlevus*, sent the famous *Starcuter*, to fight his rivals; who, notwithstanding his being so redoubted in arms, slew *Olo* the *Norwegian* by treachery. It is recorded, that these champions were a set of the vilest fellows in the world, who often yielded themselves vanquished for a bribe; and then the unhappy principal was delivered up into the power of the victor, who sometimes put him to death. But, when the treachery was too palpable, the villain lost his right hand, and he and his patron were branded with a note of perpetual infamy. *Saxo Grammaticus*, who wrote about the year 1200, says, that *Fronto* above-mentioned decreed, “That all controversies should be decided by arms, deeming it more reputable to contend with blows, than with words.” Before this the *Longobards*, of *German* extraction, who had continued and multiplied several ages in *Italy*, began to copy after the *Italians* with a notable mixture of their original genius. *App. Sigonius*, l. 2. says, *Rotari*, with the consent of his nobles and army in *Pavia*, enacted, “That if any five years possessor of any thing, moveable or immoveable, be taxed by any man as wrongfully possessing, he may justify his title by *Duel*:” And whichever of the combatants gave ground so far, as to set his foot beyond the line assigned them, lost his cause as vanquished. In some places the rigours were extreme: axes and halters, gallows and gibbets, were prepared without the lists, and the poor caitiff was hanged or dismembered, who happened to be worsted.

By length of time the climate began to soften these savage minds. At first, the goods and chattels of the vanquished belonged to the conqueror: but this practice was laid aside; for no wealthy gentleman could be

safe. The *borse* and *arms* were a great while a perquisitive: but, in process of time, this also was retrenched to the offensive weapons the unfortunate had made use of in the lists. These the conqueror hung up in some church under his own; and, if he liked the enemy's device upon his shield, he made an exchange. One of the *Visconti* family defeated a *Saracen* of quality in the lists, and that house, to this day, bears a viper with a bloody child in its mouth, the *Saracen*'s device.

In the *Longobard Codex*, rates were set by law upon affronts, as well as assaults and batteries, of both which I will set down a sample. When any person had beaten another, and made a livid spot or wound, he was amerced three crowns for the first, six for the second, nine for the third, twelve for the fourth beating, and all beyond went into the bargain. You see the penalty for wounding a man: now behold how sacred were his honour and his property, and how guarded by the wisdom of the law. *Item*, six crowns for pulling him by the beard; the same for taking away a pole from his hops, or his vines; the same for plucking off the hair of his neighbour's horse's tail; three for beating a servant-wench, and making her miscarry; and just the same for making a mare cast her foal, or a cow her calf. Again, if you struck a man on the head, so as to make a fracture, twelve crowns; twenty-four for the second blow; thirty-six for the third: but if there happened to be any more fractures, the patient must be quiet; for the statute is express, and in very good *Latin*, *Sit contentus*. A catalogue is drawn up of the members of the human body: so much for a simple tooth, and so much for a grinder: the nose was always a ticklish article, and twenty-four crowns was always the lowest penny: but, for assassinating a baron or squire by treachery, nine hundred crowns; and, to shew their zeal for the church, the same for murdering a bishop. They allowed of duel in nineteen cases; eighteen of which were to be fought at blunts, with a club and a shield; but the nineteenth was for high treason, and to be fought at sharps with

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the fword. I forgot to mention, that, in their books of rates, to call a man *cuckold* was fined at twelve crowns, and, to offer to prove it, admitted of a combat in form.

Not only single persons, but whole towns have challenged other towns to battle, by first engaging some great families, then the friends and dependents of each, 'till numbers were embarked on both sides, and much blood was spilt. When they came to an accommodation, the terms were sometimes pretty hard upon the vanquished party: "That they should lower their tower, wall up some gate, clothe in black, with the lining black also, and not shave their beards in ten years." When it grew out of fashion to hang or dismember, still the poor vanquished was in a wretched case, given up to the disposal of the victor. The herald proclaimed him, at the corners of the lists, guilty, false and perjured; he was unarmed backwards; he was to walk backwards out of the lists; his armour was thrown piece by piece over the barrier; and, thenceforward, no gentleman would keep him company. But the usual way was for the conquerors to send the conquered as tokens to their mistresses, to be disposed of as they thought proper. One cavalier, in a pious fit, presented his prisoner to St. Peter's, where the canons of that cathedral employed him to handle a broom instead of a spear, and he swept their church several years with great applause.

This kind of practice favoured too much of insolence, and by degrees, and *Italian* refinements, the vanquishers became the pinks of courtesy; Out of pure gallantry, they did not require their adversary to yield, though the superiority was apparent, but only to confess and acknowledge his antagonist to be as much a gentleman as himself. Now they began to reduce the custom of single combat to a *Science*, and thus it spread all over Europe. The cavaliers entered the lists for injurious words, as well as for injurious actions. Then frequent disputes arose about the expression, or the tone with which it was uttered: here they gave one another the *by* plentifully, one affirming,

the other denying. By these military laws, the challenged was to have the choice of the weapons, of the field, and of the judge; which advantage was often fatal to the appellant, by some foul play, or others, whence every man that quarrelled used great address to make himself defendant, to be intitled to the aforesaid privilege. As cases were often dubious, the advocates applied to the study of distinctions. They grew as numerous as the students of the civil law, and as many books were written upon the subject. So many exceptions were allowed, and so many treatises written on both sides the question, before the quarrel could be established (as they called it) that there was no likelihood of any end. The *lye* was grown so terrible, that no prudent person would venture to use a *negative parrich*, lest it should be construed by the casuists an oblique way of giving the *lye*. A man could not say, "Sir, you are misinformed," without hazarding a duel. People found out qualifying mediums: "Excuse me, Sir; Pardon me, Sir;" which in *Italy* and *France* remain the court modes of Speech to this day. Though all gentlemen were under these predicaments, yet those, who were dubbed knights, were under a more immediate and precise obligation: they took an oath to be ready at all calls; their arms and armour were always furbishing, and their horses in the stable; and instantly, upon the receipt of a letter, or gauntlet, by a trumpet, to horse and away; for, should any of these cavaliers have made excuses, or seemed to decline a combat, their spurs were hacked off, and they were degraded of course, as incast knights; and perfured persons, for behaving contrary to their oath at the girding on their swords. If a cavalier was calumniated after his death, his next of kin was to take up the quarrel; and if a gentleman happened to die after he was challenged, and before the combat, his nearest relation was bound to appear in the lists, and maintain he did not die for fear. In these blessed ages, when people were obliged to combat by this divine right of succession, a strong adroit fellow has extinguished a whole generation, and the merits of the cause point blank against him all the while.

But,

But, of all obligations, that of vindicating the honour of the *ladies* was the most binding: their beauty and chasteſty were the two topicks that made heroes swarm like wasps in a hot summer, each valuing himſelf upon the justice of his cause, and, in the very act of encountering that launce, which perhaps in a moment was pushed three yards through his body, muttering a recommendatory prayer to heaven, and to his *patrons*; for they were bound in gallantry to believe their future bliss depended equally upon both. This was very gross, and seemed to be a high contempt of that *absolution*, in *articulo mortis*, upon which the church of *Rome* lay so great a stress. Wherefore the *Lateran council* anathematized all these bravos, to the great discouragement of chivalry. Some princes grew squeamish, and would not allow of combats *a tutto transito* (as the *Italians* called it) that is, to kill down-right, unless in extraordinary cases. But fighting still was so universally in vogue, that in every country in *Europe* a *free field* was fet out, and every petty prince, out of ostentation of his sovereignty, though he had hardly ten acres of territory, would have his *Campo Franc*e, with judges, and all the proper officers fixed, that justice might not be retarded for want of such a *judicature* (as they called it) at hand. The *bed of honour* was ready made, and death stood waiting to put out the lights, and draw his ſable curtain. *Letters-patent* were drawn up by the elaborate Secretary, recording all the circumstances at large, and always with ſome flourishes in favour of the conqueror; these were witnessed by all the cavaliers and men of quality present. The very ecclesiastics were not exempt: for in 1176, *Matthew Paris* informs us, the pope's legate obtained a privilege. "That the clergy should be no longer compelled to ſingle combat."

Philip the fair of France, in 1306, by his constitutions, allowed of decisions by combat; and because the ladies could not decently engage in cold blood, and cold iron, they were indulged, out of tenderness to the soft sex, the *Trial ordeal*: burning plow-shares, with

with troughs of scalding liquor, were placed at unequal distances upon the ground: the accused was blindfolded, and, if she chanced to tread clear of all these gins, her innocence was apparent, and heaven favoured her righteous cause: but, if she was scalded or burnt, god have mercy on her! *Edward the confessor's* mother *Emma* underwent this trial, and came off safe from nine plow-shares. If the charge was for witchcraft, which usually happened to women in old age, they were thrown into some deep pond or river, and, if the operators pulled them out before they were quite suffocated, it was well; but if after they were actually drowned, there was still this mercy, they escaped burning.

While these customs were in vogue, superstition had a noble latitude. *Saxo Grammaticus*, l. 1. &c. 4. tells us, it was generally believed, that "some men were invulnerable by magic; some armour, by necromantic art, of proof and impenetrable, unless some magician of superior skill forged a sword of such temper, as nothing could resist." Some balsams were thought so sovereign, as to heal all wounds, and, in consequence of these opinions, the combatants, at entering the lists, were obliged to take an oath, that they had no such thing about them.

During the prevalence of these barbarous customs, St. Peter's successors took the opportunity of finding some utility out of them, by inciting the princes of Christendom to undertake to recover the *holy sepulchre* from the hands of the *Saracens*; as well as to establish certain *military orders*. These were a kind of religious edged-tools, who were so zealous at their first dubbing, that, not content to stay at home, and serve their king and country, they armed, and mounted forthwith, and, accompanied by a trusty squire, went about the world in quest of adventures. Their oath at their installation obliged them "to redress wrongs, relieve widows and orphans, chastise insolence, &c." These injunctions they piously took *au pied de la lettre*, and those cavaliers, who were of a compassionate character, set up for immediate redress of grievances, and

and steered their course towards whatever court or city was most renowned for valiant knights. Those of an amorous complexion offered to maintain, that their mistresses were superior in beauty to all the ladies of the said court or city. At their arrival, they published a cartel or manifesto declaring their pretensions. The compassionate knights insisted, that such a damsel should have right done her upon an inconstant or faithless lover; such a widow or orphan have redress of a certain grievance; such an old or infirm person have satisfaction given him. If any of these or the like demands were rejected, a combat ensued of course, and the stranger knight was to be treated with great distinction 'till the question was decided.

Some gay cavaliers carried the humour farther, and took a company of damsels upon palfries about with them, to stake them against their opponent's women. Their letters of defiance were usually in an extraordinary stile. I will transcribe a few of the ancient and authentic precedents, in their own words, from their historian and advocate, *Fausto the Italian*; by which specimen you will find our cavaliers of *Hockley* were a set of modest gentlemen.

C H A L L E N G E.

“ You may have heard I am one that make pre-
“ tension to beautiful damsels; and I am credibly in-
“ formed you have one called *Perina*, said to be won-
“ derous handsome: now, if you do not send her me
“ forthwith, or acquaint me when I may send for her,
“ prepare to fight me.”

A N S W E R.

“ You are not such a man, that one of my rank
“ should regard what you pretend to. *Perina* is mine,
“ and handsome: I will meet you, and bring her with
“ me into the lists: you shall stake a couple of yours
“ against her, because they have less beauty and worth:
“ When I have vanquished you, they shall wait upon
“ *Perina* as long as she pleases.”

Another.

Another CHALLENGE.

“ If you do not set the *Brunetta* at liberty, meet
 “ me, and name the day ; though this enterprize does
 “ not so properly belong to me, as to some other ca-
 “ valier, who lives nearer, and can be better informed
 “ of the violence.”

A N O T H E R.

“ Not out of envy at your glory, but out of a de-
 “ sire to be partaker thereof, do me the favour to fight
 “ me, and you will oblige your humble servant,

The ANSWER.

“ Pray, Sir, be so kind to come and dine with me
 “ to-morrow, and at two o'clock I will attend you
 “ to the lists.

Another CHALLENGE.

“ You say your cap is red ; I say it is blue, and will
 “ prove, that the sword by your fide is lead, and your
 “ dagger a wooden one.”

The seconds were to make exceptions and enter protests, to examine the arms and armour, and to see there was no false workmanship ; for smiths had been bribed, and made some armour more weak, that their best chapmen might prevail. The seconds then never fought, but interposed as they saw cause, 'till by later refinements it grew to be the mode,

When combat became a science, the critics frequently differed on which side the lye was given *viscidly*. To the end all points might be sufficiently discussed, ten days were allowed for accepting the challenge ; twenty to answer the adversary's manifesto ; and forty more to agree upon the lists, the judge, &c. So that, let a man of honour be in never so much haste, seventy days were good and safe within the forms. In this interval some new scruple was often started, each party endeavouring to put himself in the place of defendant ; and before these difficulties could be removed, one or both of the parties have died peaceably

peaceably in their beds. To gain time was a main artifice, and frequently practised; and, in some great emergencies, a kind of *military writ of error* was admitted, by which the heroes were to begin again. It will not be improper to quote one example, *Peter*, king of *Arragon*, was challenged by *Charles*, king of *Sicily*, to single combat. The field appointed was near *Bourdeaux* in *Gascony*. *Charles* appeared with the lord of the field and the judge. He waited several hours; then scoured the field (as their law enjoined) and, upbraiding his adversary with contumacy, went off with the judge. When *Charles* was gone, *Peter* appears; stays some time; scours his field, and accuses his competitor as contumacious, for not staying out the whole time allotted. The case was referred to council learned in chivalry: they declared *Charles* not guilty of contumacy, because the judge went off with him; and another day was appointed. *Peter* refused to appear: but pope *Martin*, who was as infallible as any of his successors, deprived him of the kingdom in dispute.

Sometimes the day and hour were agreed upon, but they differed about the field. One named the *Piazzo Grande* at *Milan*; the other the *Carbonara* at *Naples*; and each has appeared in shining armour, pranced over the lists, and scoured his field, a hundred leagues from his enemy, who was doing the like in his own country, with equal parade, and equal bravery.

But, of all the examples of this sort, I must not omit a very signal one, which is given us by *Froissart*, the *French* historian, and an eye-witness, and which I shall transcribe at large. It is of a famous decision at *Paris*, in 1387, between two gentlemen, vassals of the count *D'Alenson*, both in employment under him, and both favourites; the chevalier *John Caron* apellant, and *James le Gris* respondent. *John*, it seems, was married to a handsome young woman, and happened to travel beyond sea for some advantage to his fortune. He left his wife among her servants at his seat in the country, where she behaved very prudently. Now (says our author) it fell out, that the devil entered

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the body of *James le Gris* by temptation perverse and diverse, making him cast an eye upon the chevalier's lady, who resided then at *Argenteil*. It was sworn at the trial afterwards, that, upon a certain day of such a month in such a year, he took a horse of the count's, and rode thither. She and her people made him very welcome, as being a companion of her husband's, and belonging to the same master. After some time, she shewed him the house and the furniture; and, suspecting no harm, no servant attended while she did so. Then *James* desired to see the dungeon, as the chief thing he wanted to see. Now the dungeon is one of those strong stone towers, of ancient ornament and defence, belonging to every castle, with small spike-holes high in the walls, to keep prisoners of war in, in times of commotion. Madam *Caronge* led him the way. As soon as they were in, he clapped the door after him: she thought the wind had done it, 'till *James* fell to embracing her, and, being a strong man, had his will of her. At his taking leave of her, she said to him, weeping; "*James, James*, you have not done well; but the blame shall not lie at my door, but at yours, if my husband lives to come back." *James* mounted his flower of coursers (as the term was for a fine horse) and returned to the count's, where, upon the stroke of nine o'clock, he was among the rest at his lordship's levée, and at four the same morning he had been seen at home. I mark this particular so precisely, because so much depended upon it afterwards. Madam said not a word of what had passed to man or maid, but retained in her memory the day and hour *. When the husband returned from his expedition, his wife received him with great demonstrations of joy. The day passed; the night came; *John* went to bed; but she lingered, which he wondered much at. She continued walking

*. It is pity the historian does not say, what number or whether any of her domestics swore to *James le Gris* being at *Argenteil*, in that day or at that odd hour, nor which servant brought him his horse from the stable, nor why she did not make her people stop him, since one would think she had opportunity and power enough so to do.

backwards

backwards and forwards in the chamber, crossing herself between whiles, 'till the family was all in bed and asleep. Then she advanced to the bedside, and kneeling, in the most doleful accents, related the whole adventure. At first he could not believe what she told him ; but she persisted so vehemently, that it staggered him, and he said, if it proved so, he forgave her ; but if otherwise, he never would cohabit with her more. However he promised to summon the chief of her relations and his own, and demean himself upon the occasion as they should direct. Accordingly, next morning, he wrote several circular letters, and appointed them a day. When they were all met, and in a room together, he called his wife to them, locked the door, and bid her tell her own story from point to point. She did so, and the result of the consultation was, to apprise the count their lord of it, and leave it to him. This the husband agreed to do : but *James* (says the historian) being prime favourite, the count said, the tale sounded like a fiction : however, to shew his impartiality, he ordered the parties should be confronted, and have a fair and formal hearing face to face. After long pleading, all the relations being present, the woman persisting, the chevalier accusing strongly, and the squire as peremptorily denying, *James* was acquitted, and the count concluded the woman must have dreamed : for it was not judged possible for any man to ride three and twenty leagues (about seventy miles) commit such a fact, and spend so much time as the several circumstances of her deposition required, in four hours and a half ; for that was all the space, in which he could not prove himself at home. His lordship therefore ordered, that no more should be said of it. But the chevalier, who was a man of mettle, and consequently his honour very tender, now the thing was publick, would not be so put off. He brought the case before the *parliament of Paris* : It was depending for a year and half, and the parties gave in securities to stand by the decision. That wise senate at last determined, it should be decided by *combat to all extremity*, on the *Monday* following the sentence. The king,

king, happening to be then at *Sluys* in *Flanders*, immediately sent a courier with orders to adjourn the day; for he was resolved to see the issue himself. The dukes of *Berry*, *Burgundy*, and *Bourbon*, the constable of *France*, with the chief of the nobility, came to town on purpose. The lists were set out on the place of *St. Catharine*, and scaffolds were erected for the numerous spectators. The combatants were armed at all points *cap à pie*, as the fashion was, and had each their chair to sit down in, 'till they were to enter upon action. The dame was seated upon a car, covered with black. The husband rose from his seat, went to her, and said: Madam, by your information, and in your quarrel, I am here to venture my life, and fight *James le Gris*: you know best whether my cause be good and true. Sir, replied she, you may depend upon it, and fight securely. Then he took her by the hand, and kissed her: he crossed himself, and entered the lists. She remained praying, and in great perplexity, as well she might; for, if her cavalier was worsted, he was to be hanged, and she to be burned without mercy; for such was the sentence in express terms. But the die was thrown, and they must abide by the chance. The field and sun being divided, according to custom and equity, they performed their careers, and their exercises of the spear on horseback, and, being both very expert, without any hurt. Then they alighted, and fell to work with their swords. In a little time the chevalier *John* was wounded in the thigh, and all his friends in a mortal fright for him: but he fought on, and so valiantly, that at length he brought his adversary to the ground, run his sword into his body, and killed him upon the spot. He looked round, and asked if he had done his duty well: It was answered, yes, with a general voice; and immediately *James* was delivered to the hangman, who dragged him to a hill near *Paris*, and hanged him there. The business thus concluded, the chevalier came, and kneeled before the king, who made him rise, and ordered him a thousand livres that day, and two hundred more yearly for his life, and made him a

gentleman

gentleman of his bed-chamber. Then, descending to the scaffold, he went to his wife, whom he saluted, and they walked together to the cathedral of *Nâtre Dame*, to make their offerings. So the charge was well proved, and the historian durst make no reflections; for, in those days, nobody could question but *James* was guilty, because he was slain.

I must not neglect mentioning, that combat was no where more in fashion, than here in *England*. Our history abounds with instances: Our heroes performed in *Tottilfields*, where the judges of the common-pleas presided, and pronounced sentences. But, when a *cavale* was tried before the king, the lord high constable, and the earl marshal, sat as judges.

Infinite were the mischiefs proceeding from these false and absurd notions of honour. The first institution, though barbarous enough, was still more perverted by misapplication. These cavaliers, from protecting widows and orphans from oppression, proceeded to protect their servants and dependents from just prosecution and punishment. In short, throughout all *Europe* this frenzy prevailed, 'till it became both the *honour* and the *law of nations*, and drew to its side not only the *divines*, but the *legislators* themselves.

We have seen all the ideas of heroism formed upon this system. Kings themselves and bishops were employed in writing romances, of the *Paladines* of *France*, the *Palmerins* of *England*, and the *knights* of the *round table*. The single subject of *Amadis de Gaul* was extended to above twenty volumes. The *French*, not so contented, extracted from thence speeches and flowers enough to fill two more; and their translator *de Herberay* was esteemed so great a master of eloquence, as to be called the *Cicero of France*. There, and in *Italy* and *Spain*, it over-run all books, and debauched all taste; and upon this wise model the fine gentlemen of each nation formed both their manners and their language.

In the midst of all these prejudices, we see our author undertake to combat this giant of *false honour*, and all these *monsters of false wit*. No sooner did

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did his work appear, but both were cut down at once, and for ever. The illusion of ages was dissipated, the magic dissolved, and all the enchantment vanished like smoke. And so great and total was the change it wrought, that, if such works are now ever read, it is only the better to comprehend the satire, and give light to the beauties of his incomparable *Don Quixote*.

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THE curious account here put together of the Principles of the ancient Chivalry, as it was in fact, seems defective: For the ridicule of *CERVANTES* does not so much turn upon *that*, as upon the *ideal* Chivalry, as it is to be found only in the old *ROMANCES*. And of these the Translator is silent. A few words, therefore, concerning their Origin and Nature may not be unacceptable to the Reader: Especially as Monsieur *Huet*, the Bishop of *Avranches*, who wrote a formal Treatise of the *Origin of Romances*, has said little or nothing of them in that superficial Work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later *Greeks*, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western Writers, which have now the name of *Romances* almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his Reader, and, instead of giving us an account of these Books of Chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the Poems of the *Provincial* Writers, called likewise *Romances*: and so, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops

* Communicated by a learned writer, well known in the Literary World.

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his proper subject, and entertains us with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The *Spaniards* were of all others the fondest of these fables, as suiting best their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery ; which in time grew so excessive, as to need all the efficacy of this incomparable Satire to bring them back to their sober senses. The *French* suffered an easier cure from their Doctor *RABELAIS*, who enough discredited the books of Chivalry, by only using the extravagant Stories of its Giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of satire against the refined *Politics* of his Countrymen ; of which they were as much possessed as the *Spaniards* of their *Romantick Bravery*. A *bravery* our *SHAKESPEAR* makes their Characteristic, in this description of a *Spanish Gentleman* :

*A Man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as Umpire of their mutiny :
This Child of fancy, that Armado bight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a Knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
Love's Labour lost, Act i. Sc. 1.*

Excessive complaisance is here admirably expressed in the Person of one, who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong*, Friends ; and to persuade the one to recede from the usual stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her opposite, merely that he might not incur the imputation of rusticity and ill-breeding, for keeping up the quarrel. The sense of what follows is to this effect : *This Gentleman*, says the speaker, *shall relate to us the celebrated Stories recorded in the old Romances, and in their very stile*. Why he says, *from tawny Spain*, is because, these Romances being of *Spanish Original*, the *Heroes* and the *Scene* were generally of that Country. He says, *lost in the world's debate*, because the subject of those Romances were the *Crusades* of the *European Christians* against the *Saracens of Asia and Africa*.

Indeed,

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Indeed, the Wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the Romances of Chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish Historians: The One, who, under the name of *Turpin* Archbishop of *Rheims*, wrote the History and Achievements of *Charlemagne* and his twelve Peers, who drove the Saracens out of *France* and the South parts of *Spain*: the other, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*.

Two of those Peers, whom the old Romances have rendered most famous, were *Oliver* and *Rowland*. In the Spanish Romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of *Roland* are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*, or simply *Oliva*, those of *Oliver*: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Oliver* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the Priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the Knight's library to the secular arm of the House-keeper. " Exceptando " à un *Bernardo del Carpio* que anda por ay, y à otro " llamado *Roncesvalles*; que estos en llegando a mis " manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en " las del fuego sin remision alguna" *. And of *Oliver* he says; " essa *Oliva* se haga luego raxas, y se quemé, " que aun no queden della las cenizas" †. The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one Story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called *Roldan*, to be seen on the summit of an high Mountain in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, near the Town of *Alicant*, was made with a single back-stroke of that Hero's broad Sword. Hence came the Proverbial expression of our plain and sensible Ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagancies than the Spaniards, of giving one a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, faire le *Roland* means, to swagger. This driving the Saracens out of *France*

* B. 1. c. 6. p. 25.

† Ibid.

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and *Spain*, was, as we say, the subject of the elder Romances. And the first that was printed in *Spain*, was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the Inquisitor Priest says ; “ segun he oydo dezir, este libro fuè el primero de Cavallerias que se imprimiò en Espana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deste † ;” and for which he humorously condemns it to the fire, *como à Dogmatizador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of *Europe* afforded them another of the same nature. For, after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable Guests ; by the excitements of the Popes, they carried their arms against them into *Greece* and *Asia*, to support the *Byzantine Empire*, and recover the holy Sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of Romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Grecia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that *Trebizonde* is as celebrated in these Romances as *Roncevalles* is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous *Italian* Epic Poets, *ARIOSTO* and *TASSO*, have borrowed, from each of these Classes of old Romances, the scenes and subjects of their several Stories : *Ariosto* choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and *Tasso*, the latter, the *Crusade against them in Asia* : *Ariosto*'s hero being *Orlando* or the *French Roland*: for as the *Spaniards*, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the *Italians*, by another, made it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in *Turpin*'s famous history of *Charlemagne* and his twelve peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the Romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages ; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have

† Ib. p. 23.

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a proof of this in the travels of Sir *J. Maundevile*, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of *Cos*, in the *Archipelago*, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon. " And also a zonge Man, that wiste " not of the Dragoun, went out of a Schipp, and went " thorghe the Isle, till that he came to the Castelle, " and cam into the Cave; and went so longe till that " he sond a Chambre, and there he saughe a Damy- " felle, that kembod hire Hede, and lokede in a My- " rour: and sche hadde meche Tresoure abouten hire: " and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun Wo- " man, that dwelled there to resceyve Mea to Folye. " And he abode, till the Damyfelle saughe the scha- " dewe of him in the Myrour. And sche turned hire " toward him, and asked hym what he wolde. And " he seyde, he wolde ben hire Limman or Paramour. " And sche asked him, if that he were a Knyghte. " And he sayde, nay. And then sche seyde, that he " myghte not ben hire Limman. But sche bad him " gon azen unto his Felowes, and make him Knighte, " and come azen upon the Morwe, and sche scholde " come out of her Cave before him; and thanne come " and kysse hire on the Mowthe and have no drede. " For I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that " thou see me in lykenes of a Dragoun. For thoughe " thou see me hideouse and horrible to loken onne, I " do the to wytene that it is made be Enchauntement. " For withouten doute, I am none other than thou " seest now, a Woman; and therefore drede the " nougthe. And zif thou kysse me, thou schalt have " alle this Tresoure, and be my Lord, and Lord also " of all that Isle. And he departed, &c." p. 29, 30. Ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a Romane-adventure. This honest Traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the People of the Isle. And some Men seyn (says he) that in the Isle of Lango is met the Doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykenesse of a gret Dragoun, that is an hundred Fadene in lengthe, as Men seyn:

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sey : For I have not seen bire. And thei of the Isles callen bire, *Lady of the Land*. We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by Pilgrims and Travellers, would have less credit either with the writers or readers of Romances : which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the Romancers with materials, was our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. For it is not to be supposed, that these *Children of Fancy* (as *Shakespear* in the place quoted above finely calls them, insinuating that *Fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the limits of the *terra firma*. From *Him* therefore the Spanish Romancers took the story of the *British Arthur*, and the *Knights of his round-table*, his Wife *Guenivor*, and his Conjuror *Merlin*. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of Chivalry) the Wars of *Christians* against *Infidels*. And whether it was by blunder or design they changed the *Saxons* into *Saracens*. I suspect by design : For Chivalry without a *Saracen* was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden Image, which turned round on an axis, and served the Knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, *Saracino* and *Sarazino* ; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old Romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies ; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and King *Arthur* and his Knights, is called the *History of St. Greaal*. This St. *Greaal* was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by *Joseph of Arimathea*. So another is called *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy Men. And as they made Saints of their Knights-errant, so they made Knights-errant of their tutelary Saints ; and each nation advanced its own into the order of Chival-

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ry. Thus every thing in those times being either a Saint or a Devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake*, we have the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formally delivered as in *Bellarmino* himself. “ *La confession* “ (says the preacher) *ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant*; & si tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de “ *nostre Seigneur*, tu ne peus estre raccordé si non par “ *trois choses*: premierement par la confession de “ *bouche*; secondelement par une contrition de cœur; “ tiercement par peine de cœur, & par œuvre d'aumône “ & charité. *Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu.* “ *Or va & si te confesse en cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, car c'est le signe de merite.*—*Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle.* Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant son plein point de menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, qu'il's prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—*Apres print discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut.*” Hence we find the divinity-lectures of *Don Quixote* and the *penance* of his Squire, are both of them in the *ritual* of Chivalry. Lastly, we find the Knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like *Charles V. of Spain*, in a Monastery; or turn'd Hermit, and became a Saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those Dialogues between *Sancho* and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn *Saint* or *Arcbbishop*.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As *first*, the nature of the subject, which was a religious War or Crusade: *2dly*, The quality of the first Writers, who were religious Men: And *3dly*, The end in writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn that *Clement V.* interdicted *Jousts* and *Torneaments*, because he understood they had much hindered the Crusade decreed in the Council of *Vienna*. “ *Torneaments*

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“ *menta ipsa & Hastiludia sive Juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit.*” *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unius. temp. Ed. I.* Religious Men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the Crusades by turning the fondness for *Tilts* and *Torneaments* into that channel. Hence we see the books of Knight-errantry so full of solemn Jests and Torneaments held at *Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c.* Which wise project, I apprehend, it was *Cervantes's* Intention to ridicule, where he makes his Knight propose it as the best means of subduing the *Turk*, to assemble all the Knights-errant together, by Proclamation*.

But the chief reason, doubtless, of this mixture was the superstitious humour of the times, that made Religion enter into all their sports and amusements: But no where in so monstrous a manner, as in those ancient dramatic Representations of our Ancestors, called the **M Y S T E R I E S**; things much more distant from the true *Drama*, than these Romances were from the *Epic*, as having another *brutal* State to pass thro', called the **M O R A L I T I E S**, before they could acquire a *reasonable* form. A short account of these things will leave nothing wanting to give us an entire view of the literary amusements of our barbarous Ancestors, and will shew us at the same time the use and importance of this incomparable Satire, in which are interspersed so many artful precepts for the just *Composition* both of the *Epic* and *Dramatic Poem*.

The first form, in which the *Drama* appeared in the West of Europe, after the destruction of learned *G R E E C E* and *R O M E*, and that a calm of Dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the **M Y S T E R I E S**. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all Ranks of people both in *France*, *Spain*, and *England*. In which last place, as we learn by *Stow*, they were in use about the time of *Richard the Second* and

* See Part 2. l. 5. c. 1.

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Henry the Fourth. 'As to *Italy*, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their Stage, with regard to the matter, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the form, a corruption of the ancient *Mimes* and *Attellanes*: By which means they got sooner into the right road than their Neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the Fifteenth Century.

As to these *Mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old *French* history, intitled *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprizing absurdity of these monstrous representations. " *L'an 1437 le 3*

" *Juillet (says the honest chronicler) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appelleé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fut eté secourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage du Cruciflement pour ce jour; & le lendemain ledit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et fit très hautement son personage; et dura le dit Jeu——-Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas; lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, & fut bien hâtivement dependu, & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d' Enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer et issier; et avoit deux gros Culs d'Acier, &c.*"

Another passage from one of our own countrymen will supply what is wanting for a thorough knowledge of the manner of these representations. " *The Guary Miracle (says Carew in his Survey of Cornwall) in English a Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture-history. For representing it they raise an earthen Amphitheatre in some open Field, having the diameter of his inclosed Playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The Country People flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and*

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" and see it. For they have therein Devils and Devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The Players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *Ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand, &c. &c.** There was always a Droll or Buffoon in these *Mysteries*, to make the People mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better to sustain this part than the D E V I L himself. Even in the *Mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by *Shakespear* (who has frequent allusions to these things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the Players asks for a little *Vinegar* (as a *property*) to make their *Devil* roar. For after the sponge with the Gall and *Vinegar* had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the Devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *balsom-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the People. So that *Vinegar*, in the old *Farces*, was always afterwards in use to torment their Devil. We have divers old *English Proverbs*, in which the Devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly; which all arose from the part he bore in these *Mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of — *Great cry and little wool, as the Devil said when he sheared his hogs*. For the sheep-shearing of *Nabal* being represented in the *Mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the Devil always attending *Nabal*, was made to imitate it by *shearing a Hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the propereft to create laughter, was the subject of the ridiculous, in the ancient *Mimes*, as we learn from these words of St. *AUSTIN* *Ne faciamus ut Mini solent, et optemus à Libero Aquam, à Lympbis Vinum* *.

These *Mysteries*, we see, were given in *France* at first, as well as in *England*, *sub dio*, and only in the *Provinces*. Afterwards we find them got into *Paris*, and a Company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good Letters and

A Supplement to the Translator's Preface.

Religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of *FRANCIS* the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *Mysteries* made the Courtiers and Clergy join their interest for their abolition. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the *Procureur-General*, in the name of the King, presented a *Request* against the Company to the Parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old-Testament-Stories inclined the People to Judaism; That the New-Testament-Stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the Charities to the Poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the Parliament of *Paris* confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *Mysteries*. But in *Spain*, we find by *Cervantes*, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good *Comedy* came in amongst them: As appears from the excellent *Critique of the Canon*, in the fourth book, where he shews how the Old Extravagant *Romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *Epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escribirse en prosa como en verso* *;) as the *Mystery-Plays*, of artful *Comedy*. His words are *Pues que si venimos à las Comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos jingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribuyendo a un Santo los milagros de otro* †! which made them so fond of Miracles that they introduced them into *las Comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return;

Upon this prohibition, the *French* poets turned themselves from *Religious* to *Moral Farces*. And in this we soon followed them: The public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, tho' the *Italians* at this time afforded many just compositions for better Models. These Farces they called **MORALITIES**. *Pitvre Gringora*, one of their old Poets, printed one of these *Moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obstinent*. The Persons of the Drama are *l'Homme Obstinent*—*Pugnition Divine*—*Simonie*—*Hypocrisie*—and

* B. 4. c. 20. p. 325.

† Ib. 21. p. 327.

Demerites.

A Supplement to the Translator's Preface.

Demerites-Communes. The *Homme Obstine* is the Atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his courses. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the Air, and menacing the Atheist with punishment. After this Scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrite* and *Demerites-Communes* appear, and play their parts. In conclusion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their Crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obstine*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, tho' in a separate representation, a merry kind of Farce called *S O T T I E*, in which there was *un Payfan* [the C L O W N] under the name of *Sot commun* [or F O O L.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralités* and *Sotties* together: So that the *Payfan* or *Sot-commun*, the C L O W N or F O O L, got a place in our serious *Moralités*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our *Shakespear* makes to them: As in that fine speech in the beginning of the third Act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage,

—————merry thou art Death's Fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'r'd him still.

For, in these *Moralités*, the *Fool* of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his Stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very Jaws of his *Enemy*: So that a representation of these Scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together: And from such circumstances, in the genius of these our ancestors publick diversions, might arise the old Proverb of *being merry and wise*. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour's Lost*,

A Supplement to the Translator's Preface.

*So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his State,
That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.*

Act iv. Sc. 2.

But the *French*, as we say, keeping these two sorts of Farces distinct, they became, in time, the Parents of *TRAGEDY* and *COMEDY*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot, in an evil hour, that mungrel Species, unknown to Nature and Antiquity, called *TRAGI-COMEDY*.

THE

THE
L I F E
O F

Michael de Cervantes Saavedra.

WRITTEN BY

Don Gregorio Mayáns & Siscár:

His CATHOLICK MAJESTY's Library-Keeper.

Translated, from the SPANISH Manuscript,
by Mr. O Z E L L.

D U B L I N:

Printed for PETER WILSON in *Dame-street*,

M DCC XLVII.

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T Q

To the R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

J O H N

L O R D C A R T E R E T,

&c. &c. &c..

M O S T E X C E E L E N T L O R D,

A S famous a Writer as *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* was, who perpetuated the Memory of so many Spaniards, and had the Art to make immortal, Men that never liv'd at all; yet hath he had no-body to write his own Life in all this Time; You & L O R D S H I P, being desirous it shou'd be done, was pleas'd to honour me with your Commands to collect together what Particulars and Notices I cou'd meet with pertaining to the Life and Writings of this great Man.. Accordingly I set about it with that Diligence which became One concern'd in the Execution of so honourable a Task, and I have found that *Cervantes's Actions* afford so very Little Matter; and his *Writings* so very Much, that I was oblig'd, with the Leaves of the latter, as with a rich Cloathing, to cover the Nakedness and Poverty of a Person most highly worthy of better Times. For though the Age he liv'd in, is said to be a *Golden One*, very certain I am, that with respect to *Him* and some other well-deserving Persons, it was an Age of *Iron*. The Enviers of his Wit and Eloquence did nothing but murmur at and satyrize him. Scholasticks, incapable of equalling him either in Invention or Art, slighted him as a Writer not Book-learn'd. Many Noblemen, whose Names but for him had been buried in Oblivion, lavish'd and threw away upon Parasites, Flatterers,

terers, and Buffoons, their whole Power, Interest, and Authority, without bestowing the least Favour on the Greatest Wit of his Time. As much as That Age abounded with Writers, Few of them have made any Mention of *Cervantes*, at least in his Praise; and Those who have prais'd him (which are fewer still) have done it in so cold a manner, that as well the *Silence* of the *Historians* and the *Praifes* of the *Poets*, (his Co-temporaries) are certain Tokens either of their little Knowledge of him, or great Envy towards him. YOUR LORDSHIP has so just a Taste of his Works, that You have manifested Your self the most liberal Maintainer and Propagator of his Memory; And it is by YOUR LORDSHIP and through Your Means, that *Cervantes* and his *Ingenuous Gentleman* do Now acquire their due Estimation and their greatest Value. Once again therefore let the Great *Don Quixote de la Mancha* sally forth to the Light, hitherto an unfortunate Adventurer, but Now and for ever a most Happy One under Your Lordship's auspicious Patronage. Long live the Memory of the incomparable Writer MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. And may YOUR LORDSHIP accept of the ensuing Sheets, as a sure and perpetual Token of that ready and glad Obedience which I profess for YOUR LORDSHIP's Commands, which tho' I may not have executed to the Height and Extent they deserve (for I am not so conceited, or so ambitious, as either to presume I have done so great a Thing, or hope to Do it) yet at least I shall remain satisfy'd with the Glory of approving my self

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient & Dutiful Servt,

D. Greg. Mayans & Siscar.

THE
L I F E
O F

MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

WRITTEN BY

Don Gregorio Mayáns & Siscár.

MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, who when living was a valiant Soldier, tho' Friendless and Unfortunate; and a very eminent Writer; tho' without any Patron to favour him; was nevertheless, when dead, emulously adopted by several Countries, who laid Claim to his Birth. *Esquivias* calls him hers. *Seville* denies her that Honour, and assumes it to her self. *Lucena* makes the same Pretension. Each alledges her Right, and none of them is allow'd it.

1. The Claim of *Esquivias* is espous'd by *Don Thomas Tamayo de Vargas*, a most learned Man; probably, because *Cervantes* bestow'd on that Place the Epithet Renown'd: But the same *Cervantes* explains himself by saying: *On a thousand Accounts Renown'd: one for her illustrious Families, another for her most illustrious Wines.*

2. *Tamayo's* great Rival, *Don Nicholas Antonio*, pleads for the City of *Seville*; and to prove his Point, advances two Reasons or Conjectures. He says that *Cervantes*, when very young, saw *Lope de Rueda* act Plays in *Seville*; and adds, that the Surnames of *Cervantes* and *Saavedra* are peculiarly *Sevillian* Names. The first Conjecture proves but little. For when I my self was a Child, I saw a noted Play (and it is the only one I ever saw) acted at Valencia, and yet I was

was not born there, but at *Oliva*. Besides, when *Cervantes* was saying, that (a) *Lope de Rueda*, a *Man of an excellent Understanding, as well as a celebrated Player, was a Native of Seville*, it was natural likewise to have call'd it his own Country: but neither in that Place, nor in any other where he names *Seville*, does he once take any notice of his being born in that City. The second Conjecture proves yet less: For if *Michaël de Cervantes Saavedra* had had his Extraction from the *Cervantes's and Saavedras of Seville*, those being Noble Families, he wou'd have mention'd it some where or other speaking so often of himself as he does in his Works; now the most that he says, is, that he was a Gentleman, without adding any Circumstance specifying his Family. Besides, had he been born at *Seville*, surely among the *Cervantes* and *Saavedra* Families there, some among them had preserv'd the glorious Memorial of having giv'n to *Spain* so illustrious a Person. A Proof which wou'd have been alledg'd by *Don Nicolas Antonio* as he espous'd that Opinion, and was himself a Native of *Seville*.

3. As for *Lucena*: the People there have a Tradition our Author was born among Them. When this Tradition is clearly made out, or the Parish-Register is produced to confirm it, we shall readily believe it.

4. Mean while I hold it for a Certainty, that *Cervantes* drew his first Breath at *Madrid*, since he himself, in His *Voyage to Parnassus*, (b) taking leave of that Great Town, (for it is no City) thus addresses himself to it:.

*Then, turning to my humble lowly Cell,
Farewel, said I; and Thou, Madrid, Farewel;
Farewel ye Fountains, Prado, and ye Plains,
Where Nectar flows, and where Ambrofia rains.*

*Adieu, Assemblies, Conversation sweet,
Where the Forlorn awhile their Cares forgot.*

(a). In the Preface to his Eight Comedies. (b) Chap. I.

Adieu.

*Adieu, delightful and Romantic Spot,
Where, struck with Light'ning from the Thund'r shot,
Attempting a Scalade on Heav'n's high Wall,
Two Earth-imprison'd Giants curse their Fall.*

*Adieu the Publick Theatres, from whence,
To take-in Farce, they've banisht Common Sense.*

*Adieu the blest St. Philip's spacious Walk,
Where States are weigh'd, and News is all the Talk:
How crest-falln or elate the Turkish Hound,
How the * wing'd Lion wins or loses Ground. * Venice.*

*Adieu, pale Hunger! — to avoid the Fate,
If bere I stay, of Dying at thy Gate,
This Day, in order to prevent the Blow,
Out of MY COUNTRY and my self I go.*

5. Having made this Observation, I turn'd to the Minutes which *Don Nicolas Antonio* took in order to form his *Biblioteca*, and in the margin thereof I found he had added this very Proof of *Cervantes's Country*; but being desirous to maintain his old Opinion, he concludes thus; *By the Words MY COUNTRY may be understood all Spain*. Whoever reads *Cervantes's Verses* attentively and without partiality, will see that this Interpretation of *D. Nicolas Antonio* is strain'd, and even contrary to *Cervantes's Meaning*; for the first fifteen Lines are a descriptive Definition of *Madrid*; the three next Verses an Apostrophe or Speech, directed to his Hunger; and the last Verse of all, a Return to the Town of *Madrid*, where, he had before told us, he had *an humble lowly Cell*, out of which he was going on his Journey to *Parnassus*: A Journey, the Description whereof carry'd him as it were out of himself, by way of Poetical Transport.;

Hoi de MI PATRIA, i de mi mismo salgo.

Out of MY COUNTRY and my self I go.

Besides, in the Lines immediately following, he says,

Then, to the Port, by slow-degrees, I came,

Which to the Carthaginians owes its Name:

A Port which Eolus's Rage defies,

Impervious to that Blusterer of the Skies:

*A Port, to whose clear Fams all Ports must vail
The Sea e'er waſt, Sun ſaw, or Man cou'd ſail.*

6. If *Cervantes* by his Country had meant all Spain, (a thing very improper, and inconsistent with his accurate way of writing) when he quitted Spain, then he shou'd have call'd her his Country, and not when he directed his Speech to *Madrid* and quitted that Town, in order to go to *Cartagena*, especially going as he did, by flow degrees, to that famous Sea-port, where he was to embark for his Voyage to *Parnassus* in Company with *Mercury*.

7. Be it therefore taken for granted, that *Madrid* was the Place of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra's* Nativity, and likewise the Place of his Abode. *Apollo* himself gives Evidence of this in the Superscription of a pleasant Letter of his, in these Terms. (c) *To Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, in Orchard-street, fronting the Palace formerly belonging to the Prince of Morocco, in Madrid. Postage, half a Real, I mean ſeventeen Maravedis.* And his Habitation seems to have been none of the best, finſe he concludes the Account of his Voyage, thus,

Then full of Spleen I ſought my old, dark Cell.

8. *Cervantes* was born in the Year 1549. as may be gather'd from these Words which he wrote on the 14th Day (d) of July, 1613. *It does not ſuit one of my Years to make a Jef of the other World: For I am now on the wrong ſide of Sixty four.* (Por la mano, aforehand in Spanish,) which I take to mean an anticipation of some few Days. So that I'm apt to think he was born in July; and when he wrote those Words, he might be sixty four Years old, and some Days.

9. From his most tender Years he was very fond of Books: Infomuch that, speaking of himself, he says, (e) *I am very apt to take up the leaſt Piece of writ-*

(c) *Voyage to Parnassus*, cb. 8. (d) *In the Preface to the Novels.* (e) *Part I. cb. 9.*

ten or printed Paper that lies in my way, tho' it were in the middle of the Street. He was a great Lover of Polite Learning, and totally apply'd himself to Books of Entertainment, such as Novels, and Poetry of all Kinds, especially Spanish and Italian Authors. That he was very conversant in such sort of Writers, appears from the pleasant and curious Scrutiny which was made of Don Quixote's Library, (f) his frequent Allusions to fabulous Histories; his most accurate Judgment of so many Poets (g); and his *Voyage to Parnassus*.

10. From Spain he went into Italy, either to serve in Rome Cardinal Aquaviva, to whom he was Chamberlain; (h) or else to follow the Profession of a Soldier, as he did some Years, under the victorious Banners of that great Commander, *Marco Antonio Colona*. (i)

11. He was one of those who were engag'd in the famous Battle of Lepanto where he lost his Left-hand by the Shot of an Harquebus: (k) Or at least his Hand was so maim'd thereby, that he lost the Use of it. (l) He fought as became a good Christian, and a gallant Soldier. Of his Share in this Action he was not a little proud, (and with good Reason;) saying many Years after. (m.)

*The liquid Plain, then offering to my View,
Don John's Heroic Action did renew,
In whose fam'd Vict'ry, if I may compare
My self with Others, I too bad a Share,
* Mean as I was—*

12. Afterwards, I know not how, nor when, he was taken by the Moors, and carry'd to Algiers. From hence some infer that the *Novel of the Captive* (n) is a Relation of Adventures that befel Cervantes himself.

(f) Part I. cb. 6. (g) In the same Chapter. (h) See his Dedication of Galatea. (i) Ibid. (k) Pref. to the Novels. (l) In his *Voyage to Parnassus*, cb. 1. (m) Ibid. * Alluding to his being no more than a common Soldier. (n) Part I. of D. Quixote, cb. 39.

And

And therefore they further say, That he serv'd the Duke of *Alva* in *Flanders*, that he got to be an Ensign under an old experienced Captain of *Guadalajara*, whose Name was *Diego de Urbina*; that he was afterwards himself made a Captain of Foot, and was at the naval Battle of *Lepanto*, being embark'd with his Company in *John Andrea Doria*'s Galley, out of which he leap'd into the Galley of *Uchali* the King of *Algiers*, who was then surrounded by the *Spaniards*, but getting loose from them, *Cervantes*'s Soldiers were hinder'd from following him, so that he remain'd alone among his Enemies much wounded, and without the least power to make any Resistance; and in short, among so many victorious Christians, he was the only Captive, tho' gloriously so. All this and much more is related by the Captive, who is the principal Subject of the Novel in question. This Captive, after the Death of the said King *Uchali*, fell into the Hands (by bequest) of *Azanaga*, another more cruel King of *Algiers*, who kept him shut up in a Prison or House which the *Turks* call *Banos*, where they keep their Christian Slaves, as well those of the King, as those who belong to private Persons, and also those who are call'd *de Almacen*, that is, who belong to the Publick, and are employ'd by the City in Works that belong to it. These latter do very difficultly obtain their Liberty; for having no particular Master, but belonging to the Publick, they can find no Body to treat with about their Ransom. One of the Captives, who was then at *Algiers*, I judge to be *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, and in Proof of this I shall relate what the Captive said of *Azanaga*'s Cruelties: *He wou'd hang one of the Christian Slaves one Day, then impale another, cut off the Ears of a third: and this upon such slight Occasions, that often the Turks wou'd own, that he did it only for the Pleasure of doing it, and because he was naturally an Enemy to Mankind.* Only one Spanish Soldier knew how to deal with him; his Name was *Saavedra*; and because he did such Things as will not easily be forgotten by the *Turks*, and all to gain his

Liberty,

Liberty, his Master never gave him a Blow, nor used him ill either in Word or Deed; and yet we were always afraid that the least of his Pranks wou'd make him be impaled; nay, he himself was sometimes afraid of it too; and if it were not for fear of taking up too much of our Time, I could tell such Passages of this SOLDIER, as would divert the Company much better than the Relation of my Adventures, and cause more Wonder in them. Thus far Cervantes, speaking of himself by the Mouth of another Captive; by whose Testimony it shou'd seem that he was but a common Soldier, and so he calls himself on other Occasions; (o) and not an Ensign, much less a Captain; Titles with which he wou'd have certainly honour'd himself, at least in the Frontispiece of his Works, had he enjoy'd either of those Posts. Five Years and an half he was a Captive, and from thence had learnt to bear Afflictions patiently. He then return'd to Spain (p), and apply'd himself to the writing of Comedies, of which he compos'd several, all of them well receiv'd by the Publick, and acted with great Applause, both for the Newness of the Art and the Decorations of the Stage, which were wholly owing to the Wit and good Taste of Cervantes. These were *The Customs or Humours of Algiers*, *Numantia*, *The Sea-fight*, and many others; Cervantes (q) handling the First and Last as an Eye-Witness. He likewise wrote several Tragedies, which were much extolled. (r) His good Friend *Vincent Espinel*, the Inventor of a particular Sort of Verse, from him call'd *Espinelas*, thought him worthy of a Place in his ingenious *Temple of Memory*, lamenting the Misfortune of his Captivity, and celebrating the Beauty of his Poetical Genius, in this Octave:

(o) In his Voyage to Parnassus, cb. 1. In Preface to *Galatea*. In the Approbation of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*; and some manuscript Pieces treating of *Algiers*. (p) Preface to his Novels. (q) Part I. of *Don Quixote*, cb. 48. (r) *Ibid.*

*In vain wert Thou by unrelenting Fate
Cast on a most inhospitable Shore ;
In vain thy adverse Stars malicious Hate
Made Thee a Captive to the Miscreant Moor ;
Thy Mind still free, Cervantes ; undeprest
Thy Wit too ; Both exert a Force Divine :
Phœbus and Pallas still inspire thy Breast,
And bid Thee with superior Lustre shine.*

*Louis Galvez de Montalvo had expresst himself in much
the same manner before Espinel, in his Verses prefaxt
to Galatea :*

*Whilſt Saracens beneath their galling Yoke
Thy captive Neck controll'd,
And whilſt Thy Mind, impassive to the Stroke,
On Faith kept faster Hold,
Heav'n did indeed rejoice ; but Earth forlorne
In Tears her Loss confest ;
The Muses too, when Thou from Them wert torn'e,
A Widow's Grief exprest.
But ſince, releaſt from that Barbarian Band,
O Thou our Souls Desire !
Thou wifit'ſt once again thy native Land,
Inviolat and entire,
Heav'n owns thy Worth : All Mankind does rejoice ;
And Spain once more ſhall bear the Muses Voice. }*

The Close of this Sonnet proves that *Cervantes*, even before he was a Captive, was esteemed one of the most Eminent Poets of his Time.

13. But as the Information which comes by *Hear-say*, is wont to be none of the truest ; *Cervantes* would ſubject himſelf to the rigorous *Examen* of ſuch as ſhou'd be inclin'd to *read* his Performances. Accordingly in the Year 1584 he publish'd his *SIX BOOKS OF GALATEA*, which he preſented, as the First-fruits of his Wit, to *Ascanio Colonna*, at that time Abbot of *St. Sophia*, and ſince Cardinal-Priest with the Title of the Holy Crois of *Jerusalem*. *Don Louis de Vargas Manrique* celebrated this Work of *Cervantes* in a Commendatory

meadatory Sonnet, which, because it is much beyond what is usually written on such Occasions, I shall here subjoin :

*The Sovereign Gods, when They on Thee bestow'd
Such various Gifts of Nature and of Art,
Their Greatness, Great Cervantes, fully shew'd
In Thee, to whom those Gifts they did impart.
Jove gave to Thee his Thunderbolt, the Pow'r
Of Words, to split the hardest Rocks in twain :
Diana gave to Thee, by way of Dower,
In Chastity of Style t' excel each Swain :
Hermes the artful Tale with Plot improves,
And Mars contributes Nerves to make thee Strong ;
Venus and Cupid gave Thee all their Loves,
And Phœbus aided the concerted Song :
The Nine learn'd Sisters did enrich thy Mind,
And All his Shepherd's Pan to Thee resign'd.*

14. This Sonnet is both a true and a beautiful Description of the *GALATEA*, a Novel wherein *Cervantes* has manifested the Penetration of his Wit in the Invention, his Fertility of Fancy in the abundance of his beautiful Descriptions and entertaining Episodes ; his rare Ability in unravelling many seemingly indissoluble Knots ; and his Happiness in choosing proper Words and Phrases peculiarly adapted to the Persons he introduces, and to the Subject he treats of. But what is more to be commended, is, his handling Love-Matters with Modesty, herein imitating *Heliodorus* and *Abenagoras*, the former of whom was of *Phœnicia* and wrote the *Amours of Theagenes and Chariclea*. As for the latter, 'tis uncertain whether ever such a Person existed at all ; for if the Conjectures of the learned Bishop *Huetius* are true, it was *William Philander* that wrote the *Novel of Perfect Love*, and father'd it on *Abenagoras*. Let this be as it will, our *Cervantes* wrote of Love so judiciously and philosophically, that we have no reason to regret the Loss of *Aristotle's Eroitics*, or the Love Books of his two Disciples *Charitus* and *Theophrastus* ; or of *Ariofon of Cœr*, another Peripatetic. But even this Delicacy with which *Cervantes* treated the Subject of Love, he was afraid

afraid wou'd be imputed to him as a Fault, and therefore he endeavoured to clear himself beforehand: *Well I know* (says he) *that in Pastoral Matters there is a particular Style which ought to be restrain'd within due Bounds, since even the Prince of Latin Poesy has been found fault with for soaring much higher in some of his Eclogues than in others: And therefore I shall be the less concern'd, shou'd any one condemn me for putting Philosophic Reasonings into the Mouths of some Enamour'd Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who seldom aim at a high Style in their Discourse, or talk of any thing but Country-Affairs.* But when it is considered that many of my Shepherds are only so in Disguise, and wear a Pastoral Habit purely to carry on the Design of the Novel, this Objection will fall to the Ground. But Cervantes did not find it so easy a Matter to clear himself of another Objection, which was his interweaving into this Novel so many Episodes, that their Multiplicity confounds the Reader's Imagination, let it be ever so attentive; for they come so thick, that though they are work'd in with great Art, yet this very Art gives no room to follow the Thread of the Narration, which is frequently interrupted with new Incidents. He was sensible of this, and confess as much when he introduc'd the Curate Perez (who was a Man of Learning, and a Graduate of Siguenza,) and Mr. Nicholas the Barber, saying: *But what is that Book* (ask'd the Curate) *which is next to the Song-Book?* (meaning Maldonado's *Cancionero.*) *It is* (reply'd the Barber) *The GALATEA of Michael de Cervantes.* *That Cervantes has been my intimate Acquaintance these many Years, cry'd the Curate; and I know he has been more conversant with Misfortunes than with Poetry.* His Book indeed has something in it that shew's a happy Invention. It aims at Something, but concludes Nothing. Therefore we must stay for the Second Part, which he has promis'd us. Perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full Pardon, which is deny'd him for the present; till that time keep him close Prisoner at your House. The Second Part of this Pastoral Novel was never publish'd, tho' often promis'd by the Author.

Author. (s) One Thing I observ'd some Years ago, and I here repeat it, since it naturally falls in with the Subject, and that is, the Style of *The Galatea* is not very orderly, but rather confus'd, and in some Places abounding with affected Oddities. The Words are indeed very proper, but the constructive Part violent, because irregular, and contrary to the usual way of Speaking. Herein the Author imitated the ancient Books of Knight-Errantry; but in his Dedication and Preface he preserves a more natural Disposition of Style, and still more in the Pieces he publish'd afterwards; all which are a manifest Retraction of his former Error. In *The Galatea* there are Songs and Verses in both those kinds of Spanish Poetry, call'd *Arte Menor*, and *Arte Mayor* (t). Those of the first Sort, in *The Galatea*, are exquisitely judicious and equally delightful, replete with most delicate Sentiments, and the Language inconceivably sweet. His Compositions of the *Arte Mayor*, in that Piece, are much inferior; however, there are some Verses in it which may vie with the best of any Poet whatever.

15. But this is not the Work from which we are to take an Estimate of the Greatness of *Cervantes's* Wit, his Miraculous Invention, or the Purity, Sweetness, and Easiness of his Style. All which are most admir'd in the Books he wrote of the ingenious Gentleman **Don Quixote de la Mancha**. This was his Principal Undertaking; and an impartial *Examen* of this Work shall be the Principal Subject of my Pen in these my particular Specifications of his Life, which I write with great Pleasure, since I do it in obedience to the Commands of a Great Honourer of the worthy.

(s) *In an Oration in praise of Don Diego Saavedra Fayardo's Works, prefix'd to his Republica Literaria, reprinted in Madrid Anno Domini 1736.*

(t) *Coplas de Arte Menor*, or Verses of the lesser Art, otherwise call'd *Redondillas*, are short Verses in which the first and fourth, and the second and third rhyme. Those of the *Arte Mayor*, or the Greater Art, is when each Verse consists of twelve Syllables, or contains two Verses of the lesser Redondilla; each of which has six Syllables. The Rhyme, in both, alike.

Memory of Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, who, if he had not already attain'd, as he certainly has, an Universal Fame, wou'd now have attained it by the Favour of so Illustrious a Protector. (a)

16. The reading of bad Books is one of the principal Things corruptive of good Morals, and destructive of the Public Wealth. Now if so much Mischief arises from Books which only give a bare Relation of bad Examples, what Effect will not such Books have which are feign'd on purpose to instil into unwary Minds a Pois'on condited and conserv'd with the Sugar of a Delicious Style? Such are the *Mileian Fables*, so call'd from the City of *Miletus* in *Ionia* (a Province addicted to all kinds of Debauchery) where those Fables were first introduc'd; as also the *Sibarites* in *Italy*, from whence the *Sibaritic Fables* took their Name. The whole Busines of these Fables (I am onely speaking of the lead ones) was to destroy Religion, to bestialize Human Nature, emasculate the Mind, harden Men into Brutes, or soften them into Eunuchs, and instruct them in every thing that was wicked and detestable, base and unworthy.

17. The *Hebrews* wrote their idle *Stories of the Cabala, and the Talmud*, purely to support the Madness of their Incredulity, by the credulous Persuasion of Fictions the most ridiculous, extravagant and despicable that can be imagin'd, and to avoid affenting to the Truth of the Christian Religion, more visible to the World than the Light of the Sun itself; and such is their Affection and Fondnes for legendary lying Stories, that in Truth itself they wou'd not own they saw the Truth, even to that degree as, without any other Reason or Foundation but their Love of Legends, to deny the Book of *Job* to be any other than a mere Parable. To them the *Anabaptists* join'd their Belief, and audaciously asserted the History of *Ester* and *Judith* to be in like manner nothing but Parables invented to divert and amuse the People. Thus do they make use of their Fables to confirm

(a) MY LORD CARTERET.

their

their Sect, and turn their own Inventions to the Destruction of the Truest and most Authentic Histories that the World contains, and as such have been preserv'd to us by the proper Depositaries.

18. With the same Intention of destroying the True Religion, was likewise written *Mahomet's Alcoran*, which, as hath been observ'd by the very learned *Alexius Vinegas*, (x) contains a Quadripartite Sect, of which the First and chief Part is the Swinish or Epicurean Life. The Second, a Jumble of Jewish Ceremonies, void of the Signification they bore before the Coming of Christ. The Third, a Texture of the Arian and Nestorian Heresies. And the Fourth, the Letter of the Gospel distorted and ill expounded, to answer their deprav'd and wild Pretensions. Of this Stamp are the Stories of the Cradle and Arrow, first broach'd by the Moors in their Church of Malignants.

19. Another Design of the mischievous Milesian Books, is, to render the Readers of them Effeminate, by a lively Representation of amorous Encounters, and exciting corrupt Ideas by luscious Imag'ry and Machinery. In this sort of Writings it were much better not to cite Examples, and if any be brought in, let it be *Apuleius's As*, so that the Example itself may put the Reader in mind that Indolence, and a supine vile Disposition, will transform Men into Beasts.

20. As on the one hand, Men's Minds are render'd effeminate by Books of *Knight-Errantry*, so, on the other, such Books tend to make Savages of them, for therein are describ'd most monstrous Performances of certain fictitious Knights, with each of them his Lady, for whom he commits a thousand mad Pranks, even to that degree as to Pray to them, invoking them in their perilous Adventures with certain Forms of Words, as so many Advocates and Mediatrixes in their Conflicts and Encounters; and for their sakes they enter upon and atchieve Multitudes of extravagant and nonsensical Matters. In short, the reading these Books stirr'd

(x) In the Expounding of Momus, translated by Augustin de Almazan.

up many to barbarous Actions thro' an imaginary Punctilio of defending Women even for Causes absolutely dishonourable. And things were come to that pass, that the very Laws censur'd such Doings as unfit to be countenanced, and accordingly declare it to be an Abuse: (y) *In order to animate themselves the more, says the old Collection of Spanish Laws, they held it a noble thing to call upon the Name of their Mistresses, that their Hearts might swell with an increase of Courage, and their Shame be the greater if they fail'd in their Attempts.*

21. The last Sort of pernicious Novels, is, such as, under the Pretence of warning People against Roguery, do really teach it; of which Compositions we have in Spain such Multitudes of Examples; that it is needless to instance any in particular.

22. Of all these Books, those that did most harm to the Publick were such as had Knight-Errantry for their Subject. The Causes of their Introduction were as follows.

23. The Northern Nations possessing themselves of all *Europe*, the Inhabitants flung away their Pens and laid hold of their Swords, of which they that had the longest, and were consequently the strongest, were most esteemed. Barbarism prov'd to be the most potent, and went out Conqueror; Learning was beat down, the Knowledge of Antiquity lost, and the right Taste annihilated. But, as there is no making shift well without these Things, there succeeded in their room a false Learning and a wrong Taste. They wrote Histories which were fabulous, because they had lost, or knew not how to find out the Memory of past Occurrences. Some Men, who wou'd needs of a sudden set up for Teachers, cou'd but ill instruct their Readers in what they had never learnt themselves. Such were *Thelefinus Helius*, an English Writer, who, about the Year 640, when King *Artbur* reign'd in *Britain*, wrote the Life and Actions of that King in a fabulous romantick Way. Herein he was imitated

(y) See the 22d Law. tit. 21. Part. II.

by

by *Avalonius*, who, in King *Vortiper's Reign*, about the Year 650, wrote the History of *Britain*, interspers'd with Tales of King *Arthur* and the *Round Table*. The History publish'd by *Gildas*, furnam'd *The Wise*, a *Welsh Monk*, is of the same Sortment: He relates the marvellous Exploits of King *Arthur*, *Percival* and *Lancelot*. The Book written by *French Hunibald*, and abridg'd by the Abbot *Tribemius*, is a heap of Lyes and idle childish Stories. Another Book falsely ascrib'd to *Archbishop Turpin*, being in truth misdated by above 200 Years, treats of the Achievements of *Charlemagne*, full of Fictions, and was indeed forg'd in *France*, not in *Spain*, as is by a certain Person averr'd only because he was pleas'd to have it so. With these Books we may couple the fabulous Histories falsely father'd on *Hancon Forteman*, *Salcon Forteman*, *Sivard the Sage*, *John Abgil*-*lo Son of a King of Frizeland*, and *Adel Adeling* a Descendant from the Kings of the same Nation; all of whom are said to have been *Frizelanders*, and to have liv'd in the Time of *Charlemagne*, whose Story they wrote.

24. No less fabulous was the *History of the Origine of the Frizelanders*, ascrib'd to *Occo Escarlensis*, Grandson (as some feign) to a Sister of *Salcon Forteman's*, and co-temporary with *Otho the Great*. Nor ought any more Credit to be given to the History compos'd by *Geofry of Monmouth*, a *Briton*, wherein are written *The Life and Adventures of King Arthur*, and of the *Wise Merlin*, notwithstanding he is said to have drawn them from ancient Memoirs.

25. These were the Histories which were in such vogue among the Nations that were then less rude, and less stupidly dull. There were Men that foolishly busy'd themselves in coining and publishing such extravagant Whims, because there were Men still more foolish, who read, applauded, and often believ'd them.

26. The *Trobadores* (a), I mean the Poets, who in the time of *Louis the Pious* began to cultivate the *Gaya*

(a) *An old Name for Poets, from Trobar in old Spanish, to find, Trouver in French* i. e. to find Rhime for Verses.

Sciencia (that is Poetry, as if one shou'd say *The Gay, Pleasant Science*) made it their Study to reduce to Metre these same Figments; and as they always used to sing them, they became common.

27. In Spain the Use of Poetry is much more ancient. I am not treating of the most remote Times, and therefore shall not quote *Strabo*: I'm speaking only of the common Poesy, which we call *Rhythrical*. There are no Traces of its ever being known in any Part of *Europe* before the *Arabians* came into Spain. They alone afford a greater Number of Poets and Poems than all the *Europeans* put together. 'Twas they that first inspir'd this Poetical Itch, or perhaps confirm'd it in the *Spaniards*, who knew how to rhyme to Perfection, as is related in a long, but not tedious Account thereof by *Alvaro of Cordoves*, (b) who lamented it as a Grievance a hundred and thirty Years after the *Loss of Spain*. Whether many, or any, of these *Arabian Poems* mention'd by *Alvaro*, were a Species of *Novels*, I will not take upon me to say; but the Exploits of their *Babaths*, so much celebrated by them in Prose and Verse, were, doubtless, of the *Novel* Kind. It is certain that Tradition, to this very Day, has preserv'd in Spain what we call *Cuentos de Viejas* (Old Wives Tales) fill'd with Inchantments, which occasions so many to believe them: And therefore *Cervantes*, with his usual Propriety of Speech, calls his Novels, *Cuentos* (c). Yet *Lope de Vega* is for making a Distinction between *Cuentos* and *Novelas*, (*Tales and Novels*), when, writing to *Senora Maria Leonarda*, he thus expresses himself: Your Ladyship commands me to write a *Novel*: This is a Novelty to me; for, altho' it is true that in *THE ARCADIA*, and in *THE PILGRIM*, there is something of this Kind and Style, more in use among the *Italians* and *French*, than the *Spaniards*, yet the Difference is great, and the Manner more bumble. In an Age less judicious than ours, even the wisest Men call'd *Novels* by the Name

(b) See Aldrete Orig. de la Lengua Castellana, Lib. I. cap. 22.

(c) At the Close of his *Galatea*, and the Dedication of his Novels.

of CUENTOS (Tales). These latter were got by heart, and never committed to Writing, that I remember. I, for my part, am apt to think that if there's any Difference, (which I doubt) it is, that the Cuento, or Tale, is the shorter of the two. Be that as 'twill, the CUENTOS (Tales) are usually call'd Novelas (Novels,) and so vice versa, and both of them Fables. Those who profess Exactness and Propriety in Speech will tell you there is a farther Sort of Fables, and these they call Fables of Chivalry: For which reason Lope de Vega, pursuing his Discourse of Spanish Customs in relation to their Fondness for Fiction, immediately adds: Because their Fables were reduc'd to a kind of Books which had the Appearance of Histories, and were call'd in the Castilian Tongue CAVALLERIAS, as much as to say, THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF VALOROUS KNIGHTS. Herein the Spaniards were most ingenious, because in the Matter of Invention no Nation in the World excells them, as may be seen in so many Esplandianes's, Phebus's, Palmerin's, Lifuarte's, Floranbelo's, Pharamondo's, and the celebrated and most renowned Amadis, Father of all this endless Multitude, which was written by a Portuguese Lady. Reading these last Words, I was somewhat startled, because at the time when the Romance of Amadis was first publish'd, there was not, at least that ever I heard, a Lady in the Kingdom of Portugal capable of writing a Book of so much Invention and Novelty.

28. The learned and judicious Author of *The Dialogue of the Languages*, who wrote in Charles the Vth's Time, and bestow'd much Pains and Time in examining *Amadis de Gaule*, never speaks of it as if he took it to be the Work of a Woman, but a Man. The learned and judicious Archbishop of Tarragona, *Don Antonio Augustin*, speaking of *Amadis de Gaule*, has these Words: (d) *A Piece which the Portuguese say was compos'd by (e) Vasco Lobera.* And one of the Interlocutors presently adds, *This is another Secret*

(d) Dialogue II. pag. 42. (e) Vasco is the Christian Name of a Man.

which few are acquainted with. *Manuel de Feria* ⁹ *Sousa*, in his learned Preface to the *Fuente de Aganippe* publish'd a Sonnet, which says that the *Infante Don Pedro of Portugal*, Son to King *John the First*, wrote in praise of *Vasco de Lobera*, for having written that feign'd Story of *Amadis de Gaula*. I have heretofore observ'd, that *Amadis de Gaula* is exactly the Anagram of *La Vida de Gama*, (f) (*The Life of Gama*.) From whence my Friends the Portuguese may infer many other very likely Conjectures.

29. Let that Matter be as it may (for Things done so long since can't easily be ascertain'd,) as our oldest Book of Chivalry is about a hundred Years posterior to those which treat of *Tristram* and *Lancelot*; this gave occasion to the most learned *Huetius*, after *John Baptist Giraldo*, to say, That the *Spaniards* receiv'd from the *French* the Art of composing Novels (g). As for what concerns Chivalry, I shall make no Difficulty in believing it. But the same Art which the *Spaniards* receiv'd rough and disorderly, they polish'd and beautify'd so much, that there is the same Difference between them as between a *Disbabilé* and a Set-Dress. The *Spaniards* fell into this Romantick way of Writing by the same Occasion as Foreigners did. Their Ignorance of true Histories oblig'd them, when they were to write any such, to stuff them full of Lies, especially if they treated of things passed any considerable time before, for they seldom had Assurance enough to write any manifest Untruths of things present. But as Time present soon becomes Time past, the Liberty of devising Fictions, so confounded Truth with Falshood, that there was no distinguishing the One from the other. And thus we see that the fabulous Songs, or to speak more clearly, that Species of *Spanish* Poesy call'd *Romances* (in my Opinion so denominated from *Roman*, a *French* Word, signifying *Novel*,) we see, I say, that these Lying Songs or Romances, which at first were only made for the Enter-

(f) *Gama*, the Surname of a noble Family in Portugal. (g) Is this Origin of Romances.

tainment

tainment of the ignorant Rabble, got into such vogue afterwards by being learnt by Heart and repeated by others, that they easily pass'd for Authentic, and their Fictions were interwoven with the *General Chronicle of Spain*, which was compiled by the Royal Authority. A most pernicious Example, and so much follow'd, that the Imitation thereof hath brought our Histories to so unhappy a Pass, that an Historian of ours, and one that was esteem'd among the most judicious of his Time, has not scrupled to say, that, *Excepting Holy Writ now and then quoted in them, there's no knowing how to affirm or deny any thing after them.* And who shou'd this Man be that hath banish'd Truth from History, which is the most unexceptionable, and almost only Witness of Times past? Let Him declare that directly rebuk'd him for it, I mean, the most ingenuous Batchelor *Pedro Rhua*, Professor of Liberal Learning, who thus writes to him: (b) *Your Lordship, by Blood a Guevara (i), by Office an Historiographer, by Profession a Divine, in Dignity and Worth a Bishop;* but of all these the greatest Renown is to love Truth, to write Truth, to preach Truth, to live in Truth, and to die for the Truth; and therefore your Lordship will be delighted in bearing the Truth, and in being advised by Her. He goes on: I have written to your Lordship that among other Things in your Works which the Readers find fault with, the most unbecoming, odious and intolerable Thing that a Writer of Authority, as your Lordship is, can be guilty of, is, your giving us Fables for Histories, and Fictions of your own for other People's Narrations; and citing Authors who say no such thing, or do not say it as you represent it; or are such as do not exist but in the Clouds, as the Crotoniates and Sibarites us'd to say: Wherein your Lordship loses your Authority, and the Reader, if he's unlearn'd, is deceived, and if he is diligent and studious, he loses his Time in seeking where the Corks of Nibas grow; as

(b) In his Third Letter. (i) *Frai Antonie de Guevara, Bishop of Mondonedo;* not *Don Antonio de Guevara, Prior of St. Michael de Escalada.*

the Greek Proverb was it. This false Opinion which the Bishop of Mondonedo held of the Liberty of feigning Histories, gave him occasion to think, that since so many others had written whatever they had a Fancy to, he might do the same; a Licence which he so boldly gave into, as not only to forge Events and Authors, in whose Names he confirm'd them, but even Laws and Ordinances likewise. And alluding to this, *Rodrigo d' Osma*, in the Catalogue of the Bishops of this City (*Osma*) which is at the end of his *Discourse of Patrios*, speaking of King *Alonso XI. of Leon*, says: *He flock'd the City with People, and gave them Laws call'd Fueros de Badajoz, which I hold for True and Real Laws, not Fictitious ones, like Guevara's.* And indeed the most learned *Aldrete* held the same Opinion of Guevara's Laws, tho' his great Modesty restrain'd him from speaking his whole Mind: *The same it is (says he) with respect (k) to the Fueros de Badajoz, if they are real, which I will not take upon me to determine. As for the Author who has set them down, his Assertions are somewhat doubtful, because of the little Dependance we can have upon the Certainty of other Things which he relates.* By this he plainly points to the Bishop of Mondonedo: Of whom *Don Antoni Augustin* says much the same thing, for which I refer to his *Dialogues* (l) rather than transcribe his Words here. I have no mind to bring a Stur upoa the Memory of a Person of so tender a Conscience, that having been Historiographer to the Emperor *Charles Vth*, and written his Life to the time of his Return from *Tunis*, order'd by his Last Will and Testament that a Year's Salary he had receiv'd should be paid back to his Majesty, because during one whole Year he had wrote nothing, considering, very rightly, that this and the like Salaries, are not given for Services done, but to be done, by discharging the Duty incumbent upon

(k) Book II. of The Origin of the Castilian Tongue, ch. 6.

(l) Dialogue XI, pag. 426. *Dial. XI.* p. 447.

the Office ; a Duty indispensable, because owing to the Publick, the Members whereof, that is the Citizens, both present and to come, are in the nature of lawful Creditors to whom such Officers are Debtors. I have instanc'd this memorable Example only to shew the mighty Force of Custom, if once it extends to lay down Fiction for Truth, because even in good Men, naturally sober, discrete and studious, as was Bishop *Guevara*, it will pervert the Judgment, and did miserably pervert that of most of the *Spaniards* purely by giving way to the pernicious Pleasure and dangerous Delectation of Books of Chivalry.

30. Men's Minds being thus accustomed to that Admiration which arises from extravagant Relations intermixt in History, they boldly proceeded to write Books entirely fabulous : which indeed wou'd be much more tolerable, nay worthy even of Praise, if confining their Fictions to Probability, they wou'd present the Idea of some great Heroes, in whom Virtue was seen rewarded ; and on the other hand Vice chastis'd in vile and abandon'd Profligates. But let us hear how the judicious Author of the *Dialogue of the Languages* delivers himself on this Occasion : *Those who write Lyes, ought to write them so as to come as near the Truth as possible ; but our Author of Amadis, (whd' was the first and best Writer of Books of Chivalry) sometimes thro' Carelessness, and at other times thro' I know not what, says Things so palpably false, so grossly untrue, that it is impossible for a Man to give the least Credit to them.* To confirm which, he produces sundry Instances. The same Enormity is censur'd and exploded by the sage *Ludovicus Vives* (m) with such substantial and weighty Arguments as shew'd him to be one of the justest as well as severest Criticks of his Time. *Erudition* (says he) *is not to be expected from Men who have not so much as seen the Shadow of Erudition.* *For whenever they relate a Story, what Pleasure can there be in certain Things which they so barefacedly and nonsensically feign ?*

(m) *De Christiana Femina. Cap. Qui non legendi Scriptores, qui legendi.*

This

This Man, alone, kill'd twenty together; that Man, thirty; another, run thro' and thro' in threescore places, and left for dead, presently rises up, and the next day, being perfectly cured and recover'd, Challenges a couple of Giants, kills them, and goes off loaded with Gold, Silver, Silks, and precious Stones, in such abundance as wou'd sink one Ship, if not two, to carry 'em. What a Madness is it to suffer ones self to be led away by such Extravagancies? Besides, there is nothing spake with Acuteness or Wit, unless we are to reckon for Wit, words fetcht from the most secret Privacies and Hiding-holes of Venus, which are spoken very properly to seduce and unbinge the Modesty of her they say they love, if by Chance she shews any Resolution to withstand their Attacks. If it be for This these Books are read; it will be less hurtful to read such Books as treat of (pardon the Term) downright Bawdry. For, after all, what Discreetness can proceed from the Pens of Writers destitute of all good Learning and Art? I never heard any Man say he found a Pleasure in such Books, except only those who never touch'd a good Book in their Lives: I confess indeed, to my Shame, I have sometimes been guilty of reading them, but I never found any Footsteps in 'em either of a good Design or true Wit. Persons therefore who praise them, some of whom I know, shall then find credit with me, when they say this after they have read Seneca, Cicero, St. Jerom, or the Holy Scripture, and whose Morals are as yet untainted. For most commonly the Reason of approving such Books arises from beholding in them our own Manners, presented as in a Mirror, and so we rejoice to see them approv'd of. To conclude; altho' the Contents of them were ever so witty and delightful, I wou'd never desire a poisoning Pleasure, or that my Wife shou'd be ingenuous to play me a treacherous Trick.

34. In this manner proceeds the judicious Vives, who in another place assigns (n) for one of the Causes of the Corruption of the Arts, the reading of Books of Chivalry: People are fond (says he) of reading Books evidently full of Lyes and Trifles, and this thro' a cer-

(n) *De Causis corruptarum Artium, Lib: II. in fine.*

tain Titillation of Stile, as Amadis, and Florian, among the Spaniards; Lancelot, and the Round Table, among the French; Orlando Furioso, among the Italians: Books devis'd by idle Men and stuffed with a sort of Falsities, which contribute nothing to the Knowledge or a right Judgment of Things, or to the Uses of Life; but only serve to tickle the Concupiscence, and therefore they are read by Men corrupted by Idleness and a vicious Self-complacency: just as some squeamish Stomachs which are used to be pamper'd up, are sustain'd by certain Comfitures of Sugar and Honey, utterly rejecting all solid Food. Vives was not the only Man that complain'd of this Evil. *Megia, Charles* the Vth's Chronologer, and a discreet Historian of those Times, lamented it in very pathetic Terms, (o) insomuch that the *Inca Garcilasso*, upon his sole Testimony, wou'd never cast an Eye upon such strange and monstrous Books. Master *Vinegas*, with his usual Judiciousness, says: (p) *In these our Days, to the great Prejudice of modest and retir'd Maidens, are written disorderly and licentious Books of Chivalry, which are no other than the Devil's Sermon-Books with which in Holes and Corners be weds the Minds of young Women.* Not to mention the Testimony of other excellent Authors, a Spanish Bishop of great Learning, and one of the soundest Divines in the Council of Trent, *Melchior Cano*, writes as follows: (q) *Our Age hath seen a Priest who cou'd not get it out of his Head but that every Thing that was printed, must needs be True. For, said he, the Ministers of the Republick wou'd not commit so great a Wickedness, as not only to suffer Eyes to be publish'd, but also to authorize them with the Sanction of Privilege, that they may the more securely spread themselves into the Peoples Minds.* Mov'd by this Argument, he came to believe, that Amadis and Clarian did really perform the Things that are related of them in their romantic fabulous Histories. *What Weight this Man's Argument (tho' a simple Priest) may bear.*

(o) Imperial & Cæsarian History. In Constantine's Life, ch. I.
(p) In the Exposition of Momus. Conclusion 2. (q) De Lociis Theologis. Lib. II. cap. 6.

against

against the Ministers of a Republick, this is neither a proper Place nor Time to dispute. For my own part, with great Grief I observe it, (because it is a thing, detrimental and ruinous to the Church) that in the Publication of Books, the only Precaution is that they contain no Errors against the Faith, without minding whether they have any thing in them hurtful to Morals. My principal Complaint is not about those Novels, which I just now named, tho' written without any Learning or Erudition; or such as contribute not a jot, what shall I say, to our well and happy Being, no, nor so much as to enable one to form a right Judgment of Affairs in common Life. For what Benefit can accrue to any Body from Stuff and Nonsense invented by idle unemploy'd Writers, and sought for by vicious and corrupt Readers, &c. Words worthy to be written in Letters of Gold, by which it plainly appears how great a Value Bishop Cano set upon the Opinion of *Vives*, whom he frequently copy'd, tho' sometimes he reproach'd him, unjustly, for secret Reasons against which, had *Vives* liv'd, he wou'd have vindicated himself. (r) But *Vives* will live in the Memory of Mankind, and some time or other will have a Friend, who joining Authority with Learning, will redress the Injury which was done, and is still tolerated, against so pious a Man.

32. In the mean time let the above-noticed Complaints suffice to form a Judgment of the Mischief done by Books of Knight-Errantry, which so strongly possess'd the Minds of the generality of Readers, that the Complaints, Invectives and Sermons of the most judicious, the most prudent and most zealous Men in the Nation, were unable to root them out. Nor did so immortal an Atchievement take place till it pleas'd God that *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* shou'd write (as himself tells us (s) by the Mouth of a Friend of his) *A Satyr on Books of Knight-Errantry, by publishing the HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA: The principal, if not the sole End, wherof is.*

(r) *Vives was suspected by some to be a Protestant in his Heart.*
(s) *In the Preface to his First Part.*

to destroy the Reputation of Books of Knight-Errantry, which had so greatly infatuated the major part of Mankind, especially those of the Spanish Nation. Cervantes considering, that one Nail drives out another, and that most of those who inclin'd to the reading such Books were an indolent, idle, thoughtless sort of People, consequently not easy to be dissuaded from reading them by the Force of Reason, which only operates upon confederate Spirits, he judg'd the best Remedy to this Evil wou'd be a Book of a like Invention, and of an innocent Entertainment, which exceeding all the rest in Point of Mirth and Diversion, might draw in to the reading of it People of all kinds, as well Men of a deep and searching Thought, as the Ignorant and Half-witted. For the attaining of which End there was no need of a great stock of Learning; but only to clothe a well-devis'd Story in such pleasing Terms as to delight every Body. And therefore Cervantes in that most ingenious *Preface*, in which he so wittily satirizes the Vanity of petty Writers; after a very pleasant Confabulation between himself and a Friend, makes his Friend propose the Plan he ought to proceed upon, which is as follows: *If I know any thing of the Matter, your Book has no occasion for any sort of learned Lumber, as Quotations in the Margin, &c. for your Subject, being a Satyr on Knight-Errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St. Basil, nor Cicerò, ever dream'd or heard of it.* These fabulous Extravagancies (of Chivalry) have nothing to do with the impartial Punctuality of true History, nor do I find any Business you can have either with Astrology, Geometry or Logick, nor to make Sermons or preach to People by mixing sacred Things with profane, a sort of Compound which every good Christian wou'd avoid being guilty of. Nothing but pure Nature is your Business: Her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate her, the better will be your Picture. You have no need to hunt for Philosophical Sentences, Passages out of Holy Writ, Poetical Fables, Rhetorical Orations, or Miracles of Saints. Do but take care to express your self in a plain easy manner, in well-chosen, significant and decent Terms, and to give

an

an harmonious and easy Turn to your Periods. Study to explain your Thoughts, and set them in the truest Light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave 'em dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible. Let your diverting Stories be express'd in diverting Terms, to kindle Mirth in the Melancholick, and heighten it in the Gay. Let Mirth and Humour be your superficial Design, tho' laid on a solid Foundation, to challenge Attention from the Ignorant, and Admiration from the Judicious; to secure your Work from the Contempt of the graver sort, and deserve the Praises of Men of Sense; keeping your Eye still fixt on the principal End of your Prospect, the Fall and Destruction of that monstrous Heap of Romances, which, tho' abhor'd by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater part of Mankind. Mind this, and your Business is done.

33. *Cervantes* being so well instructed, let us now see, without Favour or Affection, whether he was capable of executing the Advice giv'n him.

34. In three Things consists the Perfection of a Book: Good Invention, due Disposition, and a Diction proper to the Subject

35. The Invention of our Author is adapted to the Character of a Gentleman of no despicable Parts, which he had improv'd by reading, but at last, by too much poring upon Books of Knight Errantry, lost his Senses; and giving into the Phrenzy of imitating those strange and unaccountable Exploits he had met with in his reading, chuses for his Squire a poor labouring Man, but withal a pleasant merry-conceited Fellow; & that he may not be without a Lady, he frames one to himself in his Imagination with whom he is platonically in love. And with a view of meeting with Adventures, he, at first Alone, on his Horse, call'd by him *Rocinante*, and afterwards in his second and third Sally, with his Squire *Sancho Panza* on his Ass, call'd *Dapple*, goes forth a Knight-Erranting.

36. The Idea therefore, of *Cervantes*, and my Sense of it, as far as I can judge, are as follows. *Alonso Quixada*, a Gentleman of *la Mancha*, gave himself entirely up to the reading of Books of Knight Errantry;

rantry: A Vice very common to People addicted to Ease and brought up to nothing: Too intense an Application to Books of Chivalry dry'd up his Brain, and turn'd his Head, as it had done by another famous Rusticator, known by the Name of the *Paladin*. Which signifies, that this vain useless sort of Reading unhing'd the Judgment, rendring the Readers rash and fool-hardy, as if they had to deal with Men that were, after all, but Imaginary. Our unfortunate *Manchegan* believ'd all the Prodigies he had read were really true, and the Profession of Knights-Errant seem'd to him to be absolutely necessary to Mankind, in order to redrefs Grievances, and, whatever was wrong in the World, to set it right, as he used to say himself. He therefore determin'd to enter into so honourable a Fraternity, and to employ himself in Exercises so salutary to Mankind. A Disposition natural enough to Men who presume upon their Valour, and are for remodying every thing out of an ostentatious Pride, without any proper Call or Obligation thereto. *Alonzo Quixada* took upon him the Title of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and suffer'd himself to be dubb'd a Knight by an Inn-Keeper. Those who go out of their Sphere, presently think themselves extraordinary Persons: they are wont to change their Name and Stile, and if to this any exterior Mark of Honour be added, they think that People read only the Superscription, and that in the political World there are no *Lynceus's* to look into their Infide.

37. *Don Quixote* stiled himself of the Territory of *la Mancha*, and his imaginary Lady he stiled *Dulcinea del Toboso*, a Town of *La Mancha*: The Inhabitants whereof having, 'tis said, upon some very slight occasion, thrown our Author into Prison, he, in *Return*, (not to say *Revenge*, because it has tended so much to the Glory of *La Mancha*) made both the Knight-Errant, and his Lady *Manchegans*, (*i. e.* Inhabitants of *La Mancha*.) That *Cervantes* (like *Nævius* who wrote two of his Plays in a Jail, *The Hariolus & Leontes*) compos'd this History within the Walls of a Prison, he confesses himself, saying:

(*1*) *What*

(t) *What can my barren and unpolish'd Understanding produce, but what is dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond Imagination? You may suppose it the Child of Disturbance, engender'd in some dismal Prison, in the very Seat of Wretchedness, and amidst all manner of Inconveniences.*

38. Next let us see what *Don Quixote* does; who was now sally'd forth from his House upon a lean Horse, a true Symbol of the Weakness of his Enterprise, follow'd in his second and third Sally by *Sancho Panza* on his Ass, an Hieroglyphick of his Simplicity.

39. In *Don Quixote* we are presented with an Heroick Madman, who fancying many Things of what he sees, to be like those he has read of, pursues the Deception of his Imagination, and engages himself in Encounters, to his thinking, glorious; but, in others Opinion, mad and extravagant: Such as those which the old Books of Chivalry relate of their imaginary Heroes: To imitate whom, we may easily see how great a share of Romance-learning was necessary in an Author who at every Step was to allude to the Achievements of the endless Herd of Knights-Errant. *Cervantes's* Reading in this sort of fabulous History was without an Equal, as he very frequently makes appear to a Demonstration.

40. *Don Quixote*, when he is out of his mad Fits, talks very sensibly and rationally. What can exceed, what can be more worthy to be read and retained than the Discourses he makes on the golden or first Age of the World poetically describ'd? On the Condition of Soldiers and Students; on Knights, Gentlemen, and different Pedigrees; on the Use of Poetry; and, to conclude, the Political and Oeconomical Instructions he gave *Sancho Panza*, before he went to his Government of the Island * *Barataria*, are such as may be given to real Governors, who certainly ought to put them in Practice, and make them the Rule of their whole Conduct in the Discharge of their Office.

(t) *Pref. of the First Part.*

Spanish.

* *Barato* means Cheap in

41. In SANCHO PANZA is represented the Simplicity of the Vulgar, who tho' they know their Errors, yet blindly pursue them. But, lest Sancho's Simplicity shou'd tire the Reader, Cervantes makes it of the merry kind, and of a diverting Nature. No body has given a better Definition of *Sancho Panza*, than his Master *Don Quixote* has done, when speaking to the Datchess, he says, (u) *Your Grace must know that no Knight-Errant ever had such an eternal Babbler, such a bundle of Conceit for a Squire as I have.* And on another Occasion. (x) *I assure your Grace, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant Squires that ever waited on a Knight-Errant.* Sometimes he comes out with such sharp Simplicities that one is pleasantly puzzled, to judge whether he be more Knave or Fool. The Varlet, indeed, is full of Roguery enough to be thought a Knave: But then he commits such Blunders that he may better be thought a Fool. He doubts of every thing, yet believes every thing: And when one would think he had entangled himself in a piece of downright Folly, beyond recovery, he brings himself off of a sudden so cleverly, that he is applauded to the Skies. In short, I would not change him for the best Squire that wears a Head, tho' I might have a City to boot. For a Proof of the Simplicity and Pleasantry of *Sancho Panza*, the Braying Adventure may suffice. (y)

42. Such being the principal Personages of this History, it naturally follows (as Cervantes makes another say). (z) *That it is the Property of Don Quixote's Adventures, to create always either Surprise or Merriment: And that Sancho is (a) one of the most comical Creatures that can be.* And without speaking by the Mouth of other People, Cervantes himself says at the end of his first Preface: *I will not urge the Service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a Knight's Acquaintance, but only beg the Favour of some small Acknowledgment for recommending you to the Familiarity of the famous SANCHO PANZA his Squire, in*

(u) Part II. ch. 30. (x) Ibid. ch. 32. (y) Part II. ch. 27.
(z) Part II. ch. 44. (a) Ibid. ch. 58.

whom,

whom, in my Opinion, you will find united and described all the scatter'd Endowments which the voluminous Feopery of Books of Knight-Errantry can afford to one of his Character.

43. That the History of a Knight-Errant might not surfeit the Reader with a tiresom Uniformity and a Return of similiar Adventures, which wou'd have been the Case, had it treated only of mad or foolish Occurrences, *Cervantes* introduces many Episodes, the Incidents whereof are frequent, new, and probable; the Reasonings artful, perspicuous, and efficacious; the Plot deep and mysterious, but the Issue easy, natural, and withal so agreeable, that the Mind is left in a State of Complacency, and all those Passions quieted and made calm again, which, just before, had, by a singular Artifice, been put into a sort of Tumult and Anxiety. And that which is most admir'd by good Judges, is, that all these Episodes, except two, that is to say, The Novels of *The Captive*, and *The Curious Impertinent*, are wove into the main Design of the Fable, and, together with it, like a beautiful Piece of Tapestry, make one agreeable and most delightful Work.

44. When an Artist is consummately skilful in his Profession, no body knows better than himself the Perfection of his own Works. This made *Cervantes* himself say of his History: (b) *The Stories and Episodes, the various Tales and Novels with which it is intermix'd, are, in some respects as entertaining, as artful, and as authentic as the History it self.*

45. *Cervantes*, to give the greater Probability, and Plausibility to his Invention, feigns the Author of it to have been (c) *CID HAMET BEN-ENGELI*, an Arabian Historiographer, a Native of *La Mancha*. He makes him of *La Mancha* that he may be suppos'd to be well acquainted with *Don Quixote*'s Concerns. It is very diverting to see how *Cervantes* celebrates *Cid Hamet*'s scrupulous Punctuality in relating even the most inconsiderable and trifling Things, as

(b) Part. I. cb. 28.

(c) *Ibid.* cb. 9.

when

when speaking of *Sancho Panza*, bastinado'd by the *Tangefian Carriers*, he says : (d) *So breathing out thirty Lamentations, threescore Sighs, and a hundred and twenty Plagues and Poxes on those that had decay'd him thither, he at last got upon his Legs.* And when he says of another Carrier, (e) *He was one of the richest Carriers of Arevalo, as the Moorish Author of this History relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been well acquainted with him, nay, some don't stick to say he was somewhat a-kin to him.* However it be, it appears that *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* was a very exact Historian, since he takes care to give us an Account of Things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable Example which those Historians shou'd follow, who usually relate Matters so concisely, that they scarce dip into them, or let their Readers have so much as a Taste of 'em, and rather seem to have left the most essential Part of the Story in the bottom of the Ink-born, either thro' Neglect, Malice, or Ignorance. A thousand Blessings then be given to the curious Author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and to that other indefatigable Sage who recorded the Achievements of Count *Tornillas*, for they have describ'd even the most minute and trifling Circumstances with a singular Precision! *Lucian* himself has not spoke more to the Purpose in his two Books of *True History*.

46. In another place, putting in practice this same Punctuality in specifying every the most minute Particular belonging to his Subject, *Cervantes* says, by the Mouth of *Ben-engeli*, (f) *Don Quixote was brought into a fair Room, where Sancho took off his Armour, and then the Knight appear'd in a Pair of Close Breeches, and Doublet of Shamoy Leather, all besmear'd with the Rust of his Armour. About his Neck he wore a plain Band, unstarch'd, after the manner of a Student; about his Legs sad-colour'd Spatterdashes, and on his Feet a Pair of Wax-leather Shoes: He hung his trusty Sword by his Side in a Belt of Sea-Wolf's Skin; which makes many of Opinion he had been long troubled with a Pain*

(d) *Ibid. cb. 15.* (e) *Ibid. cb. 16.* (f) *Part II. cb. 18.*

in the Kidneys. Over all this be clapp'd on a long Cloke of good Russet Cloth: But first of all be wash'd his Head and Face in five Kettle-fulls of Water, if not in six; for as to the exact Number there is some Dispute. * Redundancy simple and facetious! Verisimilitude admirable and unprecedented! Well therefore might Cervantes say as he does, (g) All Persons that love to read Histories of the Nature of this, must certainly be very much oblig'd to Cid Hamet, the original Author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute Particular, distinctly, entire, without concealing the least Circumstance that might, if omitted, have obscur'd the Light and Truth of the Story. He draws lively Pictures of the Thoughts, discovers the Imaginations, satisfies Curiosity in Secrets, clears Doubts, refutes Arguments, and in short, makes manifest the least Atoms of the most inquisitive Desire! O most famous Author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! jointly and severally may you live and continue to the latest Posterity, for the general Delight and Recreation of Mankind!

47. Cervantes makes the Author of this History to be an Arabian, alluding thereby to what is believ'd by many, that the *Arabians* first infected the *Spaniards* with the Itch of Romance-making. It is certain Aristotle, (b) Cornutus, and Priscian (i) take notice of the *Lybian* Fables; Lucian adds (k) that among the *Arabians* there were Men whose Busines it was to expound Fables. *Locman*, who in *Mahomet's Alcoran* is so highly prais'd, is generally, and with good reason, believ'd to be *Aesop* the famous Fabulist. *Thomas Erpenius* was the first that translated his Fables into *Latin*, Anno 1625. It is very certain, the Fables of *Aesop* are adapted to the Genius of every Nation. And yet, those which are in *Greek* are not the same which *Aesop* wrote. *Pbædrus*, who translated them into *Latin*,

* *Nimiedad* is the Word the Author uses, which I suppose he spin'd himself from the Latin *Nimietas*, as that comes from *Nimius*, too much. He means Redundancy, Over-muchness, Ni-miety if you will. (g) Part II. cb. 40. (b) In *Rhetoricijs*. (i) In *Præexcitamentis*. (k) In *Macrobiis*.

confesses

confesses his interpolating them. (f) I have them in Spanish, printed at Seville by John Crenberger, Anne 1553, with Interpolations and strange Additions. No wonder then the Arabians fitted them to their own Taste. And what greater Fable can there be than Mahomet's *Alcoran*? It is written in the manner of a Novel, that it might be the easier learn'd and the better remember'd. The Lives of the Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles, which are handed about in Writing among the Mahometans are stuff'd with Fables. Some of their Philosophers who took upon 'em to unfold the mysterious Dreams of the Mahometan Doctrine, have made entire Books in the nature of Novels. Of this kind is the History of *Hayo*, the Son of *Yordan*, of whom such prodigious Fictions and monstrous Stories are related by *Avicena*. *Leo Africanus* and *Louis del Marmal* testify, as Eye-witnesses, that the Arabians are so fond of Novels, that they celebrate the Achievements of their *Bubalus* both in Prose and Verse, as our Europeans have done those of *Rinaldo* of *Montalban* and *Orlando Furioso*. And, without going out of Spain, those we call *Cuentos de Viejas* (Old Wives Tales) are certain short Novels made up of Enchantments and horrible Apparitions to frighten Children, and are manifestly of the Growth of Arabia.

48. In proof of this we may likewise add, that the first Books of Chivalry or Knight-Errantry were wrote in Spain at the time when the Arabians dwelt there. And therefore I can't help thinking *Lopè de Vega* forgot himself, when he said: (m) *They us'd to call Novels by the Name of Cuentos*: He goes on: *These Cuentos, or Tales, were gotten by Heart, and repeated memoriter: And I don't remember they were ever committed to Writing*. But they were certainly committed to Writing, and *Lopè* must have met with them in those same Books of Chivalry; but did not well recollect 'em, perhaps because those he had heard repeated, might not be the same. Tho' I don't deny that there are many such Tales at this day which are

(f) Initio Lib. 2. (m) In the Dedication of his first Novel.
not

not written, but pass from one idle Person to another by Tradition only.

49. Well; we have a *Manchegan* and *Arabian* for the Author of this History written in *Arabick*. *Cervantes* to this adds, following the thread of his Fiction, that he got it translated out of *Arabick* into *Spaniſh* by a *Moor* that was Master of the *Spaniſh*: In reference to which, he brings in the *Bachelor Sampson Carrasco*, speaking thus to *Don Quixote*: *Blest may the Sage Cid Hamet Ben-engeli be, for enriching the World with the History of our mighty Deeds (n); and more than bleſt, that (o) curious Virtuoso, who took care to have it translated out of the Arabick into our vulgar Tongue, for the universal Entertainment of Mankind!*

50. And in order to let it be known that the Translator likewise made his Remarks, *Cervantes*, as a Voucher for him, adds in a sort of Parenthesiſ [The Translator of this History when he came to this fifth Chapter says, that he holds the said Chapter for Apocryphal, because Sancho Panza talks in a different sort of Stile, and uses another Mode of Locution than what might be expected from one of his mean Parts; and utters such ſubtil Reflexions and Aphorisms, that he the said Translator thinks it impossible for him to know any thing of ſuch high Matters: But yet he wou'd not omit them, as thinking it his Duty to give his whole Author, and not to leave any thing untranslated that he found in the Original. (p)] A good Lesson for ſuch Translators as do not know that their Business is like that of Portrait-Painters, who deviate from their Duty, if they draw a Picture more perfect than the Original: I mean only as to the Subject-matter of the Piece: For as to the Stile, every one is to use his own Colours, and thoſe ought to be ſuited to the intended Representation. This being ſo, I know not how to excuse *Cervantes*, who, in another place, makes his Translator deficient in his wonded Exactness, by ſaying: (q) *Here the Author inserts a long Description of every*

(n) Part II. cb. 3. (o) Michael de Cervantes Saavedra himſelf.
(p) Part II. cb. 5. (q) Ibid. cb. 18.

Particular

Particular in Don Diego's House, giving us an Inventory of all the Goods and Chattels, and every Circumstance peculiar to the House of a rich Country Gentleman: But the Translator presum'd that it wou'd be better to omit these little Things, and such like insignificant Matters, being foreign to the main Subject of this History, which ought to be more grounded on material Truth, than cold and insipid Digressions: Suppose we should say, that what is a Reprehension of the Translator, is a tacit Commendation of the Punctuality and Exactness of Cervantes? Or that he meant thereby to reprove the tedious Prolixity of many Writers, who digress from their main Point and principal Subject, and dwell upon Descriptions of Palaces and the like? Both the one and the other is possible: Certain it is, that *The Novel of true and perfect Love*, ascrib'd to *Athenagoras*, gives a Disgust by the frequent Descriptions of Palaces, built with such super-abundant Art, and that *Vitravian* too, that it is apparent he who made those Descriptions cou'd not conceal his being an Architect, since he draws the Palaces like an Artist, not a Novelist. From whence the very judicious *Huetius* infer'd, that the Author of the above Novel was not *Athenagoras*, as was suppos'd, but *William Philander*, the noted Explainer and Illustrator of *Marcus Vitruvius*; and that his aim in that Work was to flatter the Genius of his great Patron Cardinal *Gregorio Armagnac*, who was passionately fond of Architects, and a mighty Favourer of that Profession. Neither was it possible for *Athenagoras* to paint so to the Life, as he does, the Customs of the Moderns. And it was no difficult thing to persuade *Fumeus*, the Publisher of the Novel, that the original Greek which was shew'd him, was genuine; but he ought to have made a closer Examination of it, that we might not look upon his Translation to be supposititious likewise: *Fumeus* acted a far different Part from those who when they publish any Books, which they know to be false, make great Ado and exert themselves to the utmost to induce a Belief of their being genuine, averring that they drew them from very ancient Manuscripts, written

in a hand scarcely legible and much defaced by Time and the Worms ; and that they were found in this or that Library (where no body ever saw 'em) and that they acquir'd them by means of a certain Person not now living. These, and the like Artifices are what deceive your ordinary Readers ; and so too does *Cervantes*, when he would make us believe that the Author of this Work was an *Arabian Historiographer*, born in *La Mancba* ; and the Translator a *Moorish Rabbi*, and the Continuation of the History, by great Good-luck, found and purchas'd of a young Lad that was offering to sell a Parcel of old written Papers to a Groom in a Shop on the * *Alcana* at *Toledo*. But at the time when *Cervantes* said this, there was a strong Belief current among the credulous Populace that one in *Toledo* had an *universal History*, wherein every Body found whatever they sought for or desir'd. The Author of it was suppos'd to be a very serious grave Person. And accordingly that History which treated of all Things, and a great deal more ; that is, more than they desir'd who ask'd any thing of him whom they suppos'd to be the Treasurer of the Ecclesiastical Erudition, I say, that History was a Fable pregnant with many Fables, which very properly might be call'd in *French* a *Romance*, and in good *Spanish*, *Cuento de Cuentos*, a Tale of Tales : Which were so well receiv'd that there came out divers *Continuations* of them, no less applauded than those of *Amadis de Gaul*, and what is much worse, more read, and more credited, and as yet not banish'd, the Almighty reserving the Glory of that for one on whom he shou'd vouchsafe to bestow such Efficacy and Ingenuity, not only to attack but conquer both the Great Vulgar and the Small of a whole Nation. But this is not a Subject proper to this Place : And therefore I shall postpone it till another Occasion offers.

51. Lastly, *Cervantes*, that he may not be guilty of what he reproves in other Writers of Books of Chivalry, and rememb'ring the End he had propos'd to himself,

* The Exchange.

himself, of rendring such Fictions ridiculous and contemptible, makes *Don Quixote*, who like a Mad-man was brought home in a Cart, shut up as in a Cage, soon after recover his Senses, and frankly and Christian-like confess that all his Actions had been those of a Mad-man, and the Effects of a distemper'd Brain, and that he did them out of a Desire to imitate the Knights-Errant, a Species of Mortals purely imaginary.

52. By what has been said, the Reader may see how admirable the *Invention* of this great Work is. The *Disposition* of it is no less so ; since the Images of the Persons treated of hold a due Proportion, and each fills the Place that belongs to him. The Incidents are so artfully knit together, that they call upon one another, and all of them suspend the Attention in so delightful a manner, that nothing remains to satisfy the Mind but the Event, which is equally delightful.

53. As for the Stile ; wou'd to God the Stile now in use on more solemn Occasions, were as good as our Author's ! In it, we see well distinguish'd and appropriated the different Kinds of speaking. *Cervantes* only makes use of old Words to represent old Things the better. He introduces very few foreign Words, and never without an absolute Necessity. He has made it appear that the *Spaniſh* Tongue has no need to go a begging to Strangers for Words to explain its meaning. In fine, *Cervantes*'s Stile in this HISTORY OF *DON QUIXOTE* is pure, natural, well-placed, sweet, and so correct, that there are very few *Spaniſh* Writers to compare with him in that respect. Well satisfy'd of this was *Cervantes* himself, since in his Dedication of the Second Part of *Don Quixote* to the *Condé de Lemos*, with an inimitable Facetiousness, with which he knew how to cover his own Praises, he says thus to him : " When, a few days ago, I sent " to your Excellency my Plays, printed before they " were acted, if I don't forget, I said, that *Don " Quixote* had his Spurs on to go and kiss your Ex- " cellency's Hands ; and now I can say he is not only " bespurr'd, but has actually begun his Journey to " you,

" you, and if he reaches you, I fancy I shall have
 " done your Excellency some Service: For I am
 " mightily pres'd by divers and sundry Persons to
 " send him to you, in order to remove that Nauseous-
 " ness and Loathing caus'd by another *Don Quixote*,
 " who, under the Name of a Second Part, has dis-
 " guis'd himself, and rambles about in a strange man-
 " ner. Now he that has shewn himself most desirous of
 " seeing my *Don Quixote*, is the great Emperor of
 " *China*, for about a Month ago, he sent me a Letter
 " in the *Chinese Tongue* by a special Messenger, de-
 " fying me, or to speak better, supplicating me, to
 " send *Don Quixote* to him; because he was upon
 " building and endowing a College for the learning
 " and teaching of the *Spanish Tongue*, and that the
 " Book us'd for that Purpose, should be the History
 " of *Don Quixote*. Together with this he writ me
 " Word that I should be the Head or Rector of the
 " College. I ask'd the Bearer, if his Majesty had sent
 " me any Thing towards defraying my Charges. He
 " made Answer, He had no Thought of it. Why
 " then, Friend, said I to him, you may e'en return
 " to your *China* again the same way you came, or
 " which way you please, and when you please: For
 " I am not in a State of Health to undertake such a
 " long Journey. Besides, I am not only very weak
 " in Body but more in Purse; and so I'm the Em-
 " peror's most humble Servant: In short, Emperor
 " for Emperor, and Monarch for Monarch, to take
 " one with t'other, and set the Hare's Head against
 " the Goose-Giblets; there is the noble *Candide*, de
 " *Lemnos* at *Naples*, who without any of your Head-
 " ships or Rector-ships of Colleges, supports me, pro-
 " tects me, and shew's me more Favour than I cou'd
 " wish or desire. With this I dismiss him, and with
 " this I take my Leave of, &c.

Madrid, a.d. October, 1615.

54. Having thus examin'd the Perfection of this
 Work by Parts; and likewise seen the good Distribu-
 tion, and Coherence of all the Parts, one with an-
 other; it may be easily imagin'd how well such a com-
 plete

plete Performance must be receiv'd. But as it came abroad in two separate Volumes, and at different times, 'tis fit we see how they were receiv'd, what Censures they actually underwent, and what they really do deserve.

55. The first Part was publish'd at *Madrid*, printed by *John de la Cuesta*, *Anno 1605.* in Quarto, dedicated to the Duke of *Bejar*: Upon whose Protection *Cervantes* congratulates himself in certain Verses written by *Urganda the Unknown*, prefix'd to the Book.

56. One of the best Proofs of the Celebrity of any Book, is the quick Sale of it, and the Call that is for it, which was such that before *Cervantes* publish'd the Second Part, he says, by the Canal of *Sampson Carrasco*: (r) *I do not in the least doubt but at this Day there have already been publish'd above Twelve Thousand Copies of it.* Portugal, *Barcelona*, and *Valencia*, where they have been printed, can witness this, if there were occasion. 'Tis said, that it is also now in the Press at *Antwerp*. And I verily believe there's scarce a Language into which it is not translated, or will be translated. It sell out accordingly; so that an Account only of the several Translations of it wou'd make no small Book it self. In another place he introduces *Don Quixote*, exaggerating the Number of the printed Books of his History, thus, (s) *I have merited the Honour of the Press in almost all the Nations of the World.* *Thirty thousand Volumes of my History have been printed already, and Thirty Thousand Millions more are like to be printed, if Heaven prevent not.* In another place the Dutchess (whose Territories, as yet, no Man has been able to find out) speaking of the History of *Don Quixote*, says, *It was lately publish'd with the universal Applause of all Mankind.* Much better has the Bachelor *Sampson Carrasco* deliver'd himself concerning this History, speaking of it to *Don Quixote* himself: (t) *In it, says he, every thing is so plain, there's not the least Iota but what any one may understand. Children handle it, Youngsters read it, Men understand*

D 3

it,

(r) *Part II. ch. 3.* (s) *Ibid. ch. 16.* (t) *Part II. ch. 3.*

The L I F E of

it, and old People applaud it. In short, it is universally so thumb'd, so glean'd, so studied, and so known, that if the People do but see a lean Horse, they presently cry, There goes Rozinante. But none apply themselves to the reading of it more than your Pages: There's ne'er a Nobleman's Anti-chamber where you shan't find a Don Quixote. No sooner has one laid it down, but another takes it up. One asks for it here, and there 'tis snatch'd up by another. In a word, 'tis esteem'd the most pleasant and least dangerous Diversion that ever was seen, as being a Book that does not betray the least indecent Expression, nor so much as a profane Thought. Much reason therefore had Sancho Panza to make this Prophecy: (u) I'll lay you a Wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a Hedge-Tavern, a blind Victualling-House, nor a Barber's-Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds pasted and painted along the Walls. Accordingly we have seen this come to pass, and much more; for not only in Taverns, and private Houses are the Books of *Don Quixote* to be found, but in the choicest Libraries, whose Owners are proud of having the first Editions of it. The most eminent Painters, Tapestry-makers, Engravers and Sculptors are employ'd in representing his History, to adorn, with its Figures, the Houses and Palaces of noble Lords and great Princes. *Cervantes*, even in his Life-time, obtain'd the Glory of having his Work receive the Royal Approbation. As King Philip III. was standing in a Balcony of his Palace at Madrid, and viewing the Country, he observ'd a Student on the Margin of the River *Manzanares* reading in a Book, and from time to time breaking off and knocking his Forehead with the Palms of his Hands, with extraordinary Tokens of Pleasure and Delight, upon which the King said to those about him: That *Sebolar* is either mad, or reading the History of *Don Quixote*. The King was presently made acquainted by the Courtiers, that That was really the Book he was reading:

(u) Part. II. ch. 71.

ing: For Courtiers are very forward to recommend themselves to their Master's Favour, by taking all Opportunities of flattering his Judgment in things of little Concern. But none of them all would solicit a moderate Pension for *Cervantes* to keep him from starving! And therefore I don't know well how to take that Parable of the Emperor of *China*. It is certain, *Cervantes*, while he liv'd, was very much oblig'd to Foreigners, and but very little to *Spaniards*.. The former prais'd and honoured him without Measure. The latter not only made no account of him, but despis'd him, nay abus'd him with Satire and Invective both publick and private..

57. That this Truth may not be left to the Reader's Courtesy to believe as much or as little of it as he pleases, let us produce our Vouchers. The Licentiate *Marquez Torres* in the Approbation sign'd by him, and prefix'd to the Second Part of the History of *Don Quixote*, after a most just Censure of the bad Books of his Time, has these Words: " Very different Sentiments have been entertain'd of *Michael de Cervantes*'s Writings, as well by our own Nation, as Strangers; for the latter croud to see, as they wou'd a Miracle, the Author of Books which *Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders* have receiv'd with general Applause, as well on account of their Decorum, Propriety and Decency, as the Sweetness and Agreeableness of the Language. I do, with truth, hereby certify, that on the Twenty-fifth Day of *February* of this present Year 1615, the most illustrious Lord *Bernardo de Sandoval & Roxas*, Cardinal, Archbishop of *Toledo*, receiving a visit paid him by the Embassador of *France*, several *French* Gentlemen who accompany'd the Embassador, no less courteous than learned and lovers of polite Literature, came to me and other Chaplains of my Lord Cardinal, desiring to know what Books of Wit and Ingenuity were most in vogue: And happening to touch upon that which I had before me to examine, they no sooner heard the Name of *Michael de Cervantes*, but they began to

" ask a great many Questions, magnifying the Esteem
 " which not only France but the neighbouring King-
 " doms had for his Works, THE GALATEA, which
 " some of them had almost by heart, THE FIRST
 " PART of this History, and THE NOVELS. Their
 " Exaggerations and Raptures were so great that I
 " offer'd to carry them to see the Author of those
 " Pieces. They said, If I wou'd give my self that
 " Trouble, they shou'd be infinitely oblig'd to me.
 " Then they ask'd me very minutely concerning his
 " Age, his Profession, Quality and Quantity. I found
 " my self oblig'd to say, that he was Old, a Soldier,
 " a Gentleman, and Poor. To which one of them
 " answer'd in these very words, Why does not Spain
 " heap Riches upon such a Man? Why is he not
 " maintain'd out of the publick Revenue? Another
 " of the Gentlemen struck in here, and said with a
 " great deal of Sharpness, if Necessity obliges him to
 " write, I pray God he may never know what it is to
 " be otherwise than necessitous, to the end that he,
 " being poor, may make the World rich with his
 " Works. I fancy somebody will censure this Cen-
 " sure, and say 'tis not only a little of the longest, but
 " likewise favours of Flattery, but the Truth of what
 " I but briefly relate, ought to remove the Critick's
 " Suspicions, as it does my own Fears of being thought
 " guilty of Adulation. Besides, now-a-days no Bo-
 " dy is flatter'd that wants the Wherewithal to oil the
 " Flatterer's Tongue, who expects to be rewarded in
 " earnest for the Falsities he utters in jest."

The Reader will think that he who said all this, was the Licentiate *Francisco Marquez Torres*; no such Matter: It was *Michael Cervantes Saavedra*'s own self: For that Licentiate's Stile is altogether Metaphorical, Affected, and Pedantic, witness the *Consolatory Discourses he wrote to the Duke of Uceda on the Death of his Son*: Whereas the Stile of the above Approbation is pure, natural, and courtly; and so wholly like *Cervantes*, that there's not a word in it different from his way of writing. The Licentiate was one of the Cardinal's Chaplains and Master of the Pages;

Pages; and (x) Cervantes was greatly favour'd by his Eminence: So there's no doubt of their being intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

58. This Friendship being suppos'd, it was not much for Cervantes to take such a liberty. Let therefore the Licentiate Torres be satisfy'd with Cervantes's making him a Sharer in the Glory of his Stile: And let us see what reason Cervantes had for speaking, as they say, *by the Mouth of a Goose*. He had no other Design but to set forth an Idea of his Work, the Esteem, It and its Author were held in Abroad, and the Neglect and Disregard he met with at Home.

59. Having given an Account of the Entertainment our Author and his Work met with both in *Spain* and in foreign Countries, we will now see what End he tells us he propos'd to himself in writing it: And this he intimates to us two ways, positively and negatively, by telling us, How it is written, and how it is not written: All which is contain'd in the above *Approbation* (or Censure) of this Second Part equal in every respect to the First, considering the Difficulty there is in carrying on a Fiction, already so perfect, as to be reckon'd happily finish'd and completed. *I do not find in it* (says the above Censor) *any thing unbecoming a zealous Christian, or contrary to the Respect due to moral Virtues and the Excellence of a good Example: Rather, much Erudition and useful Instruction, for the extirpating the vain romantic Books of Chivalry, the Contagion whereof was spread beyond all Bounds; as likewise for the improving and polishing the Spanish Tongue, as not being adulterated with a fulsome studied Affectation (so justly abhorred by all Men of Sense:)* Then, as for what concerns the Correction of Vice in general, the Author is not sparing of Reproofs and very sharp ones too: But when he descends to Particulars, he is so observant of the Laws of Christian Reprobation, that the very Patient himself who is to suffer the Operation, or take the Physick which is to cure his Infirmitie, will be delighted rather than disgusted, with the

(x) See Pref. to Part II. of *Don Quixote*.

method our Author takes to bring him to a Detestation of the Vice and Distempers he labours under. There have been many, who not knowing how to temper and mix the Utile with the Dulce, the profitable with the pleasant, have seen all their Labour lost and come to nothing; for not being able to imitate Diogenes as a Philosopher, and Scholar, they boldly (not to say impudently and blindly) pretend to imitate him as a Cynick, giving themselves up to a Licentiousness of slandering and being scurrilous; inventing Cases which never happen'd, to shew how capable they are by their bitter Rebukes to cure Vice; tho' perhaps at the same time they point out Paths to follow it till then unknown; and so become, if not Correctors, at least Masters, of it. They make themselves odious to Men of Understanding; with the Populace they lose their Credit (if they had any) necessary for getting their Writings admitted among them; and the Vices which they rashly and indiscreetly go about to correct, remain in a far worse Condition than they were in before: For not all Impost-humes indiscriminately are at the same time dispos'd for admitting Recipes and Cauteries: Some Constitutions require mild and gentle Medicines, by which a cautious and learned Physician will discuss and resolve the Ailment, which is often times better than to apply the Steel and Fire to it. A Censure, certainly worthy of a Man of Cervantes's, found Judgment and Moderation of Mind.

60. Very different were those made against him by his Adversaries, suffering themselves to be hurry'd away by the Perverseness of a bad Mind, and an Itch of Slander and Abuse: but yet of such a Sort, that he himself, against whom they were levell'd, took a Pride in relating them. For thus he tells us in *His Voyage to Parnassus*. *When I was at Valladolid, a Letter was brought to my House, charged a Real (Six-pence) Carriage: A Niece of mine took it in and paid the Carriage, which she should not have done; but she gave for Excuse That she had often heard me say, In three things one's Money is well laid-out: In bestowing Alms, in paying a good Physician, and in Carriage of Letters, whether they come from Friends or Enemies; for Letters of Friends advise us for our Good, and those of Enemies*

Enemies may serve to put us upon our Guard against Evil. She gave me the Letter, in which was inclosed a wretched Sonnet, without any Spirit or the least Tincture of Wit, but full of Abuse against Don Quixote, but that gave me no Concern; what vexed me was the Sixpence, and from that Day forward I resolv'd to take in no Letters, without Carriage paid.

61. More nettled was Cervantes at another Enemy of his *Don Quixote*; for he described him so to the Life, that one may easily perceive how highly he was provoked. All that's known of this Person is, that he was a Monk; but not what Monk, or of what Order; and so we may e'en give a Copy of his Picture here: (y) *The Duke and Dutches came as far as the Door of the Hall to receive him (Don Quixote) and with them a grave Clergyman, one of those that assume to govern Great Men's Houses, and who, not being * nobly born themselves, don't know how to instruct those that are, but would have the Liberality of the Great measured by the Narrowness of their own Souls, making those whom they govern stingy, when they pretend to teach 'em Frugality.* One of these in all likelihood was this grave Ecclesiastick, who came with the Duke to receive Don Quixote. The Reception of *Don Quixote* by the Monk, and his snappish shocking Carriage towards him, will be seen at full in the Book it self. And so leaving the Censures which are occult and secret, we will now speak of those which were open and barefaced.

62. The first Part of the History of *Don Quixote* being publish'd, as we said; and so well receiv'd, and so often printed, and reprinted, there was not wanting in Spain a Person that out of Envy to Cervantes's Reputation, and Covetousness to make a Gain of his Books, presumptuously took upon him to write and publish a Continuation of this inimitable History, even in the Author's Life-time, and while he was preparing his Second Part for the Press. The Title he gave his Book was this:

63. *The second Volume of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote.*

(y) Part II. ch. 31. * Gentlemen are called Noble in Spain.

Quixote de la Mancha, containing his Third Sally: compos'd by the Licentiate Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, a Native of Tordefillas. Inscrib'd to the Alcalde (Baylor) Regidores (Aldermen) and Gentlemen of the noble Town of Argamesilla, the happy Country of Don Quixote de la Mancha Knight and Gentleman. With License; in Tarragona at the Printing-Office of Philip Roberto, Ano 1614. In 8vo.

64. Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda was neither the true Name of the Author of this Work, nor was he a Native of Tordefillas, a noted Town of Old Castile; but an Arragonian; since Cervantes, whom we must suppose to be well inform'd, calls him so on various Occasions. In one he calls this Continuation (z) *The History which the Arragonian lately publish'd*. In another, he says of it (a) *It is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote; not that which was compos'd by Cid Hamet, the Author of the First, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a Native of Tordefillas.* And tho' Cervantes in another Place calls him *Autor Tordillo*; it was only in Compliance with the Fiction of his suppos'd Country, and perhaps to ridicule him by a witty equivocating Allusion to the Words *Rocin Tordillo*, (which is Spanish for a Flea-bitten Jade of a Horse): as if he had said, *Autor Arrocinado*. Upon the Supposition therefore that the Work was written in Tordefillas, and printed in Tarragona, as is declar'd by the Approbation to the Book, and the License for printing it: we shall easily understand Cervantes's Words in the Beginning of his very ingenious Preface to his Second Part, alluding to the Fiction of the Country, and the Reality of its being printed in Tarragona. He says: *Bless me! Reader, gentle or simple, whoever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful Invectives against the Author of the Second Don Quixote: But I must beg your Pardon; for I shall say no more of him than every body says, That Tordefillas is the Place where he was Begotten, and Tarragona the Place where he was Born; and though it be universally said, that even a Worm when tread upon will turn again, yet I'm resolv'd for once to*

(z) Part. II. ch. 62.

(a) Part II. ch. 70.

cross.

cross the Proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him Coxcomb, Rool and Madman; but I'm of another mind; and so let his Rolly be its own Punishment. And a little farther: Methinks, Reader, I hear you blame me for showing so little Resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, 'tis not good to bear too hard upon a Man that is so over modest and so much in Affliction: For certainly this Noble Person's Affliction must be very Grand, since he dare not appear in the open Field and in the Face of the Sun, but conceals his Name, and counterfeits his Country, as if he had been guilty of High-Treason. These Words Noble Person and Grand, are to me mysterious, I confess: but, waring that, I am persuaded, that Cervantes's Enemy was very powerful, since an Author and a Soldier, bold and dextrous both at his Pen and Sword, did not dare to name him. Unless upon second Thoughts he was so vile and despicable a Fellow, that Cervantes did not care the World should know his Name, and the Wretch thereby become famous tho' for Infamy.

65. *Don Nicolas Antonio* was of Opinion this Author had not a Genius for continuing such a Work. That's but a small matter. He had neither a Genius nor Ingenuity for so difficult an Undertaking. He had no Genius, for that supposes Ingenuity or Wit; since as was said by the Dutchess who honour'd *Don Quixote* so highly, (b) *Merry Conceits are not the Offspring of a dull Brain*: And such was that of the Arragonian Author whose Legend is unworthy of any Reader that values either his Reputation or his Time. For to write with Beauty, requires bright Parts, and a sound Judgement, which our Arragonian was an utter Stranger to. He could not so much as invent with any Appearance of Verisimilitude. Having ventur'd upon continuing the History of *Don Quixote*, he ought to have imitated the Characters of the Persons whom Cervantes has feign'd, and preserv'd Decorum, which is the greatest Perfection of Art. Lastly, his Learning is Pedantick, and his Stile full of Improprieties, Solecisms, and Barbarisms, harsh, uncouth and unpleasant: and in fine, every way

(k) Part II, ch. 30.

way deserving the Contempt it has met with ; for it has been put to the vilest Uses, and nothing but its being scarce cou'd make it of any Estimation. Insomuch that having been reprinted at *Madrid* in 1614, now (viz. in 1732) 118 Years ago, no Man of Sense or Taste has valu'd it any other than as waste Paper. In 1704 was printed at *Paris* a Book call'd a *Transla-tion* of this Work in the *French Tongue* : But the Dis-position and Order is alter'd, many things left out, and many more added ; and these have indeed brought some little share of Credit to its first Author.

68. He cou'd conceal his Name, but not his Malice, nor his Avarice : having had the Insolence, in his Preface, to express himself in these Terms : *Here is continued the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha with the same Authority with which Michael de Cervantes Saavedra began it, together with a Copy of authentic Relations, which came to his Hand (I say Hand, not Hands, since he himself owns he has but one, and seeing he speaks so much of all other People, we have this to say of him, that as a Soldier and an old Man for Age, but a Boy for Briskness, he has more Tongue than Hands) : But I leave him to his Complaints of my taking the Bread out of his Mouth by this Second Part.* Not to insist upon the Ungrammaticalness (in *Spanish*) of this whole Period, for which a School-boy wou'd be soundly whip'd : Let us hear another of his Reprehensions, and that is, concerning the inculpable Old-age of *Cervantes*, his Condition, Poverty and Persecutions ; and I must beg the Reader's Patience in suffering the senseless impertinent Bibble-babble of a ridiculous Pedant, for he cou'd be no other to say as he does ! *Michael de Cervantes is already as old as the Castle of San Cervantes, and so peevish with Age that he is offended at every Thing and with every Body, and thereby become so destitute of Friends, that when he wou'd adorn his Books with Commendatory Sonnets, he was forced (as he says) to write 'em himself and farther 'em on. Prestor John of the Indies, or on the Empor of Trapinond, because, maybap, he cou'd not find a Man of any Note in Spain, but wou'd be affronted at his.*

his taking his Name in his Mouth. God grant that he may find an Asylum in the Church. Let him rest satisfied with his GALATBA and his COMEDIE & in Prose, and not trouble us with any more of his NOVELS. * St. Thomas teaches that Envy is an Uneasiness at another Man's Happiness. A Doctrine which he took from St. John Damascenus. The Offspring of this Vice St. Gregory tells us, are Surmisings, Whisperings, Detraction of ones Neighbour, Rejoycings at his Misfortunes, Sorrowings for his Good-fortune: Well therefore is this Sin called Invidia à non videndo, quia Invidus non potest videre bona aliorum: All which Effects are as Infernal as their Cause, and directly contrary to those of Christian Charity, of which St. Paul says, 1 Corinth. xiii. Charitas patiens est, benigna est, non æmulator, non agit perperam: non inflatur, non est ambitiosa, congaudet Veritati, &c. But the Dismalness of his First Part is imputed to its being writ within the Walls of a Prison: And therefore it cou'd not but be Unpleasant, Cholerick, Impatient, Harsh and Querulous, as People in a Prison are apt to be.

67. If we shou'd ask this Man what cou'd move him to use such insulting shameless Expressions; we shall find throughout his whole Preface no other Cause but that he and Lopé de Vega were censur'd in the History of Don Quixote. His Words are these: He will at least allow we have both of us one and the same End in view, which is to banish and destroy the pernicious Books of Knight-Errantry, so much sought for by the Ignorant and the Idle. We differ indeed in the Means; for the Course he has taken is by affronting not me alone, but another Person who is so justly celebrated by the most distant Nations, (This is Lopé de Vega,) and to whom our own is so bigly oblig'd for having so many Years in the most laudable and abundant manner kept up the Spanish Stage with surprising and numberless Plays, with all the Strictness of Art that the People will for or desire, and with that Innocence and Decency as became

* Aquinas I suppose he means.

a Minister of the Holy Office. (c) *Lopé de Vega* was a * Familiar of the Holy Office.

68. It is very natural for ignorant People, when they are reprov'd, to ground the Wrong they imagine they suffer by being criticis'd, in the Censure pass'd on other great Men, to the end that such as are passionately fond of these latter may be exasperated against the Censurer. *Lopé de Vega* was in his Time, and even at this Time, the Prince of the Spanish Drama. To censure a Writer of his Reputation, is, as it were, a laying Hands on a sacred Person.

69. But *Lopé* who knew himself to be but Flesh and Blood any more than other Writers, like a wise Man took in good Part the Censures pass'd upon him with Truth and a good Intention, and endeavour'd to make Advantage of, and improve by, the Knowledge of his Errors. In proof of this, let it suffice to relate the very Thing which gave Occasion to this ill-judging Arragonian Author to complain so *mal-à-propos*, and to rail so much as he does.

70. *Lopé de Vega* was found fault with by many for composing Plays not adjusted to the Rules of Art. I hold it for certain that *Cervantes* was one of his strongest Censurers. *Lopé* made it his Busines to excuse himself the best he cou'd, which was, by imputing many of his Faults and Negligences to his being forc'd to humour the People; and seeing himself hard prest, he stuck not to affirm, That the new Circumstances of the Times requir'd a new sort of Comedies: As if the Nature of Things were mutable by any Accident whatsoever. The Controversy rose so high that the Poetic Academy of Madrid order'd *Lopé de Vega* to write down and set forth what he had to say for himself. Upon which he wrote a Discourse (in Verse) intituled, *A new Art of writing Plays for the present Time*. Being a frank open-hearted ingenuous Man he confess'd his

(c) D. Nic. Antonius in Biblioth. Hisp. * Persons of the greatest Quality in Spain take it as an Honour to be admitted to this Title of Familiars to the Inquisition.

his Faults, but gilded 'em over in the best manner he cou'd, as follows :

*Choice Wits of Spain, you charge me to write down
THE ART OF MAKING PLAYS TO PLEASE THE
TOWN.*

*A Task not hard to me, much less to you
Who that and all things else know how to do.
But what I'm chiefly charg'd with on My Part,
Is that I write 'em WITHOUT ANY ART.*

*It is not that I'm ignorant of Rules;
For those, thank God, I learn'd 'em in the Schools
Before I had, twice five times, seen the Sun
His Course from Aries unto Pisces run.
But, to speak Truth, I found that Spanish Plays,
Upon the foot they're manag'd now-a-days,
Are vastly diff'rent from the ancient Plan
Laid down by those who first the Art began:
For now a Set of barb'rous unlearn'd Elves
Have so ingraft the Publick to themselves
And vitiated their Taste, that 'tis in vain
For one to write in any other Strain,
Or think to stem the Torrent of the many,
Unless he means to live without a Penny.
The Town's so fond of senseless stupid Farce,
So blind to Art, to Reason so averse,
That they're resolv'd to give nor Bread nor Bays
To him that shall exhibit reg'lar Plays.*

*Some Pieces for the Stage I've writ, 'tis true,
Wherein, undeviating, I did pursue
The Rules of Art, known to the judging few:
But when I see, without or Head or Tail
A well-dress'd Inconsistency prevail,
And how both Men and Women run in Crouds
To admire a Monster swapt in shining Clouds,
I follow Custom, barb'rous as it is,
And when I am to write a Comic Piece,
I lock the Precepts up with six strong Keys.
Terence and Plautus too I strait transfer
Elsewhere, and never let 'em once come near*

My

My Study, lest they shou'd in Judgment rise
 And persecute me with their Critic Cries;
 For Truth is apt in Books to make a Noise.
 And thus the Rules I write by were found out
 By those who make their Court to th' Rabble-Rout:
 For as the Vulgar for their Pleasure pay,
 It is but just to please them their own way.

A little further he says:

Believe me, Sirs, I was not much inclin'd
 Some of th' aforesaid Things to bring to mind;
 But you yourselves had order'd me t' explain
 The ART OF MAKING COMEDIES IN SPAIN,
 Where, if my Thoughts I freely may impart,
 All that are writ are CONTRARY TO ART.

The same thing he owns a little afterwards:

But since so far from Art we Spaniards stray,
 Let learned Men say Mum, and go their way.

And this very Man, who by the most learned and judicious part of Mankind is esteem'd the Prince of the Spanish Drama (for as for D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca he is not to compare with him either for Invention or Stile) concludes his ART thus:

Not one of all these Writers can I call
 More barb'rous than my self, who first of all
 Presum'd to act a most advent'rous Part,
 Daring to lay down Precepts against Art;
 Humouring the Mob so far beyond all Rule,
 As to be call'd by Foreigners a Fool.
 But what can scribbling Devils do? Or how
 Can poor Pilgarlick shun his Fate, I trow?
 So many Plays were hardly ever writ
 By one Man as by me, take Wit for Wit:
 So large the number that but one Play more,
 Just finish'd, makes four Hundred Eighty Four.
 From which deducting six, the other part
 Have grievously offended against Art.
 Howe'er, I must maintain the Plays I've writ
 Because they Me maintain'd, Wit or no Wit.

They

*They might have been made better, I confess,
But then I'm sure they wou'd have pleas'd much less:
Since oftentimes what's mere Bombast and Rant
Delights, because it is Extravagant.*

71. Here we have *Lopé de Vega* owning the Charge before the Year 1602, for in that Year he printed his *New Art*, if an Academical Discourse so contrary to it, may deserve that Name. Let us now see how just, and how moderate *Cervantes* was in the Censure he pass'd on the bad Comic Writers of his Time, not on *Lopé de Vega*, for whom he had a due Respect, contenting himself with only reprehending (without naming him) the very Thing he publickly confess himself Guilty of. This Discourse of *Cervantes* is in my Opinion the happiest he ever writ; and therefore I am confident the Reader will not be displeas'd if I repeat it here. I take it for granted, *Cervantes* means no body but himself by the Canon of *Toledo*, whose Person he assumes, and in whose Name he Addresses himself to the celebrated Curate *Pero Perez*, in the following Terms. * (d) "I must confess, I was once
" tempted to write a Book of Knight-Errantry my self,
" observing all those Rules: and, to speak the truth,
" I writ above an hundred Pages, which, for a better
" trial, whether they answer'd my Expectation, I com-
" municated to learned and judicious Men fond of those
" Subjects, as well as to some of those ignorant Per-
" sons who only are delighted with Extravagancies:
" And they all gave me a satisfactory Approbation.
" And yet I made no further Progres, as well in re-
" gard I look'd upon it to be a thing no way agreeable
" with my Profession, as because I am sensible the il-
" literate are much more numerous than the learn'd:
" And since it is better to be commended by the small
" number of the Wise, than to make Sport for the
ignorant

* The Translator of this Life has taken due care to make all these Quotations conformable to Cervantes's true Sense, by rectifying some considerable Mistakes and Oversightes which have hitherto escap'd the Notice not only of himself but of all the Translators as well as the generality of Readers. (d) Part I. cb. 21.

“ ignorant Multitude, I will not expose my self to the
 “ confus’d Judgment of the giddy Vulgar, whose prin-
 “ cipal Busines is to read such Books. But the
 “ greatest Motive I had to lay aside and think no more
 “ of finishing it, was the Argument that I form’d to
 “ my self, deduc’d from the Plays now usually acted :
 “ For, thought I, if Plays now in use, as well those
 “ which are altogether of the Poet’s Invention, as those
 “ which are grounded upon History, be all of them,
 “ or at least, the greatest Part, made up of most absurd
 “ Extravagancies and Incoherencies : And yet the Mul-
 “ titude sees them with Satisfaction, approves them
 “ and esteem’s them for Good, tho’ they are far from
 “ being so : And if the Poets who write, and (e) the
 “ Players who act them, say they must be so contriv’d
 “ and no otherwise, because they please the generality
 “ of the Audience : And if those which are regular
 “ and according to Art, serve only to please half a
 “ Score judicious Persons who understand them, while
 “ the rest of the Company cannot reach the Contri-
 “ vance, nor know any thing of the Matter : And
 “ therefore the Poets and Actors say, they had rather
 “ get their Bread by the greater number, than the Ap-
 “ plause of the less : Then may I conclude the same
 “ will be the Success of this Book : So that when I
 “ have rack’d my Brains to observe the Rules, I shall
 “ reap no other Advantage, than to be laugh’d at
 “ for my Pains. I have sometimes endeavour’d to
 “ convince the Actors that they are deceiv’d in their
 “ Opinion, and they will draw more Company, and
 “ get better Credit by regular Plays than by those
 “ preposterous Representations now in use : But they
 “ are so positive in their Humaour, that no Strength of
 “ Reason, nor ev’n Demonstration, can divert them
 “ from their Conceit. I remember I once was talking
 “ to one of those obstinate Fellows : Do you not re-
 “ member, said I, that within these few Years three
 “ Tragedies were acted in Spain, written by a famous
 “ Poet of ours, which were so excellent, that they

• “ surpriz’d,

(e) See what Lope de Vega says before.

“ surpriz’d, delighted, and rais’d the Admiration of
“ all that saw them, as well the Ignorant and Ordinary People, as the Criticks and Men of Quality;
“ And the Actors got more by those Three, than by
“ Thirty of the best that have been writ since? Doubtless, Sir, said the Actor, you mean the Tragedies
“ of ISABELLA, PHYLLIS, and ALEXANDRA. The
“ very same, I reply’d, and do you judge whether
“ they observed the Rules of the Drama, and whether
“ by doing so they lost any thing of their Esteem, or
“ fail’d of pleasing all sorts of People. So that the
“ Fault lies not in the Audience’s desiring Absurdities,
“ but in those who know not how to give them any-
“ thing else. Nor was, there any thing preposterous
“ in several other Plays, as for Example, INGRATITUDE, REVENGE, NUMANTIA, THE AMOKOUS
“ MERCHANT, and THE FAVOURABLE ENEMY, nor
“ in some others, compos’d by judicious Poets to their
“ Honour and Credit, and to the Advantage of those
“ that acted them. Much more I added, which, in
“ my Opinion, somewhat confounded, but no way sa-
“ tisfy’d or convinc’d him, so as to change his erro-
“ neous Opinion. You have touch’d upon a Subject,
“ Sir, said the Curate, which has awaken’d in me an
“ old Aversion I have for the Plays now in use, which
“ is not inferior to that I bear to Books of Knight-
“ Errantry. For whereas Plays, according to the Op-
“ nion of Cicero, ought to be Mirrors of human Life,
“ Patterns of good Manners, and the very Repre-
“ sentative of Truth: Those now acted are Mirrors of
“ Absurdities, Patterns of Follies, and Images of
“ Leudness. For instance, what can be more absurd,
“ than for the same Person to be brought on the Stage
“ a Child in Swadling-Bands, in the first Scene of the
“ first Act, and to appear in the Second grown a
“ Man? What can be more ridiculous than to repre-
“ sent to us a fighting old Fellow, a cowardly Youth,
“ a rhetorical Footman, a politick Page, a churlish
“ King, and an unpolish’d Princess? What shall I say
“ of

" of their regard to the || Time in which those Ac-
 " tions they represent, either might or ought to have
 " happen'd, having seen a Play, in which the first
 " Act began in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the
 " third ended in *Africk*? Probably, if there had been
 " * another Act, they would have carry'd it into
 " *America*: And thus it would have been acted in the
 " four Quarters of the World. But if Imagination is
 " to be a principal Part of the Drama, how can any
 " tolerable Judgment be pleas'd, when representing an
 " Action that happen'd in the Time of King *Pepin*
 " or *Charlemain*, they shall attribute it to the Emperor
 " *Heraclius*, and bring him in carrying the Cros into
 " *Jerusalem*, and recovering the Holy Sepulchre, like
 " *Godfrey of Boulogne*, there being a vast distance of
 " Time betwixt those Actions. Thus they will clap
 " together Pieces of true History in a Play of their
 " own framing and grounded upon Fiction, mixing
 " in it Relations of things that have happen'd to dif-
 " ferent People and in several Ages. This they do
 " without any Contrivance that might make it the
 " more probable, and with such visible Mistakes as
 " are altogether inexcusable: But the worst of it is,
 " that there are Ideots who look upon this as Perfec-
 " tion, and think every thing else to be mere Pe-
 " dantry. But if we look into the pious Plays, what
 " a multitude of false Miracles shall we find in them,
 " how many Errors and Contradictions, how often the
 " Miracles wrought by one Saint attributed to another?
 " Nay, ev'n in the prophane Plays, they presume to
 " work Miracles upon the bare Imagination and Con-
 " ceit that such a supernatural Work, or a Machine,
 " as they call it, will be ornamental, and draw the
 " common Sort to see the Play. These things are a
 " Reflection upon Truth it self, a depreciating and
 " less'ning of History, and a Reproach to all Spanish
 " Wits: Because Strangers, who are very exact in
 " observing the Rules of the Drama, look upon us as an
 " ignorant

|| I suppose the Author means Place, not Time. * 'Tis to be
 obseru'd that the Spanish Plays have only three Jornadas or Acts.

“ ignorant and a barbarous People, when they see
“ the Absurdities and Extravagancies of our Plays.
“ Nor would it be any Excuse to alledge, that the
“ principal Design of all good Governments, in per-
“mitting Plays to be publickly acted, is to amuse the
“ Commonalty with some lawful Recreation, and so
“ to divert those ill Humours which Idleness is apt to
“ breed; and that since this End is attain'd by any
“ sort of Plays, whether good or bad, it is needless
“ to prescribe Laws to them, or oblige the Poets or
“ Actors to compose and represent such as are strictly
“ conformable to the Rules. I answer, that this End
“ propos'd would be far better and sooner attain'd by
“ good Plays than by bad ones. He who sees a Play
“ that's regular and answerable to the Rules of Poetry,
“ is delighted with the Comic-part, inform'd by the Se-
“rious, surpriz'd at the variety of Accidents, improv'd
“ by the Language, warn'd by the Frauds, instructed
“ by Examples, incens'd against Vice, and enamour'd
“ with Virtue; for a good Play must cause all those
“ Emotions in the Soul of him that sees it, tho' he
“ were never so insensible and unpolish'd. And it is
“ absolutely impossible that a Play which has all these
“ Qualifications, should not infinitely divert, satisfy
“ and please beyond another that wants them, as most
“ of them do which are now usually acted. Nei-
“ ther are the Poets who write them in Fault, for
“ some of them are very sensible of their Errors, (f)
“ and extremely capable of performing their Duty.
“ But Plays being now altogether become venal and a
“ sort of Merchandise, they say and with reason (g)
“ that the Actors wou'd not purchase them unless they
“ were of that Stamp; and therefore the Poet endea-
“vours to suit the Humour of the Actors, who are
“ to pay him for his Labour. For proof of this, let
“ any Man observe that infinite number of Plays com-
“ pos'd by an exuberant *Spaniſh* Wit (b) so full of
“ Gaiety

(f) *Such was Lopé de Vega, for one.* (g) *Lopé himself, in his New Art, says so.* (b) *The same Lopé de Vega, who wrote a Thousand and Fourscore Plays, as we are told by John Perez de Montalvan.*

" Gaiety and Humour, in such elegant Verse and
 " choice Language, so sententious; and to conclude,
 " in such a majestick Stile, that his Fame is spread
 " thro' the Universe: Yet because he suited himself to
 " the Fancy of the Actors, many of his Pieces have
 " fal'n short of their due Perfection (i), tho' some
 " have reach'd it. Others write Plays so inconfide-
 " rately, that after they have appear'd on the Stage,
 " the Actors have been forc'd to fly and abscond, for
 " fear of being punish'd, as it has often happen'd, for
 " having affronted Kings, and dishonour'd whole Fa-
 " milies. These, and many other ill Consequences
 " which I omit, would cease by appointing an intel-
 " ligent and judicious Person at Court to examine all
 " Plays, before they were acted; that is, not only
 " those which are represented at Court, but through-
 " out all Spain: So that, without his Licence, no
 " Magistrate should suffer any Play to appear in Pub-
 " lic. Thus Players would be careful to send their
 " Plays to Court, and then might act them with Safe-
 " ty, and those who write them be more circumspect,
 " in standing in awe of an Examiner that could judge
 " of their Works. By these Means we should be fur-
 " nish'd with good Plays, and the End they are de-
 " sign'd for would be attain'd, the People diverted,
 " the Spaniſh Wits esteem'd, the Actors secur'd, and
 " the Government sav'd the trouble of punishing them.
 " And if the same Person, or another, were intrusted
 " to examine all new Books of Knight-Errantry, there
 " is no doubt but some might be publish'd with all
 " that Perfection You, Sir, have mention'd, to the
 " increase of Eloquence in our Language, to the utter
 " Extirpation of the old Books, which would be borne
 " down by the new; and for the innocent Pastime,
 " not only of idle Persons, but of those who have
 " mest Employment, for the Bow cannot always
 " stand

(i) Six of Lopé de Vega's Plays were regular and written as
 they shou'd be, according to Art. This he says himself, but does not
 name 'em, for fear, perhaps, of a fresh and more rigorous Censure.

" stand bent, nor can human Frailty subsist without some lawful Recreation.

72. Can *Plato's Dialogue*, be more solid, more prudential, or more satisfactory? Were that Philosopher's Desires more laudable; his Intentions better calculated for the general Good? Was it possible for *Cervantes's* Censure to be more rational, more equitable, more modest? It is couch'd in such Terms, that *Lopé de Vega* was not in the least offended at it; on the contrary, whenever he had occasion to say any thing of *Cervantes*, he wrote with great Estimation of his Parts and Person.

73. But the impertinent Continuator of *Don Quixote*, as a Redresser of literary Grievances, wou'd needs take upon him to right the Wrongs, and revenge the Injuries he fancy'd had been offer'd to *Lopé de Vega*; and so covering himself with the Shield of *Lopé's* Reputation, he thought therewith to ward off the Blows *Cervantes* had given to himself, perhaps in some of the particular Censures in the above Discourse, or in the (k) *Novel of the Dogs*, which may very well be call'd *Satira Lucilio-Horatiana*, for, in imitation of *Lucilius* and *Horace*, it lashes very severely, tho' occultly, a great number of People: Among whom, peradventure, our *Arragonian* being one, he made use of Slander and Invective instead of any sound or even superficial Argument to confute *Cervantes's* Censure. But *Cervantes* did not let this vile Treatment of him go unchaftiz'd: And as for his upbraiding *Cervantes* with old Age, Maimness and (l) an envious Disposition, he made this Answer:

But there is something which I cannot so silently pass over: He is pleas'd to upbraid me with my Age; indeed had it been in the Power of Man to stop the career of Time, I would not have suffer'd the old Gentleman to have laid his Fingers on me. Then he reflectingly tells me of the Loss of one of my Hands: As if that Maim had been got in a scanda-

(k) *Novela de los Perros*, a *Dialogue between two Dogs*, *Scipio* and *Braganza*, translated some Years ago by the Translator of this Life. (l) Pref. to Part II.

ious or drunken Quarrel in some Tavern, and not upon the most memorable (m) Occasion; that either past or present Ages have beheld, and which perhaps futurity will never parallel. If my Wounds do not redound to my Honour in the Thoughts of some of those that look upon 'em, they will at least secure me the Esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A Soldier makes a nobler Figure as he lies bleeding in the Bed of Honour, than safe in an inglorious Flight; and I am so far from being abam'd of the Loss of my Hand, that were it possible to recall the same Opportunity, I should think my Wounds but a small Price for the Glory of sharing in that prodigious Action. The Scars in a Soldier's Face and Breast, are the Stars that by a laudable Imitation guide others to the Port of Honour and Glory. Besides, it is not the Hand, but the Understanding of a Man, that may be said to write; and those Years that he is pleas'd to quarrel with, always improve the latter. He likewise charges me with being Envious, and as if I was an Ignoramus he gives me a definition of Envy; but I take Heaven to witness, I never was acquainted with any Branch of Envy, beyond a sacred, generous and ingenious Emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a Clergyman, especially if made the more Rewurd by a Post in the Inquisition: And if any other Person (meaning Lopé de Vega) thinks himself affronted, as that Tordesillian Author seems to hint, he is mightily mistaken; for I have a Veneration for his Parts, admire his Works, and have an awful Respect for the continual and laudable Employment in which he exercises his Talents.

74. That Michael de Cervantes Saavedra did not envy Lopé de Vega, is visible in the Praise he bestow'd on him before and after the Discourse he made concerning Plays, wherein by the Mouth of the Canon of Toledo he censured him so moderately. In the sixth Book of his Galatea he makes Calliope herself say,
*Experience shows, that Learning loves as well
 With downy Youth, as bearded Age to dwell:
 No Mortal will contest a Truth so clear,
 The moment that be VEGA's name shall bear.*

AE-

(m) Battle of Lepanto.

Afterwards, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, he mentions him with greater Esteem:

*Lo! Vega from another Cloud dismounts;
Vega, whom Spain her best of Writers counts.
Whether in Prose or Verse; he writes so well,
No one can equal him, much less excel.*

And even after the Censure of the *Arragonian*, in the Continuation of the same History of *Don Quixote*, speaking of *Angelica*, he says, (n) *A famous Andalusian Poet* (Louis Barahona de Soto) *wept for her, and celebrated her TEARS in Verse; and another eminent and choice Poet of Castile (Lopé de Vega) made her BEAUTY his Theme.* And in another Place (o) he makes an honourable Allusion to *Lopé de Vega's Arcadia*. The Censure therefore which *Cervantes* made of him, did not spring from Envy, since he praised him as much as could be, nay, without any measure, but that of his Great and Extensive Knowledge, since his Censure was perfectly just and right: Whereas that which the *Tordesillian* Continuator made of *Cervantes*, was the Offspring of downright Detraction.

75. In a different Manner from *Fernandez de Avila, Laneda*, did *Lopé de Vega* speak of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, when, after his being censured, and even after his Censurer's Death, (p) he celebrated his Glorious Maim, thus:

* *When the renowned Eagle's matchless Son,
That Thunderbolts of War,
O'er Asia's King immortal Laurels won,
In Neptune's Watry Carr,
Cervantes' Hand was wounded, but his Head,
Escaping Fortune's Spite,
By his rich Verse turn'd ev'ry Ball of Lead
Into a Diamond bright:
A Wit like His gives each resulgent Line
A Brilliancy that will for ever shine.*

76. *Cervantes* likewise chastised the Covetousness of his Detractor, by despising and defying his Menaces,

E 2, and

(n) Part II. cb. 1. (o) Part II. cb. 58. (p) *Laurèl de Apollo Selva 8.* * *Don John of Austria the Emperor Charles Vth's Natural Son, General of the Holy League against the Turk.*

and recommending the Reader to tell him, (q) that as for his Threatning to take the Bread out of my Mouth, I shall on'y Answer him with a Piece of an old Song, God prosper long our noble King, our Lives and Safeties all — and so Peace be with you. Long live the Great Condé de Lemos, whose Humanity, and celebrat-ed Liberality sustain me under the most severe Blows of Fortune! And may the eminent Charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, make an eternal Monument to his Fame. (I fancy Cervantes having met with some Consolation in the Humanity of that Prelate, made his Detractor say, as I have related before, *That he had taken Refuge in the Church*) But Cervantes goes on: *Had I never publis'd a Word, and were as many Books publis'd against me, as there are Letters in MINGO REVULGO's Poems; yet the Bounty of these two Princes that have taken charge of me without any Soliciting Adulation, were sufficient in my favour; and I think my self richer and greater in their Esteem than I would of any Profitable Honour that can be purchas'd at the ordinary Rate of Advancement. The indigent Man may attain their Favour, but the Vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipse a Gentleman, but cannot totally obscure him; and those glimmerings of Ingenuity that peep thro' the Chinks of a narrow Fortune, have already gain'd the Esteem of the truly noble and generous Spirits. And now I have done with him.*

77. Possibly some will miss Cervantes's Answer to what his foul-mouth'd Satyrift advanc'd, of his being so destitute of Friends, that if he had a mind to adorn his Books with commendatory Verses, he wou'd not be able to find one Person of Note in all Spain, that would not be offended at making use of his Name. To which, 'tis true, Cervantes made no Answer, because he had as yet nothing to add to what he had said by the Mouth of that Friend of his, introduc'd in his Preface, as Cervantes's Counsellor, satyrising the Custom of the Writers of that Time, with so much Wit in the following Manner: (r) *The first Thing you object,*

(q) Pref. to 2d. Part of D. Quixote. (r) Pref. to 1st. Part of D. Quixote.

object, is your want of commendatory Copies from Persons of Figure and Quality; there is nothing sooner help't; 'tis but taking a little Pains in writing them yourself, and clapping whose Name you please to them, you may Farter them upon Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapisonde, whom I know to be most celebrated Poets: But suppose they were not, and that some presuming Pedantic Criticks might snarl, and deny this notorious Truth; why let them, 'tis no matter; and tho' they should convict you of Forgery, you are in no danger of losing the Hand with which you wrote them. There was at that time a ridiculous Custom in Spain to pre-ingage the Reader's Mind by a Heap of Commendatory Verses, most of them coin'd by the Authors themselves, as it now-a-days happens in many of your Literary Clubs and Assemblies, who profess Criticism with little Seriousness of application, trusting too much to the Judgment of other People who are sometimes Ignorant, and oftentimes Prejudiced. *Lope de Vega* condemns this Practice, when he says, (s) *Apollo*, by an Edict, ordered among other Things,

That no *Encomiums* of an Aſs
Beneath pretended CENSURES pass,
In hopes that under ſuch Disguife
The World may credit give to Lies,
Which yet none read without a Laugh
But thoſe that don't know Corn from Chaff.

78. *Cervantes*, by way of satyrizing ſuch People, and at the ſame time to gratify his deſire of Praife, pre-fixes to his *Don Quixote* ſome Poetical Compoſitions under the Names, not of Great Lords, (for in the Commonwealth of Learning there are no Greater Lords, than thoſe that have Learning) but of *Urganda* the Unknown, address'd to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*'s Book: of *Amadis de Gaul*; *Don Belianis* of *Greece*; *Orlando Furioso*; the Knight of the Sun; and of *Solidan* to *Don Quixote* himſelf: of the Lady *Oriana* to *Dulcinea del Toboſo*: of *Gandalin*, *Amadis de Gaul*'s Squire, to *Sancho Panza*, *Don Quixote*'s Squire; of

the pleasant Poet Entreverado to *Sancho Panza*; and *Rozinante*; and lastly a Dialogue between *Babieca*, and *Rozinante*; intimating by this, that his Book of *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was better than all the Books of Knight-Errantry put together; since *Don Quixote de la Mancha* surpass'd the celebrated *Amadis de Gaul*, a Book, which by common Report, and by what *Cervantes* says, (t) was the First Book of Knight-Errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the Model of all the rest—the first Teacher and Author of so pernicious a Sect;—rather, says the other, I have been told 'tis the best Book that has been written in that Kind.

79. *Don Quixote*, in like manner, excelled the renowned *Don Belianis of Greece*, since he (cry'd the Curate, speaking of *Don Belianis* as he was scrutinizing our Knight's Library) with his Second, Third, and Fourth Parts, had need of a Dose of Rhubarb to purge his excessive Choler: Besides, his Castle of Fame should be demolish'd, and a Heap of other Rabbish remov'd.

80. Nor are the Outrages of *Orlando Furioso* to compare with the agreeable Madæscies of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, tho' the Style and Expression of *Alonso*, Author of that Romance, is indeed pure, grand and sublime, which makes the Curate say, He did not like any of the Translations of him, nay, he wou'd burn 'em; but if, adds he, I find him in his own native Tongue, I'll treat him with all the Respect imaginable.

81. As for the *Knight of the Sun*, in whose name likewise *Cervantes* made a Commentary Copy of Verses, the Barber, Mr. *Nicholas*, wou'd often say, he out did all the other Knights, except perhaps *Amadis de Gaul*. The said Romance was intituled: *The Mirror of Princes and Knights*, in three Books, containing the Immortal Deeds of the *Knight of the Sun*, and his Brother *Roficler*, the Sons of the Great Emperor *Trebacio*, with the high Adventures and most stupendous dangers of the extremely excellent and superabundantly

(t). Part I. ch. 6.

gantly beautiful Princess Claridiana, and other High Princes and Knights: By Diego Ortiz Calahorra, of the City of Nagera. This Mirror came out in two Volumes in Folio, containing the first and second Part, at Zaragoza, Anno 1581. Its true Author was Pedro de la Sierra. Afterwards Marco Martinez of Alcalà continu'd those Fables with this Title: The Third Part of the Mirror of Princes and Knights, the Achievements and great Actions of the Children and Grand-children of the Emperor Trebacio. Printed at Alcalà Anno 1589. And Feliciano de Silva, afterwards, writ the Fourth Part of the Knight of the Sun. These Titles being known, the Reader will better understand the Verses of the Knight of the Sun to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and will likewise be enabled to apply the Criticism which the Curate made when the Barber, taking down another Book, cry'd: *Here's the Mirror of Knighthood.* Ob! I have the honour to know him, replied the Curate, There you will find the Lord Rinaldo of Montalban, with his Friends and Companions, all of them greater Thieves than Cacus; together with the Twelve Peers of France, and that Faithful Historian Turpia. Truly I must needs say, I am only for condemning them to perpetual Banishment, at least because their Story contains something of the Famous Boiardo's Invention; out of which the Christian Poet Ariosto also borrow'd his Subject. Cervantes in (u) another Place makes a great jest of Feliciano de Silva's Style.

82. As *Don Quixote* bore away the Bell from all other Knights-Errant, so likewise did *Dulcinea del Toboso* do the same by the Ladies. And this is signify'd by the broken Verses of *Urganda the Unknown*, and the Sonnet of Lady *Oriana* to *Dulcinea del Toboso*, both which Ladies take up a great deal of Paper in the History of *Amadis de Gaul*. Besides, this likewise alludes to the ridiculous Madness of writing Verses as from Women, with intent that they might be thought Poetesses, and that the Authors were favoured by them:

E 4

83. *Gaspar*(u) *Part I. ch. 2.*

83. *Gandalin's Verses to Sancho Panza*, declare that never was a Squire born into the World, equal to *Sancho Panza*. And the same Compliment is pass'd on *Roxinante* by the Poet *Entreverado's* Verses, and the Dialogue between *Babieca* and *Roxinante*, since (x) *tho' his Horse's Bones stuck out like the Corners of a Spanish Real, and he was a wvrse Jade than Gonela's, qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit, his Master yet thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca could be compar'd with him.*

84. As for the *Arragonian's* reflecting upon *Cervantes's* want of Friends to grace the beginning of his Book with Commendatory Verses, *Cervantes* had no occasion to answer that Objection; since, of the very Thing which the other said he wanted, *Cervantes* had before, as I said, made so great a Jest, not only in his Preface to *Don Quixote*, but in that to his Novels likewise. For, speaking of that customary Abuse, and of the Friend into whose Head he had put that most discrete Advice which was practised so dextrously and happily by him, after he had describ'd himself, both inwardly and outwardly, i. e. both Body and Mind, he added: *And if this Friend cou'd recollect nothing more to say of me, I wou'd myself have coin'd two dozen of Testimonials, and whisper'd 'em to him, in order to spread my Name and raise the Reputation of my Wit; for, to think such Elogiums speak real Truth, is downright Folly, for there's no depending upon such Characteristics either pro or con. In short, since that Opportunity is past, and I am left in blanco, and without any Cutt or Effigie, I must s'en make the best use I can of my Tongue, which the naturally slow, shall not be so in speaking Truth, which may be understood ev'n by making Signs only.* And then he goes on and gives his own Sentiments of his Novels, **WITHOUT SPEAKING BY THE MOUTH OF A GOOSE**, as the Proverb before quoted has it.

85. As for this Scandalous Fellow's saying that *Cervantes* wrote his *First Part of Don Quixote*, in a Prison, and that That might make it so dull, and incorrect:

(x.) *Part I, ch. 1.*

rect: *Cervantes* did not think fit to give any Answer concerning his being imprison'd: Perhaps to avoid giving Offence to the Ministers of Justice; for certainly his Imprisonment must not have been Ignominious; since *Cervantes* himself voluntarily mentions it in his Preface to the First Part of *Don Quixote*. As for his Negligence and Incorrectnesses, I don't deny but *Cervantes* had some, which I have observ'd; but since the *Arragonian* did not specify 'em, there was no reason *Cervantes*, by satisfying Him, should let him ran away with the Glory of a just and rational Censure. And therefore the Confession of his own Over-fights, or the Defence of those the Criticks of that Age charg'd as such, is reserv'd for a fitter Opportunity: and the Censure of other Things, which might have been easily alter'd, is forborn out of the Respect that is due to the Memory of so great a Man.

86. The Thing which *Cervantes* bore hardest upon in his Aggressor, was his Impudence, for such was, and a very great one too, the continuing a Work of pure Invention, of another Man's, and while the Author was living too, which makes him say to his Reader, *If ever you should happen to fall into his Company, pray tell him from me that I have not the least Quarrel in the World with him: For I am not ignorant of the Temptations of Satan; and of all his Imps, the scribbling Devil is the most Irresistible. When that Demon is got into a Man's Head, he falls to Writing and Publishing, which gets him as much Fame as Money, and as much Money as Fame. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be dispos'd to be Merry, pray tell him this Story.* Then *Cervantes* proceeds and tells a Tale, and then another, with that satirical Grace, that nothing can be more beautiful.

87. *Cervantes* being of Opinion that the *Arragonian's* Impudence deserv'd greater Chastisement; in order to render him more ridiculous, in various Parts of the Body of the Work he has a Fling at him, and intermingles divers Reproofs of that unpardonable Continuation, which it is fit shou'd be here read

together that others may not fall into the like Temptation.

98. In the LIXth Chapter of the Second Part, supposing some Travellers to be reading in an Inn the *Arragonian's Continuation*, or Second Part of *Don Quixote*, he introduces one Signor Don John, saying: *Dear Don Jeronimo, I beseech you, till Supper's brought in, let us read another Chapter of the Second Part of Don Quixote. No sooner had Don Quixote heard himself named (he being in the next Room, which was divided from that wherein the Travellers were by a slender Partition) but up the Champion started, and listen'd with attentive Ears to what was said of him, and then heard that Don Jeronimo answer: Why would you have us read Nonsense, Signor Don John? Methinks any one that has read the First Part of Don Quixote, should take but little Delight in reading the Second. That may be, reply'd Don John; however, it mayn't be amiss to read it; for there's no Book so bad, as not to have something that is good in it. What displeaseſ me moſt in this Part, is, that it represents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso. Upon these Words, Don Quixote, burning with Anger and Indignation, cry'd out: Whoever says that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgot, or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know with equal Arms, that he deviates wholly from the Truth; for the Peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of Forgetfulness. Constancy is his Motto; and to preserve his Fidelity with Pleasure, and without the least Constraint, is his Profession. Who's that answers us? cries one of those in the next Room. Who should it be, quoth Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha his own self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all that he has to say, take my Word for it; for a good Paymaster ne'er grudges to give Security. Sancho had no sooner made that Answer, but in came the two Gentlemen (for they appear'd to be no less) and one of them throwing his Arms about Don Quixote's Neck, your Presence, Sir Knight,*

Knight, said he, does not belye your Reputation, nor can your Reputation fail to raise a Respect for your Presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the North-Star, and Luminary of Chivalry-errant &c despite of him that has attempted to usurp your Name, and annihilate your Achievements, as the Author of this Book, which I here deliver into your Hand, has presum'd to do. With that he took the Book from his Friend, and gave it to Don Quixote. The Knight took it, and without saying a Word, began to turn over the Leaves; and then returning it a while after; In the little I have seen, said he, I have found three Things in this Author, that deserve Reprehension. First, I find fault with some Words in his Preface. In the second Place, his Language is Arragonian, for sometimes he writes without Articles: And the third Thing I have observ'd, which betrays most his Ignorance, is, he is out of the way in one of the principal Parts of the History: For (y) here he says, that the Wife of my Squire Sancho Panza, is call'd Mary Gutierrez, which is not true; for her Name is Teresa Panza; and he that errs in so considerable a Passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross Errors through the whole History. A pretty impudent Fellow, is this same History-writer; cry'd Sancho! Sure He knows much what belongs to our Concern, to call my Wife Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez! Pray take the Book again, an't like your Worship, and see whether he says any Thing of me, and see if he has not chang'd my Name too. Sure by what you have said, honest Man, said Don Jeronimo, you should be Sancho Panza, Squire to Signor Don Quixote? I am, quoth Sancho, and I am proud of the Office. Well, said the Gentleman, to tell you Truth, the last Author does not treat you so Civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a Glutton, and a Fool, without the least grain of Wit or Humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the first Part of your Master's History. Heav'n forgive him, quoth

(y) In ch. 8. and many more.

quoth Sancho; he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every Man's Nose won't make a Shoeing Horn. Let's leave the World as it is: St. Peter is very well at Rome. Presently the two Gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their Chamber; for they knew there was nothing to be got in the Inn fit for his Entertainment. Don Quixote who was always very complaisant, (2) could not deny their Request, and went with them. So Sancho remain'd Lord and Master, with his Flesh-pot before him, and placed himself at the upper End of the Table, with the Inn-keeper for his Mess-mate; for he was no less a Lover of Cow-beef than the Squire. While Don Quixote was at Supper with the Gentlemen, Don John ask'd him, when he heard of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso? Whether she were married? Whether she had any Children, or were with Child or no? Or whether, continuing still in her Maiden state, and preserving her Honour and Reputation unstain'd, she had a grateful Sense of the Love and Constancy of Signor Don Quixote? Dulcinea is still a Virgin, answered Don Quixote, and my Amorous Thoughts more fix'd than ever; Our Correspondence after the old Rate not frequent, but her Beauty transform'd into the bony appearance of a Female Rustick. And with that he told the Gentlemen the whole Story of her being enchanted, what had befall'n him in the Cave of Montesinos, and the Means that the Sage Merlin had prescrib'd to free her from her Incantment, which was Sancho's Penance of three thousand three hundred Lashes. The Gentlemen were extremely pleas'd to hear from Don Quixote's own Mouth the Strange Passages of his History, equally wondering at the nature of his Extravagancies, and his Eloquent manner of relating them. One Minute they lookt upon him to be in his Senses, and the next they thought he had lost them all; so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between Madness and sound Judgment. By this time Sancho having eat his Supper, and left his Landlord,

(2) The Arragonian does not desirous him so

Landlord, mow'd to the Room where his Master was with the two Strangers, and as he bolted in, Hang me, quoth he, Gentlemen, if He that made the Book your Worships have seen, could have a mind that He and I shoul'd ever take a loving Cup together: I wish, as he calls me Greedy-Gut, he does not set me out for a Drunkard too. Nay, said Don Jeronimo, he does not use you better as to that Point; tho' I cannot well remember his Expressions. Only this I know, they are scandalous and false, as I perceive by the Physiognomy of sober Sancho here present. Take my Word for't, Gentlemen, quoth the Squire, the Sancho and the Don Quixote in your Book, I don't know who they be, but they are not the same Men as those in Cid Hamet Ben-engeli's History, for we two are they, just such as Ben-engeli makes us; my Master Valiant, Discrete, and in love; and I a plain, merry-conceited Fellow, but neither a Glutton, nor a Drunkard. I believe you, said Don John, and I could wish, were such a Thing possible, that all other Writers whatsoever were forbidden to record the Deeds of the great Don Quixote, except Cid Hamet, his first Author; (a) as Alexander did forbid all other Painters to draw his Picture, except Apelles. Let any one draw mine, if he pleases, said Don Quixote; but let him not abuse the Original; for when Patience is loaded with Injuries, many Times it sinks under its Burden (b). No Injury, reply'd Don John, can be offer'd to Signor Don Quixote but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the Shield of his Patience, which, in my opinion, is Great and Strong. In such Discourse they spent a good part of the Night; and tho' Don John endeavoured to persuade Don Quixote to read more of the Book, to see how the Author had handled his Subject, he could by no Means prevail with him, the Knight giving him to understand, he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it throughout, concluding it to be all of a Piece, and nonsense all over; and that he would not encourage the Scribbler's Vanity so far as to let:

(a) See Part I. ch. 9. of Don Quixote. (b) A taunt threatening against the Aragonian writers.

let him think that he had read it, should it ever come to his Ears that the Book had fal'n into his Hands ; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our Imagination, and with the nicest Care, our Eyes with vile and obscene Matters (c). They ask'd him, which Way he was travelling ? He told them he was going for Saragosa, to make one at the Tournaments held in that City once a Year, for the Prize of Armour. Don John acquaint-ed him, that the pretended Second Part of his History gave an Account (d) how Don Quixote, who ever he was, had been at Saragosa at a publick Running at the Ring, the Description of which was wretched, and defective in the Contrivance, mean and low in the Style and Expression, miserably poor in Devices, poorest of all in Learning, but rich in Folly and Nonsense. For that Reason, said Don Quixote, I will not set a Foot in Saragosa, and so the World shall see what a notorious Lye this new Historian is guilty of, and all Mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of. You will do very well, said Don Jeronimo ; besides, there is another Tournament at Barcelona, where you may signalize your Valour. I design to do so, reply'd Don Quixote ; and so, Gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good Night, and permit me to go to Bed, (for 'tis Time;) and pray place me in the number of your best Friends, and most Faithful Servants : and Me too, quoth Sancho, for may hap you may find me good for something. Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their Chamber, leaving the two Strangers in admiration, to think what a Medly the Knight had made of good Sense and Extravagance ; but fully satisfied however, that these two Persons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those obtruded upon the Publick by the Arragonian Author. Admirable Criticism ! One of the Precepts of Fable is to follow common Fame, or to devise Things so as to hang together. Cervantes had figur'd Don Quixote, as a Knight-Errant, Valiant, Discrete, and Amorous ; and

(c) Such as the Arragonian's Book abounds with in many of the Chapters. (d) In the 11th ch.

and this was his well-known Character when the so call'd *Fernandez de Avellaneda* took upon him to carry on his History; whereas He describes *Don Quixote*, as à Coward, an Ideot, and not Enamour'd. *Don Quixote's* Lady, as the Dutchess said, was a fancy'd Person (e), a Lady merely Notional, (in short a Madman's Lady) whom *Don Quixote* had engender'd and brought forth by the Strength and Heat of his Fancy, and there endow'd with all the Charms and good Qualifications, which he was pleas'd to ascribe to her;—beautiful without Blemish, reserv'd without Pride, amorous with Modesty, agreeable for her courteous Temper, and courteous, as an Effect of her generous Education; and, in short, of an illustrious Parentage. *Fernandez de Avellaneda* paints her in a quite different Manner. *Cervantes* represented *Sancho Panza* as a plain, simple, merry-conceited Fellow, but neither a Gormandizer nor a Drunkard: *Fernandez de Avellaneda*, simple indeed, but a Fellow of no humour, rather a mere Greedy-gut and an arrant Sot: and therein, neither follows common report, nor invents his Tale with Uniformity. Well therefore might *Altisidora* say, speaking of a Vision she had (for Women are apt to have Visions,) (f) That she saw certain Devils playing at Tennis with flaming Rackets, instead of Tennis-balls making use of Books stuff'd with Wind and Flocks, and so slightly made that the Ball wou'd not bear a second Blow, but at every Stroke they were oblig'd to change Books, some of 'em New, some Old, which she thought very Strange: They tis'd up a new Book fairly bound, and gave it such a smart Stroke, that the very Guts flew out of it, and all the Leaves were scatter'd about. Then cry'd one of the Devils to another, look, look, what Book is that? 'Tis the second Part of the history of *Don Quixote*, said the other, not that which was compas'd by *Cid Hamet*, the Author of the First, but by a certain Aragonian, who professes himself a Native of *Tordecillas*. Away with it, cry'd the first Devil, down with it,

(e) Part II. ch. 32. (f) Part II. ch. 70.

it, plunge it to the lowest Pit of Hell, where I may never see it more. Why, is it such Stuff said the other ? Such intolerable stuff, cry'd the first Devil, that if I and all the Devils in Hell shou'd set our Heads together to make it worse, it were past our Skill. To which a little afterwards Don Quixote reply'd : That very History is toss'd about just at the same Rate, never resting in a Place, for every Body has a Kick at it. From which Words we may infer, that as soon as it was publish'd, it began to be despised. And as Cervantes feigns that the Devils play'd at Tennis with flaming Rackets ; some from thence have taken occasion, and justly as they thought, to advance an assertion, (g) that the Friends of Cervantes burn'd the Books of the poultry Continuator : which is a gratis Dictum ; for Cervantes had no Friends that wou'd favour him, so much at their own Expence.

89. Whatever may have been the Case in that respect, 'twill not be amiss to hear Sancho and Don Quixote's Thoughts of that Book : (b) I'll lay you a Wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a Hedge-Tavern, a blind Victualling-House, nor a Barber's-Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds pasted and painted along the Walls. But I cou'd wish with all my Heart though, that they may be done by a better Hand than the bungling Son of a Whore that drew these. Thou art in the Right, Sancho, said Don Quixote ; for the Fellow that did these, puts me in mind of Orbaneja, a Painter of Uveda, who, as he sat at Work, being ask'd what he was about ? Made answer, any thing that comes uppermost : And if he chanc'd to draw a Cock, he underwrit, This is a Cock, lest People should take it for a Fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same) the History of this new Don Quixote, that has lately peep'd out, and wentur'd to go a strolling ; for his Painting or Writing is all at random, and ray-
thing.

(g) See the Preface of the re-impression of the self-call'd Fernandez de Avellaneda. (b) Part II. ch. 71.

thing that comes uppermost. I fancy he's also not much unlike one Mauleon, a certain Poet, who was at Court some Years ago, and pretended to give answer extempore to any manner of Questions. Some Body ask'd him what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo?* Whereupon the Gentleman answer'd very pertly in Spanish, *De donde de diere, that is, Hab nab at a Venture.*

90. The fame *Don Quixote*, discoursing on another Occasion with *Don Alvaro Tarfe* (who in the *Arragonian's History* fills a great many Pages) holds this Dialogue with him: (i) " Pray, Sir, said *Don Quixote* " to *Senor Don Alvaro*, be pleas'd to tell me one " Thing; Am I any thing like that *Don Quixote* of " yours? The farthest from it in the World, Sir, " reply'd the other. And had he, said our Knight, " one *Sancho Panza* for his Squire? Yes, said *Don Alvaro*, but I was the most deceiv'd in him that " cou'd be; for by common Report that fame Squire " was a comical, witty Fellow, but I found him a " very great Blockhead. I thought no less, quoth " *Sancho*, for every Man is not capable of saying co- " mical Things; and that *Sancho* you talk of must be " some pauly Raggamuffin, some guttling Mumper, " or pilfering Crack-rope, I warrant him. For 'tis " I am the true *Sancho Panza*; 'tis I am the merry- " conceited Squire, that have always a Tinker'a " Budget full of Wit and Waggery, that will make " Gravity grin in spite of its Teeth. If you won't " believe me, do but try me; keep my Company but " for a Twelvemonth, or so, you'll find what a " shower of Jokes and notable things drop from me " every Foot. Adad! I set every Body a laughing, " many times, and yet I wish I may be hang'd, if I de- " sign'd it in the least. And then for the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, here you have him before " you. The stanch, the famous, the valiant, the " wife, the loving *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the " Righter of Wrongs, the Punisher of Wickedness, " the Father to the Fatherless, the Bully-rock of " Widows.

(i) *Part II. cb. 72.*

" Widows, the Maintainer of Damsels and Maidens;
 " he whose only Dear and Sweet-heart is the Peerless
 " *Dulcinea del Toboso*; here he is, and here am I his
 " Squire. All other *Don Quixotes* and all *Sancho*
 " *Panzas* besides us two, are but Shams, and Tales
 " of a Tub. Now by the Sword of St. *Jago*, ho-
 " nest Friend, said *Don Alvaro*, I believe as much;
 " for the little thou hast utter'd now, has more of
 " Humour than all I ever heard come from the other.
 " The Blockhead seem'd to carry all his Brains in his
 " Guts, there's nothing a Jest with him but filling
 " his Belly, and the Rogue's too heavy to be di-
 " verting. For my part, I believe the Inchanters
 " that persecute the good *Don Quixote*, have sent the
 " bad one to persecute me too. I can't tell what to
 " make of this Matter, for, though I can take my
 " Oath, I left one *Don Quixote* under the Surgeon's
 " Hands at the Nuncio's in *Toledo*, (k) yet here starts
 " up another *Don Quixote* quite different from mine.
 " For my part, said our Knight, I dare not avow
 " my self the Good, but I may venture to say, I am
 " not the Bad one; and as a Proof of it, Sir, be as-
 " sur'd, that in the whole Course of my Life, I ne-
 " ver saw the City of *Saragossa*; and so far from
 " it, that hearing this Usurper of my Name had ap-
 " pear'd there at the Tournament, I declin'd coming
 " near it, being resolv'd to convince the World that
 " he was an Impostor. I directed my Course to
 " *Barcelona*, the Seat of Urbanity, the Sanctuary of
 " Strangers, the Refuge of the distressed, the Mother
 " of Men of Valour, the Rèdresser of the injur'd,
 " the Residence of true Friendship, and the first City
 " of the World for Beauty and Situation. And
 " though some Accidents that befel me there, are so
 " far from being grateful to my Thoughts, that they
 " are a sensible Mortification to me; yet in my Re-
 " flection, of having seen that City, I find Pleasure
 " enough to alleviate my Misfortune: In short, *Don*
 " *Alvaro*, I am that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*,
 " whom

(k) See Avellaneda's Continuation, ch. 36.

" whom Fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful
" Wretch who has usurp'd my Name, and wou'd ar-
" rogat to himself the Honour of my Design. Sir,
" you are a Gentleman, and I hope will not deny me
" the Favour to depose before the Magistrate of this
" Place, that you never saw me in all your Life till
" this Day, and that I am not the *Don Quixote* men-
" tion'd in the (I) Second Part; nor was this *Sancbo*
" *Panxa* my Squire, the Person you knew formerly.
" With all my Heart, said *Don Alvaro*, tho' I must
" own my self not a little confounded to find at the
" same time, two *Don Quixotes*, and two *Sancbo Pan-*
" *xas*, as different in Behaviour as they are alike in
" Appellation: For my part, I don't know what to
" think of it; and so I again say and affirm, that I have
" seen what I have not seen, and that That has be-
" fal'n me which has not befall'n me Here
" the Mayor, or Bailiff of the Town happening to
" come into the Inn, with a Publick Notary, *Don*
" *Quixote* desir'd him to take the Deposition which
" *Don Alvaro Tarfe* was ready to give, wherein he cer-
" tify'd and declar'd, That the said Deponent had
" not any Knowledge of the *Don Quixote* there pre-
" sent, and that the said *Don Quixote* was not the
" same Person that he this Deponent had seen men-
" tioned in a certain printed History, intituled, or
" called, *THE SECOND PART OF DON QUIXOTE DE*
" *LA MANCHA*, written by *AVELLANEDA*, a Native
" of *Tordefillas*. In short, the Magistrate drew up
" and ingross'd the Affidavit in due Form, and the
" Testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all
" the Intentions of *Don Quixote* and *Sancbo*, who
" were as much pleas'd as if it had been a Matter of
" the last Consequence, and that their Words and Be-
" haviour had not been enough to make the Distinc-
" tion between the two *Don Quixotes* and the two
" *Sancbos*. The Compliments and Offers of Service
" that pass'd after, between *Don Alvaro* and *Don*
" *Quixote*, were many, and our Knight of *La Mancha*
" behav'd

(I) He means Avellaneda's Continuation..

“ behav’d himself with so much Discretion, that *Don Alvaro* was convinc’d he was mistaken; tho’ he thought there was some Inchantment in the Case; since he had thus met with two Knights and two Squires of the same Name and Profession, and yet so very different.

91. Lastly; the same *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, or rather, *Alonso Quixano* the Good, being now restor’d to his right Senses and perfect Judgment, in one of the Clauses of his Will, directs as follows: (m) Item, *I entreat my said Executors* (the Curate *Pero Perez*, and Mr. *Samson Carrasco* the Bachelor, who were present) *that if at any time they have the Good-fortune to meet with the suppos’d Author of the Second Part of the Atebiewements of Don Quixote de la Mancha, they wou’d from me most beartily beg his Pardon for my being, undefignedly, the Occasion of his writing such a Parcel of Impertinences as is contain’d in that Book, for it is the greatest Burden to my departing Soul, that ever I was the Cause of making such a Thing publick.*

92. Very much in the right, therefore, was *Cervantes*, and great reason had he, when he said, that the Glory of continuing with Felicity the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, was reserv’d for his Pen alone. And lest this shou’d sound like Boasting, he put the following judicious Speech in the Mouth of *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli*, addressing himself to his Pen. Here says *Cervantes*, (n) “ The sagacious *Cid Hamet* spoke to his Pen: O Thou my slender Pen, thou, of whose Knib, whether well or ill cut, I dare not speak my Thoughts! suspended by this Wire, remain upon this Rack, where I deposite thee. There may’st thou claim a Being many Ages, unless presumptuous Scribblers take thee down to profane thee. But e’er they lay their heavy Hands on thee, bid them be ware, and, as well as thou canst, in their own Stile, tell ‘em,

“ Avant;

(m) Part II. at the End. (n) Part II. at the End.

(o) " Avaunt, ye Scoundrels, all and some!

" I'm kept for no such thing.

" Defile not me; but hang yourselves;

" And so God save the King.

" For me alone was the great *Don Quixote* born, and
" I alone for him. Deeds were his Task; and to re-
" cord 'em, mine: We two, like Tallies for each
" other struck, are nothing when apart. In vain the
" spurious Scribe of *Tordefillas* dar'd, with his blunt
" and bungling Ostridge-Quill, invade the Deeds of my
" most valorous Knight: The great Attempt derides
" his feeble Skill, while he betrays a Sense benumb'd
" and frozen. And thou, Reader, (p) if ever thou
" canst find him out in his Obscurity, I beseech thee
" advise him likewise to let the wearied, mouldring
" Bones of *Don Quixote*, rest quiet in the Earth that
" covers them. Let him not expose 'em in (q) *Old*
" *Castile*, against the Sanctions of Death, impiously
" raking him out of the Grave, where he really lies
" stretch'd out beyond a Possibility of making a third
" Act and taking a new Ramble round the World.
" The two Sallies that he has made already (r) (which
" are the Subject of these four Volumes, and have met
" with such universal Applause in this and other King-
" doms) are sufficient to ridicule the pretended Ad-
" ventures of other Knights-Errant. Thus advising
" him for the best, thou shalt discharge the Duty of a
" Christian, and do good to him that wishes thee evil.
" As for me, (s) I must esteem myself happy and gain
" my End in rendring those fabulous, nonsenfical Sto-
" ries of Knight-Errantry, the Object of the publick
" Aversion. They are already going down, and I do
" not doubt but they will drop and fall together in
" good earnest, never to rise again: *Adieu.*

And

(o) Tate, tate, follenicos, &c. These Words are in an old Romance which I have forgot the name of. (p) A sign how obscure the Tordefillian Author was. (q) The silly Continuator in this last Chapter hints as if he design'd to write some of *Don Quixote's* Rambles in *Old Castile*. (r) Had that of the Second Part been reckon'd in, there wou'd be three Sallies of *Don Quixote*, but Cervantes speaks upon a Supposition that only the First Part was publish'd. (s) This is Michael de Cervantes Saavedra.

And indeed, as soon as the First Part of *Don Quixote* came out, this Knight-Errant began to put down all the rest, and made them hide their Heads; and after the Second Part was publish'd, *Anno 1615*, the Applause which this Work gain'd was so great and extensive that very few Works have obtain'd in the World so great, so universal and so lasting an Approbation. For there are Books which are esteem'd for no other reason but because their Stile is a Text for the dead Languages; others which are become famous thro' some Circumstances of the Time they were writ in, which being past and gone their Applause is ceas'd too; others will always be valu'd on account of the Weight and Importance of the Subject they treat of. Whereas those of *Cervantes*, tho' written on a ridiculous Subject, and tho' the Spanish Dominion is not so extensive as it was then, and tho' written in a living Language which is confin'd to certain Bounds; yet they live, and triumph in spite of Oblivion: And are at this Day as necessary in the World, as when they first came out; for after *France* had, thro' the happy Protection of *Louis XIV.* arriv'd to the height of Learning, it began to decline, and for want of a *Sirmond*, a *Bossuet*, a *Huet*, and such like learned Men of immortal Memory, who soon after went off the Stage, a Spirit of *Nozel-lizing* began to prevail; and a Fondness for Fables has taken such root that their *Literary Journals* are stuff'd with 'em, and hardly any other sort of Books come to us from *France*. The Mischief, formerly caus'd by such Fables, was so great, that it might be said to be universal. Which made that most intelligent Censor of the Republick of Letters, *Lydovicus Vives*, so grievously deplore the corrupt Manners of the Times he liv'd in: (t) *What a way of living is this*, said he, *What Times are we fal'n into, that nothing but Ribaldry will pass for good Poetry, and obscene Ballads for fine Sonnets? It is high time the Magistrates took cognizance of this Evil, and that some Provision were made against it*

(t) *De Christianâ Fœminâ*, Lib. I. cap. *Qui non legendi Scriptores, qui legendi.*

it by Law, as also against such pestilential Books in Spain, as Amadis, Esplandian, Florisando, Tirante, Triftran: *Whose Extravagancies know no Bounds: Each Day produces more and more of 'em; such as Celestina the Barwd, the Mother of all Wickedness, and Sink of all Leudness.* In France, Lancelot of the Lake, Paris and Vienna, Puntho and Sidonia, Peter of Provence and Magalona, Melisendra, the inexorable Matron. Here in Flanders (Vives wrote this at Bruges, where he liv'd Anno 1523.) Florian and Blanca-Flor, Leonela and Canamor, Curias and Floreta, Pyramus and Thisbe. Some there are translated out of Latin into the vulgar Tongues, as Poggius's Book of Stories which fails both in point of Modesty and Religion, (u) Euryalus and Lucretia, Bocace's hundred Novels. All which Books were written by Men that liv'd an idle Life, or were ill employ'd, of no Experience, or Abilities, given up to Vice, and all manner of Filthiness. In which I am amazed People shou'd find any thing to delight 'em. But we are naturally perverse and prone to Evil. A powerful and most effectual Remedy therefore was that which the most ingenious Cervantes apply'd, since it purg'd the Minds of all Europe, and cur'd them of that inveterate radicated Fondnes they had for those contagious Books. Again therefore let *Don Quixote de la Mancha* appear, and let one Madman undeceive many voluntary Madmen: Let one Man of Sense, like Cervantes, divert and reclaim so many idle and melancholick Persons, with the pleasing and entertaining Products of his artful and ingenious Pen, I mean his Books of *Don Quixote*, of which there has been a long dispute which of the two Parts is best: That which contains the first and second Sally of our Champion; or the third?

93. Far from taking upon me to decide so nice a Question, I shall let Cervantes do it himself, who having heard the Judgment which some had anticipately made, introduced the following Conversation, between

(u) A Novel by Aeneas Sylvius, before he was Pope, and when he was but a simple Priest: afterwards retracted in his Epist. 395.

between *Don Quixote*, the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, and *Sancho Panza*. Perhaps, (x) said *Don Quixote*, the Author (that is, *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli*) promises A SECOND PART? He does so, said Carrasco: But he says, (y) he cannot find it, neither can be discover who has it: So that we doubt whether it will come out or no; as well for this reason, as because some People say that Second Parts are never worth any thing; others cry, there's enough of *Don Quixote* already: However, many of those that love Mirth better than Melancholy, cry out, Give us more Quixotery; let but *Don Quixote* appear, and *Sancho* talk, be it what it will, we are satisfy'd. And how stands the Author affected? Said the Knight. Truly, answer'd Carrasco, as soon as ever he can find out the History, which he is now looking for with all imaginable Industry, he is resolv'd to send it immediately to the Press, tho' more for his own Profit than thro' any Ambition of applause. What, quoth *Sancho*, does he design to do it to get a Penny by it? Nay, then we are like to have a rare History indeed; we shall have him botch and whip it up, like your Taylors on Easter-Eve, and give us a huddle of Flim-flams that will never hang together; for your hasty Work can never be done as it should be. Let Mr. Moor take care how he goes to Work; for, my Life for his, I and my Master will stock him with such a beap of Stuff in matter of Adventures and odd Chances, that he will have enough not only to write a SECOND PART, but an Hundred. The poor Fellow, belike, thinks we do nothing but sleep on a Hay-Mow; but let us once put Foot into the Stirrop, and he'll see what we are about: This at least I'll be bold to say, that if my Master would be rul'd by me, we had been in the Field by this Time, undoing of Misdeeds, and righting of Wrongs, as good Knights-Errant us'd to do. In which Colloquy *Cervantes* gives us to understand, that he had pregnancy of Fancy enough to furnish out not only one, but a hundred *Don Quixote*'s. The invention of the Second Part is no less agreeable than that of the First; and the Instruction is much greater. Besides,

(x) Part II. ch. 4. (y) See Part I. at the end.

Besides, in the principal Narration he has not intermixt any Novel totally foreign to his Subject; (a thing very much against the Art of Fable-writing;) but he dextrously grafts in many Episodes very coherent with the main Design of the Story, which requires great Ingenuity and a singular Ability. Let us once more hear Cervantes himself. (x.) We have it from the traditional Account of this History, that there is a manifest Difference between the Translation and the Arabick in the beginning of this Chapter; Cid Hamet having taken an Occasion of criticising on himself for undertaking so dry and limited a Subject, which must confine him to the bare History of Don Quixote and Sancho, and debar him the Liberty of launching into Episodes and Diggessions that might be of more Weight and Entertainment. To have his Fancy, his Hand and Pen bound up to a single Design, and his Sentiments confin'd to the Mouths of so few Persons, he urg'd as an insupportable Task, and of small Credit to the Undertaker, so that, to avoid this Inconveniency, he has introduc'd into THE FIRST PART, some Novels, as THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT, and that of the CAPTIVE, which were in a manner distinct from the Design, tho' the rest of the Stories which he brought in there, fall naturally enough in with Don Quixote's Affairs, and seem of Necessity to claim a Place in the Work. It was his Opinion likewise, as he has told us, that the Adventures of Don Quixote, requiring so great a share of the Reader's Attention, his Novels must expect but an indifferent Reception, or, at most, but a cursory View, not sufficient to discover their artificial Contexture, which must have been very obvious had they been published by themselves, without the Interludes of Don Quixote's Madness, or Sancho's Impertinence. He has therefore in THE SECOND PART avoided all distinct and Independent Novels, introducing only some Episodes which may have the appearance of (a) being so, yet flowing naturally from the Design of the Story, and these but seldom, and with as much Brevity as they can be express'd.

VOL. I.

F

Therefore

(x) Part II. ob. 44. (a) That is, which may look like Novels as in truth they are.

Therefore since he has ty'd himself up to such narrow Bounds, and confin'd his Understanding and Parts, otherwise capable of the most copious Subject, to the pure Matter of this present Undertaking, he begs it may add a value to his Work; and that he may be commended, not so much for what he has writ, as for what he has forborne to write. Such therefore as say that *Cervantes* in his Second Part has not equall'd himself, wou'd do well to consider whether their Opinion does not arise either from the Tradition of those who are so enamour'd of the First Part, as to think it incapable of a Second; or else from their want of Sagacity which makes 'em regret in this latter the misse of those very things which *Cervantes* himself confess were, in the former, either Defects of Art or Liberties of the Artist, in order to give his own Fancy an Airing and divert that of the Reader.

94. Amidst so many and such just Commendations both on account of *Cervantes*'s admirable Invention, prudent Disposition and singular Eloquence; as a Writer is but one, and his Readers many, and an Author's Thoughts being taken up in inventing, he sometimes is carry'd away by the Vivacity of his Fancy: And this being over-fruitful, the very multitude of Circumstances does it self often occasion them to disagree with each other, and not co incide exactly with the Time and Place wherein they are feign'd to be transacted; it is not much to be wonder'd at if *Michaël de Cervantes* is sometimes found tardy in point of Probability and Chronology: In which he is not alone, but has Companions enow, ev'n as many as have hitherto publish'd any Works of a diffusive Invention; for in all such there are the like Oversight to be met with. Of this *Cervantes* himself was very sensible, for having been censur'd for some things he had written in his FIRST PART, he own'd his Negligences in the Third and Fourth Chapters of his SECOND PART, where he retracted many of his Errors with the same Frankness with which he confess them, and endeavour'd to varnish over others with such ingenious Excuses as make his very Apology a new and glorious sort of Confession.

son. In short, his Genius was of so noble and generous a kind, that were he now alive, and new Censures were past upon him, had they been just and well grounded, he would certainly have thought himself beholden to the Authors of them.

95. Notwithstanding I am one of *Cervantes's* greatest Admirers, nay the rather because I am so, I will be bold to say that in some Instances he has exceeded the limits of Probability, and even touch'd the Borders of a manifest Falsity. For in the famous Combat between him and the *Biscayan*, supposing that *Don Quixote* set upon him with a full Resolution to kill him, it is by no means likely that the *Biscayan*, who must have his Left hand ingag'd in the Reins of the Mule, shou'd have time not only to draw his Sword with his Right, but to snatch a Cushion out of the Coach to serve him instead of a Shield, since those who were in the Coach must naturally be suppos'd to be sitting upon it, and if they were not, still 'tis difficult to conceive how the *Biscayan* cou'd take the Cushion so expeditiously, considering with what Fury *Don Quixote* rush'd upon him.

96. Neither does it seem to me a whit more likely that *Camilla*, in the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent*, shou'd talk to her self so much and so loud as to be heard by *Anselmo*, who was conceal'd in the Wardrobe during that long Soliloquy. For tho' Dramatic Writers introduce Soliloquies into their Plays, it is done with an intent that the *Spectators* may be made acquainted with the secret Thoughts of the Persons represented in the Play, and not that the Actors or Persons introduc'd on the Stage shou'd hear such Speeches, especially such prolix ones.

97. The Discourse of *Sancho Panza* to his Master *Don Quixote*, related in *Chap. VIII. of the Second Part*, certainly exceeds the Capacity of so simple and illiterate a Fellow. I will not charge *Cervantes* with the unlikeness of the following Assertion of his:

(b) *This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote call'd*

call'd Ginefillo de Parapilla, was the very Man that stole Sancho's Ass; the manner of which Robbery, and the time when it was committed, being not inserted in the First Part, has been the reason that some People have laid that, which was caus'd by the Printer's neglect, to be Inadvertency of the Author. But 'tis beyond all Question, that Gines stole the Ass while Sancho slept on his Back, making use of the same Trick and Argifice in which Brunello practis'd when he carry'd off Sacripante's Horse from under his Legs, at the Siege of Albraca; but afterwards Sancho recover'd his Ass again, as hath been related. I say I will not lay it at Cervantes's door that this Invention seems rather possible than probable; because it is obvious Cervantes's aim in this was only to reprove such Authors, who are wont to charge their own Errors on the Negligence of the Printers, without considering that the Errors of the Press for the most part consist only in a few Literals or Verbals and sometimes perhaps in omitting some small Period. As for the manner how and the time when Ginefillo stole the Ass; it seems to me, if I don't very much mistake in my judgment of Cervantes's way of Thinking, his sole End was to ridicule the Fancy of stealing Sacripante's Horse in that manner.

98. But I am at a loss to excuse the supposing it possible, that in a Town of Arragon, of above a thousand Inhabitants, a Mock-Government, as Sancho's was, shou'd continue so long as eight or ten Days. Whether this is likely, let the Arragonians say. What I am certain of, is this, that there being in Arragon no Cavern half a League long, it is contrary to all Truth to say Sancho Panza went thro' it so far, till he stopt at a Place where Don Quixote from above heard his Lamentations.

99. As little do I know how to excuse Cervantes's Saying (c) Fame and Tradition had preserv'd in the Memoirs of La Mancha that Don Quixote after his third Sally went to Saragossa, where he was present at certain famous Tournaments and met there with Occasions

At the end of Part I.

sions worthy the Exercise of his Valour and good Sense; and afterwards the same *Cervantes* comes and says in his *Second Part* that *Don Quixote* declared he wou'd not set his Foot in *Saragosa*, in order to make the modern Historian (*Avellaneda*) a Lyar, since, had he made him go to the Tournaments of *Saragosa*, he had only follow'd common Fame.

100. Another Oversight of *Cervantes* is his calling *Sancho's* Wife by the Name of *Joan Gutierrez* or *Joan Panza*, which is the same thing, for in *La Mancha*, tho' not in other Parts of Spain, the Wives go by their Husbands Surnames, and yet he finds fault with the *Arragonian* Continuator for calling her by the Name of *Gutierrez*, tho' he himself likewise thro' his whole *Second Part* calls her *Teresa Panza*.

101. Besides, whoever wou'd take the pains to form a Diary of *Don Quixote's* Sallies, will find *Cervantes's* Account pretty erroneous, and not conformable to the Accidents and Adventures related.

102. In one thing *Cervantes* ought to be treated with some Rigour, and that is in the Anachronisms or Retrocessions of Time; for having himself so justly reflected upon his Cotemporary Play-wrights in this particular, such Defects ought to be censured in him. I shall point out some of them.

103. But for the better understanding what I'm going to say, it is necessary to premise, that it hath been the Custom of many who have publish'd Books of Knight-Errantry, in order to gain them Credit, to say that they were found in such a certain place, written in very ancient Characters difficult to read. Thus *Garci-Ordonez de Montalvo*, Reginor of *Medina del Campo*, after he had said, he had corrected the three Books of *Amadis*, which thro' the Fault of bad Writers or Composers were very much corrupted and full of Errors, immediately added, that he had publish'd those Books, translating and improving the *Fourth Book* with the *Exploits of Esplandian Amadis's Son*, which till then no Man remembers ever to have seen or met with in any Memoirs; that by great Good-luck it was

discover'd in a Stone tomb, which, deep in the Earth, in a Hermitage hard by Constantinople, was found, and brought by an Hungarian Merchant into Spain, wrote upon Parchment in a Letter so old that it was scarce legible by those who understood the Language. Cervantes, herein imitating Garcí-Ordonéz de Montalvo, says: (d) By Good-fortune he had met with an ancient Physician, who had a Leaden Box in his Possession, which, as he assur'd me, was found in the Ruins of an old Hermitage, as it was rebuilding. In this Box were certain Scrolls of Parchment written in Gotbick Characters, but containing Verses in the Spanish Tongue, in which many of his (Don Quixote's) noble Acts were sung, and Dulcinea del Toboso's Beauty celebrated, Rozinante's Figure describ'd, and Sancho Panza's Fidelity applauded. They likewise gave an account of Don Quixote's Place of Burial, with several Epitaphs and Elogiums on his Life and Manners. Cervantes wrote this in the Year 1604, and printed it in the Year following. I leave it to the judicious Reader to determine the Age in which, according to the aforesaid Circumstances, Don Quixote must be suppos'd to have liv'd. An ancient Physician giving an account of the finding certain Parchments containing Epitaphs on Don Quixote; that they were first discover'd under the Foundation of an old Hermitage, and written in Gotbick Letters, the Use whereof was prohibited in Spain in the time of King Alonſo the Sixth; are all (e) Circumstances which infer a distance of some Ages past. And this very thing is suppos'd in a Discourse of Don Quixote's, no less occultly Learned than agreeably Romantic: (f) Have you not read, cry'd Don Quixote, the Annals and History of Britain, where are register'd the famous Deeds of King Arthur, (King Artus in Spanish Romances) who, according to an ancient Tradition in that Kingdom, never dy'd, but was turn'd into a Crow by Incantment, and shall one Day resume his former Shape, and recover his Kingdom again? For which reason since that time,

the

(d) Part I. cb. ult.
c. 30.

(e) Rodoric. Toletanus, Lib. VI.
(f) Part I. cb. 15.

the People of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a Crew. In this good King's Time, the most Noble Order of the Knights of the Round Table was first instituted, and then also the Amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinever were really transacted, as that History relates; they being manag'd and carry'd on by the Mediation of that Honourable Matron the Lady Quintanona, which produced that Excellent History in Verse so sung and celebrated here in Spain:

There never was on Earth a Knight
So waited on by Ladies fair,
As once was He, Sir Lancelot bight,
When first he left his Country dear:

And the Rest, which gives so delightful an Account both of his Loves and Feats of Arms. From that Time the Order of Knighthood was delivered down from Hand to Hand, and has by degrees dilated and extended itself into most Parts of the World. Then did the Great Amadis de Gaule signalize himself by Heroick Exploits, and so did his Offspring to the fifth Generation. The Valorous Felix Marte of Hyrcania then got immortal Fame and that undaunted Knight Tirante the White, (g) who never can be applauded to his Worth. Nay, HAD WE BUT LIV'D A LITTLE SOONER, we might have been blest with the Conversation of that invincible Knight, the Valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, Gentlemen, is that Order of Chivalry, which, as much a Sinner as I am, I profess, with a due Observance of the Laws which those brave Knights observ'd before me. If therefore Don Quixote was so near the Time in which Don Belianis of Greece and the other numerous Knights-Errant are feign'd to have liv'd, having referr'd them to the Ages immediately succeeding the Origin of Christianity, as has been observ'd and censur'd by the learned Author of the *Dialogue of the Languages* beforemention'd (b), it follows that Don

E. 4.

Quixote

(g) Cervantes himself by the Mouth of the Curate very much commends this Book as a Treasure of Delight, and a Mine of Pertime. But Ludovicus Vives condemns it, and all others of the same Stamp. (b) Page 161.

Quixote de la Mancha must be suppos'd to have liv'd many Centuries ago. How then comes Cervantes to talk of Coaches (i) being in Use in *Don Quixote's* time? Since we are told by *Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo*, in the *Second Part of the Officers of the Royal Household*, that the Princess Margaret, when she came to be espous'd to the Prince *Don John*, brought in the Use of Chariots or Coaches with four Wheels, and when she returned again to *Flanders* a Widow, such sort of Carriages ceas'd, and Litters came again into play. And even in *France* itself, from whence we had this Fashion, as almost all others, the Use of Coaches is of no ancient date; for *John de Laval Boisdauphin* of the House of *Montmorency*, was the first Person who, towards the close of *Francis the 1st's* Reign, made use of a Coach because of his Corpulency, which was so excessive he could not ride on Horseback. In the Reign of *Henry II* there were in the Court of *France* but two Coaches in all, one for the Queen his Consort, and another for his natural Daughter the Lady *Diana*. In the City of *Paris*, *Christopher de Thou (Tbuanus)* being nominated First President, was the First that had a Coach; but he never went in it to the Royal Palace. These Examples which either Grandeur or Necessity first introduced, were soon so perniciously prevalent, that nothing could come up to the Vanity of them. As for *Spain*, *Don Lorenzo Vander Hamin & Leon* writing upon this Subject in the *First Book of Don John of Austria's Life*, has the following warm Expressions: *There came Charles Pubest a Servant of Charles the Vth. King and Emperor, in a Coach or Chariot, such as are used in those Provinces: A Thing very rarely seen in these Kingdoms. Whole Cities ran out to stare at it, so little known was this sort of Pleasure at that Time. For then they only made use of Carts drawn by Oxen, and in them were often seen riding the most considerable Persons both of the Court.* *Don John (for example) went several Times to visit the Church of our Lady de Regla (the Loretto of Andaluzia) in one of these Wains or Carts*

(i) *Part I. cb. 8, 9, and Part II. cb. 36, &c. &c.*

Garts in Company with the Dutchess of Medina. This was the Practise of that Time. But within a few Years (threescore and ten or thereabouts) it was found necessary to prohibit Coaches by a Royal Proclamation. To such a Height was this infernal Vice got, which has done so much Mischief to Castile. In order to paint forth this Abuse, Cervantes brings in *Teresa Panza*, Wife to a poor labouring Man, expressing mighty hopes of riding in a Coach, purely upon the conceit of her Husband's being Governor of the Island *Barataria*. In like manner, to ridicule some Doctors Degrees which were conferred in his Time, and which ought to have been bestowed on such as were Men of Learning, but were far from being so, he mentions some Licentiates who were Graduated in the Universities of *Siguenza* and *Ossuna* in *Don Quixote's* Time, whereas the University of *Siguenza* was (by advice of Cardinal *Ximenez*) erected by *John Lopez de Medina*, Privy Counsellor to *Henry IVth* and his Envoy at *Rome* about the Year 1500. Later yet, in 1548, the University of *Ossuna* was founded, with *Charles Vth's* and *Pope Paul III's* Approbation, by *Don John Tellez de Giron, Condé de Urena*. Had Cervantes liv'd in these dear Day's; he would have said much more upon this Article of Degrees. But let *Don Diego de Saavedra* in his *Respublica Literaria* be his Commentator.

104. It is likewise an Inadverency to allude, (as he does) in the suppos'd Time of *Don Quixote*, to the Council of *Trent* which began to sit in 1544, under the Pontificate of *Paul III* and broke up in *Pius IVth's* Time.

105. Cervantes likewise makes the Curate speak of *America* before *Americus Vespucius*, the *Florentine*; (in 1497) had set his Foot in it, and call'd it by his Name, being in that respect more happy than *Christopher Columbus* the *Genoese*, who first discover'd it in 1492.

106. Neither ought he to have mention'd *Fernand Cortes*, or talk't of the Nimbleness of the Mexican Jockeys in mounting a Horseback, before ever Cortes, who conquer'd *Mexico*, breathed Vital Air, and before

there were any Horses in that Country. He likewise names the famous Hill of *Potosi* before its prodigious Veins of Silver were discover'd by that barbarous mighty Hunter. Neither ought the Word *Cacique* (signifying a petty King) which came from *Hispaniola* have been put into the Mouth of such an Ignoramus as *Sancho Panza*.

107. Again, the Art of Printing being so recent an Invention, it shou'd not have been supposed to be known in *Don Quixote*'s Time, nor ought mention to have been made of so many Modern Authors, both Foreigners and Spaniards. Foreigners, *Ariosto*, * *Verino*, *Sannazario*, *Lofrso*, a Sardinian Poet, *Polidore Virgil* and others. Among the Spaniards *Garci-lafso de la Vega*, whom he sometimes commends Expressly, at other times quotes his Verses (k) without naming him, and at other times alludes clearly to him. (l) Of *John Boscan*, a Poet Co-temporary with, and much a Friend of, *Garci-lafso*, *Don Quixote* says, (m) *Old Boscan call'd himself Nemorojo*: wherein he mistakes, many ways, by calling him the *Old* or *Ancient Boscan*, and by alluding to *Garci-lafso de la Vega*'s First Eclogue.

108. *Don Quixote* himself, speaking very justly of the common misfortune attending Translations, highly commends that of *Pasior Fido* done by Doctor *Cristopher Figueroa*; and also that of *Amintas* done by *Don John de Fauregui*. Now the Reader must know that Doctor *Suarez de Figueroa* publish'd *Guarini*'s *Pasior*

* Cervantes says, *Verino* died Florentibus Annis. He died at 37, rather than take his Physicians Advice, which was a Wife. Politian made the following Epitaph on this very learned Youth and excellent Moral Poet of Florence:

Sola Venus poterat lento suc- } Venus alone his slow Disease
currere morbo, } cou'd cure:
Ne se pollueret, maluit ille } But He chose Death, rather
Mori. } than Life not Pure.

(k) Part II. cb. 6, &c. (l) Ibid. cb. 8. and 18. (m) Ibid. cb. 67. Cervantes here puts upon the likeness betwixt *Boscan* and *Bosque*, which is Spanish or rather Gothic for a Grove of Trees (from whence perhaps our Word Bush.) *Nemus* in Latin (from whence the *Nemorojo* above) means the same.

for Fido, in *Valencia*, Anno 1609, printed by *Pedro Patricio Mey*; and *Don Febr de Fauregui, Tasso & Amintas*, in *Seville*, printed by *Francisco Lira*, Anno 1618. in 4to.

109. Again, a Shepherdess, in discourse with *Don Quixote*, anticipately in point of time, names *Camoens*, and extolls him as a most excellent Poet even in his own *Portuguese Tongue*. (n) Her Words are these: *We and some other Shepberdesses have got two Eclogues by heart; one of the famous Garcilasso, and the other of the most excellent Camoens in his own Language the Portuguese.* Which is the same thing as condemning, the *Spanish Translations* by *Louis Gomez de Tapia*, and others: whereas it is not possible for two such resembling Dialects of one and the same Language to be equal in Diction and Harmony.

110. In the celebrated *Sixab Chapter of the First Part*, supposing the Scrutiny to be in *Don Quixote's* time, there are Criticisms made on the Works of *George de Montemayor*, *Gil Polo*, *Lopez Maldonado*, *Don Alonso de Ercilla*, *John Rufo*, *Christopher de Virvès*, and ev'n on the *GALATEA* of *Cervantes* himself.

111. He likewise mentions (o) the Works of the famous Bishop of *Avila*, *Don Alonso Toftado (Toftatus)*, a native of *Madrigal*, from whence he chose to be styled. He was born about the Year 1400, and dy'd in *Bonilla de la Sierra* the 3d of *September* 1455. (p) He cites *Dioscorides* illustrated by *Doctor Laguna*, printed at *Salamanca*, Anno 1586; and the Proverbs of the *Commendary Greigo*, publish'd in the same City, Anno 1555. He quotes in like manner *Villalpando's Summulæ*, (q) whereas *Doctor Gaspar, Cardinal de Villalpando* printed them at *Alcalà* Anno 1599.

112. The Books which *Cervantes* censur'd without naming the Authors, almost all of 'em his *Coætanans*, are very numerous. I shall only point out a few.

113. Speaking of the Translation of *Ariosto*, done by *Geronimo de Urrea*, which was printed at *Lyons* in

4to.

(n) *Part II. cb. 58.* (o) *Part II. cb. 3.* (p) *Toftatus writ so much and so well, that it is admir'd how the Life of Man cou'd reach to it.* *Stevens's Dict.* (q) *Part. I. cb. 47.*

4to. by William Rowille, Anno 1556.. Cervantes makes the Curate say, I cou'd willingly have excus'd the good Captain who translated it, that Trouble of attempting to make him speak Spanish, for he has depriv'd him of a great deal of his primitive Graces; a Misfortune incident to all those who presume to translate Verses, since their utmost Wit and Industry can never enable 'em to preserve the native Beauties and Genius that shine in the Original. From whence may be infer'd how much more insipid were the two Translations done in Prose, and publish'd by two Toledoans; one, nam'd Fernando de Alcocer, Anno 1510. the other Diego Vazquez de Contreras, Anno 1585. Both of 'em as Wretched as Faithful Interpreters of Ariosto, to a Letter. Farther on, the Curate speaking of the three Dianas, viz. that of George de Montemayor, which contains the First and the Second Part, publish'd at Madrid by Louis Sanchez, Anno 1545. in 4zv. That done by Alphonso Perez, Doctor of Physick, known by the Name of Salmantino (the Salmancan) publish'd at Alcalà, Anno 1564. in 8vo. and Lastly, that of Gaspar Gil Polo, printed at Valencia, Anno 1564. The Curate, I say, speaking of the three Dianas, says thus: Since we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not entirely to burn it, but only take out that Part of it which treats of the Magician Felicia and the enchanted Water, as also all the longer Poems; and let the Work escape with its Prose, and the Honour of being the First of that Kind. Here's another Diana, quoth the Barber, The Second of that Name, by Salmantino; nay, and a Third too, by Gil Polo. Pray, said the Curate, let Salmantino increase the Number of the Criminals in the Yard; but as for that of Gil Polo, preserve it as charity, as if Apollo himself had wrote it. A little farther the Barber says again: These that follow are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Curse of Jealousy. Then there's no more to do, said the Curate, but to deliver them up to the secular Arm of the House-Keeper, and do not ask Wherefore, for then we shou'd never have done. As for the

Author

Author of the *Cure of Jealousy*, I know not who he was. The *Shepherd of Iberia* was written by *Bernardo de la Vega*, a native of Madrid, Canon of Tucuman in South America; it was printed Anno 1591 in 8vo. The Author of the *Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares* was *Bernard Perez de Bobadilla*, it was publish'd Anno 1587 in 8vo. *Cervantes* alluding to these two Censures, and desiring the World shoud know that in *The Voyage to Parnassus* (in which he brings in almost all the Poets in Spain) he had bestowed Praises on several according to popular report; introduc'd a Poet that was dissatisfy'd, upbraiding him with omitting these two Poets and for Censuring them as he has done above. The said Poet falls upon *Cervantes* in this manner: (r).

*'Tis true, Barbarian, Thou hast justly prais'd
Some few; and others as unjustly rais'd
High as the Heav'ns, who in Oblivion lay,
Nor saw the Moon by Night, or Sun by Day.
The Great Bernàrd thou hast of Fame beguil'd,
Iberia's Shepherd, from la Vega styl'd.
The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares Banks
For thy ill Usage owe thee little Thanks.*

Cervantes in the latter part of his Poem has brought upon the Stage the beforementioned *Bernardo de la Vega*; but he has put him among the bad Poets, in these terms:

*Late came Iberia's Shepherd to the Muster,
And with his Wit and Strength made heavy Bluster.*

114. In prosecuting the Scrutiny of *Don Quixote's* Books, the Barber says: *The next is the Shepherd of Filida. He's no Shepherd, return'd the Curate, but a very Discrete Courtier* (meaning *Louis Galvez de Montalvo*, who publish'd his *Shepherd of Filida* at Madrid, Anno 1582.) *Keep him as a precious Jewel. Here's a much bigger Volume cry'd the Barber, call'd, The Treasure of divers Poems. Had there been fewer of them, said the Curate, they would have been more Esteem'd. 'Tis fit the Book shoud be pruned and clear'd of several trifles.*

(r) In cb. IV. of the *Voyage to Parnassus*.

Trifles that disgrace the rest. Keep it however, because the Author is my very good Friend, and for the Sake of his other more Heroick and Sublime Productions. This is Fr. Pedro Padilla, a Native of Linares, a Carmelite Monk, and once, as is reported, a Knight of the Order of St. James. Among other Poetical Works, he publish'd a Song-Book, in which are contain'd some martial Events of the Spanish Arms in Flanders. It was printed at Madrid by Francisco Sanchez, Anno 1583. in 8vo. And Michael de Cervantes wrote some Laudatory Verses on the Author of it.

115. In close of the Scrutiny, Cervantes says: At last the Curate grew so tired with prying into so many Volumes, that he order'd all the rest to be burnt at a Venture. But the Barber shew'd him one which he had open'd by chance e'er the dreadful Sentence was pass'd. Truly, said the Curate, who saw by the Title 'twas the Tears of Angelica, I should have wept myself, had I caus'd such a Book to share the Condemnation of the rest; for the Author was not only one of the best Poets in Spain, but in the whole World, and translated some of Ovid's Fables with extraordinary Success. I take it, this refers to Captain Francisco de Aldana, Alcaide (i. e. Governor) of Sag Sebastian, who bravely died in Africa, fighting against the Moors, whose glorious Death was celebrated in Octave Rhimes by his Brother Cosmo de Aldana, Gentleman-Usher to Philip II. in the beginning of his Sonnets and Octaves, which were printed at Milan, Anno 1587. in 8vo. This Cosmo de Aldana print'd all the Works he could find of his Brother Francisco, at Madrid, at the Printing-house of Louis Sanchez, Anno 1590, in 8vo. and having afterwards pickt up many more, he publish'd a Second Part at Madrid, printed by P. Madrigal, in 1591, in 8vo. Of this Francisco de Aldana his Brother Cosmo says, he translated into blank Verse Ovid's Epistles, and compos'd a Work intituled Angelica; and Medoro, in innumerable Octaves: which were never printed, as not being to be found; by means of these two Works we come to know that Cervantes intended Francisco de Aldana, and not Louis Barabona de Soto,

of

of whose composing we have twelve Cantos of the *Angelica*, in pursuance of Ariosto's Invention. Of this Poem *Don Diego de Saavedra Fajardo* speaks, in his admirable *Respublica Literaria*. And now with greater Lustre appear'd Louis de Barahona, a learned Man, and of a lofty Spirit; but he shared the Fortune of Ausonius: he had no Body to advise with. And so he gave the Reins to his Fancy, without any Moderation or Art. A Character which argues likewise that this was not the Poet on whom *Cervantes* bestow'd such unbounded Praises. Our Author in the next Chapter proceeds thus: Upon *Don Quixote's* loud Outcry they left further Search into the Books, and therefore 'tis thought the Carolea, and *Leo of Spain*, with the Famous Deeds of the Emperor, written by *Don Louis de Avila*, which doubtless were there, were committed to the Flames, unseen and unheard; for if the Curate had found them, they would perhaps have received a more favourable Sentence. The Carolea *Cervantes* here speaks of may be that which *Hieronimo Sempere* printed at *Valencia* Anno 1560. in 8vo. But I'm more inclin'd to believe it to be that published at *Lisbon*, Anno 1585, by *John Ochoa de Lafalde*, in regard *Cervantes*, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, speaking of the List of the Poets giv'n him by *Mercury*, says thus:

I took the List of Names, and, at the head,
That of my Friend, *John de Ochoa*, read:

As true a Poet as a Christian, He —

116. The Author of *Leo of Spain* was *Pedro de la Pecilla Castellanos*, a Native of *Leon*, who publish'd his Poema and other Works, in *Salamanca*, Anno 1586. in 8vo. The *Commentaries of Charles the Vth's Wars in Germany*, had for its Author *Don Louis de Avila i Zuniga*, chief Commandary of *Alcantara*, a Person in great Esteem with the Emperor, and highly celebrated by the Prime Wits and ablest Penmen of that Age.

117. These Anachronisms or Inconsistencies in respect of Chronology relating to *Men of Learning* are more than sufficient: Those committed by *Cervantes* in

in relation to *Men of the Sword* were likewise not a few; for he supposes that there was already written in *Don Quixote's Age*, the (s) History of the great Captain *Hernandez de Cordova*, together with the Life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*; whereas the former dy'd in *Granada* the 2d of *December*, 1515. of a Quartan Ague (t) (to him fatal) in the 62d year of his Age; and the latter dy'd aged 64, in the Year 1539. and the Chronicles of 'em both were printed in *Alcala de Henares*, by *Herman Ramirez*, Anno 1584. in Folio.

118. He likewise introduces the *Captive* talking of the Famous Duke of *Alva*, *Don Ferdinand de Toledo*, going over to *Flanders*.

119. The same *Captive* adds that he went along with him, and served under him in all his Enterprizes: that he was present at the Executions of the Counts *Egmont* and *Horn*, and came to be an Ensign to a famous Captain of *Guadalaxara*, nam'd *Diego de Urbina*: He speaks of the Island of *Cyprus* being taken from the *Venetians* by the *Turks* in 1571: as likewise of the League between the Holy Peatiff *Pius V.* and *Spain* against the Common Enemy of *Christendom*, and that *Don John of Austria*, natural Brother to *Philip the II* was General of that Holy League. He says he, was in the famous Sea-fight of *Lepante* in quality of a Captain of Foot, which Battle was fought and won by the *Christians* the 7th of *October*, 1572. He says that *Uchali* King of *Algiers*, a brave and bold Pirate, having boarded and taken the Admiral Galley of *Malta*, there being only three Knights left alive in it, and they much wounded, *John Andrea Doria*'s Ship in which he (the *Captive*) was with his Company, bearing up to succour the said Admiral, he (the *Captive*) leap'd into the Enemy's Galley, which shearing off from the other that had layd her on Board, prevented his Men from following him, and so he was left alone amidst his Enemies, who were too numerous,

(s) Part I. ch. 32, &c. (t) By this Parenthesis, the Author seems to have an Eye to the Spanish Proverb, Por Quartana; nunca se tanca Campana. A Bell was never rung for a Quartan Ague, that is, People do not die of it.

ous to be withstood, and consequently taken Prisoner very much wounded. A little farther, he celebrates *Don Alvaro de Basan*, Marquis of Santa Cruz. He gives a very particular Account how two Years afterwards the Turks re-took the *Goleta* and a little Fort or Tower *Don John* had built near Tunis, in the Middle of a Lake where *Don John de Zanoguera*, a Gentleman of *Valencia* and notable Soldier, Commanded, who surrender'd upon Articles. He says *Don Pedro Puerto Carrero* General of *Goleta* was taken and dy'd for Grief in his way to *Constantinople*: That many Persons of Note were kill'd, and among them *Pagan Doria* the generous Brother of the renown'd *John Andrea Doria*; and that among those who were made Prisoners was *Don Pedro de Aguilar*, a Gentleman of *Andaluzia*, who was an Ensign, and likewise a very brave and ingenuous Man, and one who had a rare Talent in Poetry.

120. In another Place he highly commends the *Stilettoes* as sharp as an Awl, of *Ramon de Hozes* the Scythian Cutler's making who liv'd in Cervantes's own Time. He likewise mentions the Story of the Scholar *Toratovas* being hoisted into the Air a Horseback on a Reed by the Devil, with his Eyes shut, and so carry'd in twelve Hours to *Rome*, and set down at the Tower of *Nona*, which is in one of the Streets of that City; and that he saw there the dreadful *Tumult*, the *Assault* and *Death* of the Constable of *Bourbon*, and next Morning fownd himself at *Madrid*, where he related the whole Story. He likewise names that arrant Cheat * *Andradilla*. And after the same manner our Author brings in many others whose Memory was very recent in his own Time. Was there ever such a string of Anachronisms!

121. But they don't end here. Cervantes fays (u) that *Don Quixote* met with a Company of strolling Players, who had on *Corpus Christi Day*, in the Morning, been acting a Play call'd the *Parliament* or *Cortes*

of

* *Andradilla* was a sharping Scoundrel in Spain, as famous as whom you please in England: (u) Part II. cb. 43.

of Death, and were going forward to another Town to play it over again in the Afternoon; and herein he is worthy of Censure for supposing the Representation of Devout-Plays in *Don Quixote's* Time; since 'tis certain, in those Days there was no such thing as Farce-playing, especially in solemn Festivals, neither indeed was it at all conformable to the Gravity of the Ancient Manners.

122. He likewise supposes the practice of cooling Liquors with Snow, (x) whereas 'tis certain *Paulo Jarquies*, (who liv'd in Philip the IIId's Time) was the first Author or Inventor of the Tax upon Wells where Snow was kept; the manner of keeping it and using it having been, before that, introduc'd into Spain by *Don Louis de Castelvi*, Gentleman-Taster to the Emperor Charles Vth, of whom (y) *Gaspar Escalano*, expressing himself his usual way, writes thus: (z) *To this Gentleman is Spain indebted for the Knowledge of keeping Snow in Houses* (by Houses he means Wells) *in the Mountains where it falls, as likewise the practice of cooling Water with Snow. For no other Means for doing this, but by Salt-petre, being generally known, he was the first that brought Snow into Use, in the City of Valencia; which, besides being very delicious, is of a singular good Effect in Letbargies, Spotted-Fevers, Pestilential Calentures, and other most grievous Disorders, occasion'd by excessive Heat in Summer time, and as such the use of it spread itself by degrees all over Spain: And ever since that Time, we of Valencia have always call'd that Gentleman by the name of Don Louis de la Nieve; that is, Mr. SNOW.*

123. *San. Diego de Alcalà* and *San Salvador de Orta* were beatified in Philip the IIId's Time, and in allusion to this says *Sancho* to *Don Quixote*: (a) *And let me tell you, Sir, Yesterday or t'other Day, for so I may say, it being not long since, there were two bare-footed*

(x) Part II. ch. 58. (y) The Translator takes this to be his Family Name, tho' in Valencia, they give this name to the Sacristan, that is, to him that has charge of the Vestments and holy Vessels of the Church. (z.) Historia de Valencia, Lib. 8. c. 28.

(a) Part II. ch. 8.

feeted Friars Canoniz'd or Sainted ; and you can't think how many poor Creatures thought themselves happy but to kiss or touch the Chains with which they girt and tormented their Bodies, and I dare say they are more reverenced, than is Orlando's Sword in the Armory of our Sovereign Lord the King.

124. In the Reign of Philip III^d the General of the Gallies of the Indies was Don Pedro Vicb, a Valencian Gentleman, whom Cervantes highly extolled in his *Novel of the two Ladies*, and pointing to this Personage, on occasion of relating Don Quixote's entring one of the Gallies, he says : (b) *The General, for so we must call him, by Birth a Valencian, and a Man of Quality, gave him his Hand, and embracing him, said, this Day will I mark as one of the happiest I expect to see in all my Life, since I have the Honour now to see Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

125. The last Edict for the Expulsion of the *Moriscos* out of Spain, was publish'd in the Year 1611, and yet Cervantes introduces a Morisco nam'd Ricote, making (c) the Encomium of Don Bernardino de Velasco, Count of Salazar, to whom Philip the III^d had committed the Care of seeing those Moriscos expell'd.

126. But why do I stand heaping up Anachronisms, when Don Quixote's whole History is full of 'em ? I shall conclude with saying that Sancho Panza dated his Letter to his Wife Tere/a Panza on 20th June 1614, the very Day perhaps on which Cervantes wrote it.

127. But notwithstanding all this I am far from saying that Michael de Cervantes Saavedra is absolutely inexcusable : For, as in the very beginning of his History he says that Don Quixote liv'd not long since in a Village of La Mancha, so he afterwards follow'd the Thread of this first Fiction, and having forgot it at the End of his History, he propos'd to imitate *Garci Ordóñez de Montalvo* in the forecited Place, and so anticipated the Time Don Quixote liv'd in. And then this will be the only Inadvertency he is guilty

(b) Part II. cb. 63. (c) Part II. cb. 65.

guilty of; or to say better, *Don Quixote* is a Man of all Times, and a true Image and Representative of Ages past, present and to come; and accordingly is adaptable to all Times and Places. And tho' perhaps the severest Criticks will not allow of this Excuse, they will not at least deny that these Negligences, and others, which it were easy to add, of wrong Allusions and Equivocations, which are apt to abound in a Mind somewhat abstracted and drawn off by an over-attentiveness to the Grand Design, I say, it will not be deny'd that they are aton'd for and recompenc'd by a thousand Perfections; since it may with Truth be averr'd that the whole Work is the Happiest and Finest Satir that has hitherto been written against all Sorts of People.

128. For, if we attend to the Scope and Design of the Work, Who cou'd have thought that by the means of one Book of Chivalry, all the rest should be banish'd out of the World? But so it was, for, writing as *Cervantes* did from his own Invention, and in all the agreeable Varieties of Stile, he was entirely single, without a Rival in this kind of Writing, as one who thoroughly knew wherein the rest of the Writers had err'd, and perfectly sensible how those Failings of theirs might be avoided, fully satisfying at the same time the Taste of every Reader; and he never better manifested the Greatness of his Notions, than when, by the Mouth of the Canon of *Toledo*, he spoke in the following manner: (d) " Believe me, Mr. Curate, I am fully convinc'd, that these they call Books of Chivalry, are very prejudicial to the Publick. And tho' I have been led away by an idle and false Pleasure, to read the Beginnings of almost as many of them as have been printed, I could never yet persuade myself to go through with any one to the End; for to me they all seem'd to contain one and the same thing; and there is as much in one of them as in all the rest. The whole Composition and Stile of 'em, in my Opinion, very much.

(d) *Part I. ch. 47.*

“ much resembles that of the *Milesian Fables*, and are
 “ a sort of (e) idle Stories, design’d only for Diversion,
 “ and not for Instruction; it is not so with those Fa-
 “ bles which are call’d *Apologues*, that at once de-
 “ light and instruct. But tho’ the main Design of
 “ such Books is to please; yet I cannot conceive how
 “ it is possible they should perform it, being fill’d
 “ with such a multitude of unaccountable Extrava-
 “ gancies. For the Pleasure which strikes the Soul,
 “ must be deriv’d from the Beauty and Congruity it
 “ sees or conceives in those things the Sight or Im-
 “ agination lays before it, and nothing in it self. de-
 “ form’d or incongruous can give us any real Satis-
 “ faction. Now what Beauty can there be, or what
 “ Proportion of the Parts to the whole, or of the
 “ whole to the several Parts, in a Book, or Fable,
 “ where a Stripling at sixteen Years of Age at one
 “ Cut of a Sword cleaves a Giant, as tall as a Stee-
 “ ple, thro’ the middle, as easy as if he were made
 “ of *Ridge-board*? Or when they give us a Relation
 “ of a Battle, having said the Enemy’s Power com-
 “ fisted of a Million of Combatants, yet, provided
 “ the Hero of the Book be against them, we must of
 “ necessity, tho’ never so much against our Inclina-
 “ tion, conceive that the said Knight obtain’d the
 “ Victory only by his own Valour, and the Strength
 “ of his powerful Arms? And what shall we say of
 “ the great Ease and Facility with which an absolute
 “ Queen or Empress casts herself into the Arms of an
 “ Errant and Unknown Knight? What Mortal, not
 “ altogether barbarous and unpolish’d, can be pleas’d
 “ to read, that a great Tower full of arm’d Knights,
 “ cuts thro’ the Sea like a Ship before the Wind;
 “ and sets out in the Evening from the Coast of *Italy*,
 “ lands by Break-of-day in *Prestor John’s* Country, or
 “ in some other, never known to *Ptolemy* or disco-
 “ ver’d by (f) *Columbus*? If it shou’d be answer’d,
 “ that

(e) As they had been manag’d before Cervantes. (f) Cervantes has it Marcus Paulus, not Christopher Columbus. Marcus Paulus

" that those Persons who compos'd these Books writ them as confess'd Lyes ; and therefore are not oblig'd to observe Niceties, or have regard to Truth, I shall make this reply, That Falshood is so much the more commendable, by how much it more resembles Truth, and is the more pleasing the more it is doubtful and possible. Fabulous Tales ought to be suited to the Reader's Understanding, being so contriv'd, that all Impossibilities ceasing, all great Accidents appearing easy, and the Mind wholly hanging in suspence, they may at once surprize, astonish, please and divert ; so that Pleasure and Admiration may go hand in hand. This cannot be perform'd by him that flies from Probability and Imitation, which is the Perfection of what is written. I have not yet seen any Book of Knight-Errantry, that composes an entire Body of a Fable with all its Parts, so that the Middle is answerable to the Beginning, and the End to the Beginning and Middle ; but on the contrary, they form them of so many Limbs, that they rather seem to design a Chimera or Monster, than a well-proportion'd Figure. Besides all this, their Stile is uncouth, their Exploits incredible, their Love immodest, their Civility impertinent, their Battles tedious, their Language absurd, their Voyages and Journeyings preposterous ; and in short, they are altogether void of solid Ingenuity, and therefore fit to be banish'd a Christian Commonwealth, as useless and prejudicial." Cou'd there possibly be a stronger, or more judicious Satire against Writers of Knight Errantry ?

129. And then the particular Criticisms made by him on their respective Works were no less accurate than pleasant, as may be seen in the *Sixth Chapter* of his *First Part*, and in many more. (g) With how

Paulus was a Venetian, and a very great Traveller. He liv'd in the 13th Century, 1272. He had travell'd over Syria, Persia, and the Indies. An Account of his Travels has been printed, and one of his Books is intituled, *De Regionibus Orientis.* (g) Cb. 32. and 47.

much

much Artifice or Banter, if I may use that Word, does he explode the Stile of those who preceded him in this kind of Composition, by making *Don Quixote* say, that when the History of his famous Atchievements shall be given to the World, the learned Author will begin it thus: “ (b) Scarce had the ruddy-colour’d “ *Pbæbus* begun to spread the golden Tresses of his “ lovely Hair over the vast Surface of the earthly “ Globe, and scarce had those feather’d Poets of the “ Grove, the pretty painted Birds, tuned their little “ Pipes, to sing their early Welcomes in soft melo- “ dious Strains, to the beautiful *Aurora*, who having “ left her jealous Husband’s Bed, display’d her rosy “ Graces to mortal Eyes from the Gates and Bal- “ conies of the Horizon of *La Mancba*, when the re- “ nowned Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancba*, dis- “ daining soft Repose, forsook the voluptuous Down, “ and mounting his famous Steed *Rozinante*, enter’d “ the ancient and celebrated Plains of *Montiel*.

130. *Cervantes* exhibits so lively a Picture of the Vices of the Mind of other Writers, as well as of their Works, that nothing can be added to it. In the Preface to his First Part, which tho’ never so often read, has always the Charms of Novelty; with what a smile in his Countenance does he lash those who wanting Learning affect Erudition in the Margins of their Books, bursting themselves to appear learned: As if a variety of Quotations argu’d any thing more than a tumultuary confus’d reading, or the thumbing over a Common-place-book. Others as impertinently thrust their Citations into the Work it self, imagining that if they quote *Plato* or *Aristotle*, the Readers will be so foolish as to think they have read them. Others having scarce saluted the *Latin* Tongue, value themselves much upon their coming out now and then with their fine *Latin* Phrases. These *Don Quixotes* had a fling at, when upon an occasion of speaking to *Sancho Panza*, he bid him (i) not be concern’d at leaving *Rozinante* and *Dapple* there, for the Sage that was to car-
ry

by them thro' remote Ways and Regions of such Longitude, would be sure to take care they should want nothing. I understand not your Rations, quoth Sancho; nor have I ever heard such a Word as Lowndsy-chewd in all my Life. Regions, said Don Quixote, is the same with Countries: and Longitude means Length: I don't wonder thou dost not understand these Words, since thou art not oblig'd to understand Latin, tho' there are those that pretend to know much of it, whereas they know no more of the matter than thou dost. For this reason, Cervantes, who piqu'd himself on his being perfect Master of the Spanish Tongue, tho' not of the Latin, (which requires an Application and Exercise of many Years) brings in *Urganda the Unknown*, speaking to his Book, as if the Author, tho' thoroughly vers'd in the Spanish, refus'd to speak Latin, because he cou'd not do it so well as *John Latino*.

131. This *John Latino* was an *Ethiopian*, at first a Slave, and School-Fellow at the Grammar-School, with *Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova, Duke of Sessa*, Grandson of the Great Captain; and afterwards his Freed-man, and Master of the Latin School in the Church of *Granada*.

132. In like manner Cervantes ridicul'd the impertinent Remarks of Translators, when he wrote the subsequent Words: (1) *Cid Hamet, Compiler of this famous History, begins this Chapter with this Affeeration, I swear like a true Catholick*; which the Translator explains thus, *That Cid's swearing like a true Catholick, tho' he was a Moor, is no otherwise to be understood, than that as the Catholicks, when they swear, do or ought to swear the Truth, so did he, when he swore like a true Catholick, to be faithful in what he intended to write of Don Quixote*.

133. In another place, speaking of Don Quixote, he says: (m) *Some say his Surname was Quixada or Quesada, for Authors differ a little in this Particular: However we may reasonably conjecture he was call'd Quixada. By which, I fancy, Cervantes means to reflect on the Impertinence of many who are fondly solicitous*

(1) Part II. ch. 27. (m) Part I. ch. 1.

licitous to heap up various Readings, only to shew how ingenious they are at frivolous Conjectures.

134. These Writer's therefore, and such like, are those whom *Cervantes* reflects upon, when he says in his Preface they are very anxious to procure Approbations from their Friends, or to make them themselves, the better to satisfy their own Ambition of Applause. Tho' some grave, sober Writers, who know how great an Effect an extrinsec Authority will work upon half-witted People, do sometimes suffer themselves to be carry'd away either by a Thirst after Glory, or in Compliance with the Intreaties and Courtefy of their Friends, and are themselves the Coifers of the Encomiums that are made on their own Performances: As I suspect to have been the Case of Father *John de Mariana* in almost all his Works, and of *Cervantes* himself in his Second Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

135. Besides Writers, not ev'n Readers have been exempted from our Author's Censure. Among others I am not a little pleas'd with that he made on those who write down ridiculous Notes in the Margins of their Books, such as that marginal Note written in the *Arabian History*, which when expounded in *Spanish* ran thus: (n) *This Dulcinea del Toboso, so many times spoken of in this History, had the best Hand at powdering Pork, of any Woman in all La Mancha.*

136. Not only those who write and read amiss, met with his just Reprimands, but likewise those who speak amiss. And this I think he had an Eye to in those words of the *Biscayner*: (o) *Get gone thou Knight, and Devil go with thou; or by he who me create,— if thou do not leave Coach, I will kill thou, as sure as I is a Biscayner.* *Don Quixote*, who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this Answer. *Wert thou (p) a Knight or Gentleman, as thou art not, e'er this I would have chaffis'd thy Folly and Temerity, thou inconsiderable Mortal.* *What! me no Gentleman?* reply'd the *Biscayner*; *I swear you be*

(n) Part I. cb. 9. (o) Part I. cb. 8. (p) *Cavallero* in Spanish signifies a Gentleman as well as a Knight.

a Liar, as I be a Christian. If thou the Lance throw away, and thy Sword draw, thou shalt soon who and who see is together: I will of thee no more make than of Mouse does a Cat: * the Water we will soon see who will to the Cat carry: Biscayner by Land, Gentleman by Sea, Gentleman in spight of Devil, and thou lyest if thou Other sayest Thing. Here we plainly see how much a Language is disfigured, and the Sense confounded, by a transpos'd and disturb'd placing of the Words: a Fault common to all old Books written in Spanish, as more immediately succeeding to the Latin Origin: a Fault likewise which *Cervantes* himself is not free from in his *Galatea*; which yet may be avoided by following the Custom of speaking: But as this Custom is not founded on a perfect Analogy, but has for Rules many Irregularities, hence it proceeds that there's no speaking or writing with an exact Propriety, without having thoroughly study'd the Grammar of our Mother Tongue, as was the practice of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, Nations which spoke the best and most accurately of any in the whole World. But since this is not the Usage in *Spain*, there have been but very few that have written with Purity and Correctness.

137. I omit that *Cervantes* would likewise teach us by the Mouth of *Don Quixote*, that a Country or Province may have its Privileges and Immunities, without Distinction of Persons; and that true Nobility, in the Opinion of all Mankind, consists in Virtue, and that those will always be most glorious who make themselves illustrious by Worthy, Generous and Heroick Actions. Upon which Subject in another place, (q) he makes an excellent Discourse, shewing the difference between some Knights and Gentlemen, and other Knights and Gentlemen; as likewise upon Families, Descents and Lineages. And *Cid Hamet* laughs at the (pretended) Gentility of *Maristornes*, a common Ser-

* He would say, We shall soon see who will carry the Cat to the Water, (i. e. who will have the best on't.) *Span. Proverb.* (q) *Part II. ch. 6.*

Servant wench at an Inn, (r) And 'tis said of this good-natur'd Creature, that she never made such a Promise (as she had done to the Carrier of coming to Bed to him) but she perform'd it, tho' she had made the Promise in the midſt of a Wood and without any Witness at all. For she stood much upon her Gentility and being well-born, and tho' it was her Fortune to serve in an Inn, she thought it no Disgrace, ſince nothing but Crosses and Necessity had brought her to it.

138. Neither did Cervantes ſpare the Great Dons of his Time, tho' he rally'd them Covertly for their Neglect of, and Disregard they shew'd to, Men of Wit and Ingenuity. This Satire is very ſevere, and requires a particular attention. Cervantes admirably well ſets out a false Humaniſt (one whom we commonly call a *Pedant*) and makes him draw two (ſ) very pleafant Pictures of himſelf, in which he exhibits a moſt ridiculous Idea of his own Works: This occaſions *Don Quixote* to ſay; *But, under favour, Sir, pray tell me, ſhould you happen to get a License to publith your Books, which I ſomewhat doubt, Whom will you pitch upon for your Patrons?* *Oh, Sir, anſwer'd the Author, there are Lords and Grandees enow in Spain, ſure, that I may Dedicate to.* *Truly, not many, ſaid *Don Quixote*;* *there are, indeed, ſeveral whoſe Merits deserve the Praife of a Dedication, but very few whoſe Purſes will reward the Pains and Civility of the Author.* *I muſt confeſs, I know a Prince (a Compliment to *Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, Count of Lemos*) whoſe Generoſity may make amends for what is wanting in the reſt;* *and that to ſuch a degree that ſhould I make bold to come to Particulars, and ſpeak of his Great Merits, it would be enough to stir up Envy in many a noble Breast.* *Of long ſtanding therefore, and as it were hereditary, in Spain, is the little Notice taken of, or rather the Contempt ſhewn to great Writers.* *For which reaſon one has ſought for a *Mæceras* out of it: And another being aſkt, why he repented of having done honour*

to the Memory of so many Persons, made Answer: (t) Because they think, that the Celebrating their Praises is a Debt due to them, and that there's no Merit in doing one's Duty. They claim it as a Right, whereas it is certainly rather a Favour, and no small one neither. And therefore a certain Author took a prudent and a pleasant Course, when in the Second Edition of his Works, he put his Dedication among the Errata, and wrote, dele THE DEDICATION.

139. No less prudent has *Cervantes* shewn himself in Things of common Life. In *Sancho* he characterizes very naturally, all Talkative, Prating People, making him tell a Story exceedingly well adapted for representing the Idea of a troublesome Talker like those we meet with every Day. (u) And because in Company and Converse of Mankind, there is no greater Impertinence than that of a Ceremonious Person, who pretends to be more mannerly and well-bred than ordinary, the Aim of that Story is levell'd at the Error of those who fondly imagine the very Essence of good Manners, to consist in a strict Observance of such Fooleries.

140. Neither did *Cervantes* approve of Clergymen's holding it as they do in Noblemen's Families: and against this he made (x) a strenuous Sermon.

141. *Cervantes* was greatly offended at the Insolence of the Players of his Time, especially the King's Players, who were in such high Favour at Court, and had such Interest in Great Men's Families, that they wou'd sometimes commit Murder, and yet go unpunisht, insomuch that they were become a publick Nuisance. (y) He accordingly sets 'em forth in their proper Colours.

142. Neither did the Distribution of Governments and Offices of Judicature go uncensured by our Author. And therefore he makes *Don Quixote* say, (for none but a Madman or an Ideot dare to say such Things) We (z) are convinced by a variety of Instances that neither

(t) *Gracian* in *El Criticón*. Parte III. Cris. 6. (u) Part II. cb. 31. (x) *Ibid.* (y) Part II. cb. 11. (z) Part II. cb. 32.

ther Learning nor any other Abilities are very material to a Governor. Have we not a Hundred of them that can scarce read a Letter, and yet they Govern as sharp as so many Hawks. Their main Business is only to mean well, and to resolve to do their best; for they can't want able Counsellors to instruct them. Thus those Governors who are Men of the Sword, and no Scholars, have their Assessors on the Bench to direct them. My Counsel to Sancho shall be, that he neither take Bribes, nor lose his Privileges, with some other little Instructions, which I have in my Head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both to his private Advantage, and the Publick Good of the Island he is to Govern. In this *Don Quixote* alludes to the two Instructions which he intended to give, and did afterwards give *Sancho Panza*: one of a Political or Publick Nature for the well Governing his Island; (a) and the other Oeconomical for Governing his own Person and Family; both of 'em highly worthy to be read and practis'd by every good Governor and Father of a Family. And now I'm speaking of Governors, I can't but take notice of what *Sancho* said when (b) they were talking with the Dutchess, what they shou'd do with Dapple, whether he shou'd be left behind or go along with his Master *Sancho* to his Government, *Adad, Madam*, said *Sancho*, I have known more Asses than one go to Governments before now, therefore 'twill be no new Thing for me to carry mine. The same *Sancho* (c) argues very shrewdly in the Matter of Hunting, which he denys to be fit for any but idle Companions, and not at all for Governors who should be better employ'd, confirming his Opinion by natural reason, the same which mov'd the wise King *Alphonso* to say, (d) That be ought not (speaking of a King) to be at such Expences in Hunting as to make him less able to do the Good be ought, nor to indulge himself so much in that Pastime, as to hinder his minding National Affairs.

143. It wou'd swell to a large Volume, were we to display at full the true Reason and Ground of this Fictitious History ; and yet more, if we were to speak of some Persons who believe themselves characteriz'd in the Mysterious part thereof. But since *Cervantes* was so cautious as to shroud his Ideas under the Vail of Fiction ; let us leave those Constructions to the Curious Observations of the Readers : and let us follow the advice of *Urganda the Unknown*, *Not to pry into other Peoples Lives, but to pass by without Stopping when we come to a Place we can't see or make our way through.*

144. Only as for what concerns *Don Quixote*, I can't pass over in silence that they are very much mistaken who take *Don Quixote de la Mancha* to be a Representation of *Charles the Vth*, without any other Foundation than their fancying it to be so, or their desiring it should be so. *Cervantes* revered, as he ought, the Memory of a Prince of so many and such Heroick Virtues ; and he oftentimes mentions him with the greatest Respect. No less mistaken are such as imagine our Author, to have drawn, in *Don Quixote*, the Picture of *Don Francisco Gomez de Sandoval i Roxas*, then Duke of *Lerma*, afterwards Cardinal-Priest, with the Title of *San Sixto*, by election of *Paul V.* the 26th of *March, 1618*. This Thought I say is by no means to be credited ; -for the Duke of *Lerma* being then Prime Minister, *Cervantes* wou'd not have dared to have made so flagrant a Mockery of him, which might have cost him so dear ; nor wou'd he have dedicated the Second Part of it to the *Condé de Lemos*, an intimate Friend of the Duke's.

145. To go about to speak of the Translations which have been made of the History of *Don Quixote*, would be enlarging too much on this Subject. I shall only say, in order to satisfy in some measure the Curiosity of the Readers, that *Lorenzo Fran. tofini*, a Florentine, a Man that greatly lov'd and well deserv'd of the *Spanish Tongue*, translated it into *Italian*, and published it at *Venice*, Anno 1622, omitting the Verses, which

which being afterwards done by *Alexandro Adimaro*, a Florentine likewise, he a second Time publish'd the same Translation, at *Venice*, Anno 1625, in 8vo. printed for *Andrés Baba*. I owe this Knowledge to *Don Nicbolas Antonio*, and read it in his *Apuntamientos Manuscritos* (his Manuscript Notes) where he says he had received his Information from *Florence*, from his Friend *Antonio Magliabequi*. The same History was translated into *French*, and publish'd at *Paris* in 1678, in 2 Vol. in 12ves. afterwards in *English* and other Languages. But there's as much Difference between the Original and the Translations, as between real Life and a Picture. *Don Quixote* said, nor did he say amiss: (e) *That Translating out of one Language into another, unless it be out of the learned Tongues, the Greek and Latin, is just like looking on the wrong side of a Flemish Tapestry, where tho' the Figures may be seen, yet are they full of Threads and Ends which bide their Beauty, that appears with Plainness and Smoothness on the other Side.* He added, *That translating out of easy Languages argues neither Wit nor Stile, no more than Copying out of one Paper into another:* As for the latter Part of this Period relating to Translating out of Easy Languages, this must be understood of those Books whose chief perfection consists not in Stile, for when the Beauty of Diction runs thro' a whole Work so conspicuously and advantageously as in this of *Don Quixote*, it is impossible for a Translation to keep up to the Original. It may not be amiss, upon this occasion, to relate a true Story. It is well known in *England* how ingenious and celebrated a Poet Mr. *Row* was. He went one Day to pay his Court to the Earl of *Oxford*, Lord High Treasurer of *England*, who askt him if he understood *Spanish* well? He answer'd, No, he did not; but, thinking that his Lordship might intend to send him into *Spain* on some Honourable Commission, he presently added, that in a short Time he did not doubt he shou'd be able both to understand it and speak it: The Earl approving of what he.

G 4

said,

(e) Part II. cb. 62.

said, Mr. Row took his leave, and immediately retired out of Town to a private Country-Farm. As he was a Person of quick Parts, within a few Months he learn't the *Spaniſh Tongue*, and then waited again on the Earl, to give him an account of his Diligence. My Lord asking him if he was sure he understood it thoroughly, and Mr. Row answering in the Affirmative, the Earl burst into an Exclamation: *How Happy are You, Mr. Row, that can enjoy the pleasure of Reading and Understanding the History of Don Quixote in the Original!* The Poet remained no less confounded at these Words, than the Memory of *Cervantes* was honoured by them. †

146. While *Cervantes* was preparing the Continuation of the History of *Don Quixote*, he diverted himself in writing some *Novels*, which he publish'd under this Title, *Exemplary Novels of Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, printed at Madrid, by John de la Cuesta, Anno 1613. in 4to.*

147. There are twelve of these *Novels*: and their Titles are: * *THE LITTLE GIPSEY.* *THE LIBERAL LOVER.* *RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO.* *THE SPANISH-ENGLISH LADY.* *THE GLASS DOCTOR.* *THE FORCE OF BLOOD.* * *THE JEALOUS ESTREMADURAN.* *THE ILLUSTRIOUS SERVANT-MAID.* *THE TWO MAIDEN LADIES.* *THE LADY CORNELIA.* * *THE DECEITFUL MARRIAGE.* * *THE DIALOGUE OF THE DOGS.*

148. *Cervantes* was so justly satisfy'd with these *Novels*, (some of which, such as *RINCONETE* and *CORTADILLO*, and others, he had written some Years before) (f) that in his Dedication of them to the *Count de Lemos*, he goes so far as to say: *Your Excellency will please to be informed that I send you, (tho' I don't love Tale-bearing) twelve TALES, which if they had not been coin'd in the Mint of my Brain, might presume*

to

† Mr. Row shou'd have writ another Farce call'd the *Biter*, and dedicated it to my Lord: and seen what that wou'd have done.

¶ Those Markt with a * were translated and publish'd some Years ago by the Translator of this Life.

(f) Part I. ch. 47.

to place themselves upon a level with the Best. But it is very proper to relate here what Cervantes propos'd by these Novels, in order to judge the better of the Censure passed on them by the Arragonian writer.

149. After Cervantes had said, that if in the History of *Don Quixote*, he had solicited Pompous Commendatory Verses, it had fared better with him, he goes on thus: *And therefore I tell thee (once more amiable Reader) that of these NOVELS which I now offer thee, thou canst in no wise make a Ragoo of Gibblets; because they have neither Feet, nor Head, nor Inwards, nor any Thing like 'em.* I mean, that the Amorous Expressions which thou wilst find in some of 'em, are so chaste, so innocent, so temper'd with Rational and Christian-like Discourse, that they cannot raise either in the unwary or wary Reader, the least corrupt Ideas. I call 'em EXEMPLARY, and, if thou mindest it, there is not any one of them from whence there may not be drawn some USEful Example. And were it not for fear of being Prolix, I wou'd shew thee the Savoury and Wholesome Fruit that may be gathered, either from each of them separately, or from all of 'em together. My Intention has been to set before the Publick a Truck-Table whereon every one may Play, without danger of the Bars; I mean without danger either to the Soul or Body: for lawful and agreeable Exercises rather do Good than Hurt. They certainly do; for People are not always at Church. They are not always in their Oratories; always upon their Knees. Neither are they always engag'd in Business, however great their Abilities may be. There are Times of Recreation wherein the tired Mind must rest itself, and the exhausted Spirits be recruited. For this purpose are Groves planted, Fountains set a running, Hills levell'd, and Gardens curiously cultivated. One thing I may safely affirm, that if I thought that the reading these Novels wou'd excite any evil Desire or Thought in the Breast of the Reader, I wou'd sooner have had my Hand cut off than have published them. It does not suit one of my Years to make a Jest of the other World; being now on the wrong Side of Sixty-four. To this Work, as I was prompted by In-

elation, so I set every Engine of my Fancy at work to make it please; and I'm not a little proud to say I am the first that ever writ Novels in the Spanish Tongue; for, of all the innumerable Novels which are printed in Spanish, there's not one but what's translated out of other Languages; whereas these are entirely my own Invention, not borrow'd, imitated, or stoln from Foreigners or Natives. My Fancy begot 'em; my Pen brought 'em forth, and in the Arms of the Press they are now to receive their Growth Only take this along with thee, gentle Reader, that as I have taken the liberty to dedicate these Novels to the Great Condé de Lemos, they contain a certain hidden Mystery, which enhances their Value. This Mystery is a Mystery to me, 'tis a Secret I cannot arrive at: Let those decypher it who can. As for all the rest we clearly understand the Motive Cervantes had to call his Novels by the name of Exemplary. Notwithstanding all this, the Slanderous Arragonian began his Prologue or Preface in this Manner: *The whole History of Don Quixote being as it were a Comedy, it neither can nor ought to go without a PROLOGUE: And therefore this Second Part of his Achievements is ushered in by One not so Cackling, nor Affronting to the Reader, as that which Michael de Cervantes Säavedra prefixt to his first Part, and of a much more bumble Nature than that with which he seconded it in his NOVELS, which are rather Satirical than Exemplary.*

150. Let us not mind his bestowing on a Preface so justly admir'd the Epithet of Cackling, thereby comparing his Impertinence with Cervantes's excellent Performance. Neither let us heed his talking of Cervantes's affronting his Readers in a Prologue, wherein there's not the least Word said against 'em. What vext this Envious Man was Cervantes's saying he was the first that invented and writ Novels in the Spanish Tongue. Let's hear what *Louis Gaitan de Voxmediana* says: In the Preface to his Translation of the First Part of the hundred Novels of M. John Baptist Giraldo Cinthio, printed at Toledo by Pedro Rodriguez, Anno 1590. in 4to. speaking of Novels strictly such, that

is to say, if I take him right, certain *Fictions of Love-adventures*, written in Prose and artfully contriv'd to divert and instruct the Readers, according to the learned *Huetius*'s definition; he proceeds thus: *Altho' hitherto this sort of Books have been but little known in Spain for want of translating those of Italy and France; yet it may not be long e'er somebody will take a fancy to Translate 'em for their Diversion, nay perhaps, since they see 'em so much admir'd Abroad, they may do what no Spaniard ever yet attempted; that is, compose Novels of their own. Which if once they bend their Minds to, they will perform better than either the French or Italians, especially in so fortunate an Age as the present.* And it fell out accordingly; for Cervantes wrote some Novels with that Ingenuity, Wit, Judgment and Elegance as may vie with the Best, not confining the name of Novel to Amorous Fables; but taking for his Subject any Thing that is capable of diverting his Readers Minds without endangering their Morals.

Lope de Vega was so far from contradicting this, that he before had commended the Invention, Graces and Style of Cervantes, when in his Dedication to his First Novel he said: *Here (in Spain) are Books of Novels, some translated from the Italians, and others of Spanish Growth; in which Michael Cervantes has not been deficient either in matter of Style or Beautiful Sentiments.* But because this very same thing spoke by Cervantes in the Simplicity of his Heart, rais'd the Envy of the Detractor, he tax'd his Preface as arrogant and assuming; and his Novels as more Satirical than Exemplary, alluding, doubtless, to those two Novels *The Glass Doctor (LICENCIADO VIDRIERA)* and the two Dogs (*Los PERROS, SCIPIO i BRAGANZA*) of which the latter merited the Approbation of Peter Daniell *Huetius*, (g) than whom France never produc'd a more learned Man; and the former, if I judge aright, is the very Text from whence *Quixada* took the Hints of his Satirical Lectures against all sorts of Men.

Lastly,

(g) *Letter of the Origin of Romances.*

151. Lastly, as for intituling the *Novels*, *Exemplary*, to speak my Mind freely, I shou'd not have call'd them by that Name; and in this I have the Concurrence of *Lope de Vega*, who in concluding his Commendation of *Cervantes's Novels*, adds: (b) *I confess they are Books of excellent Entertainment, and might have been Exemplary, as some of Valdolo's Histories: but then they should have been over-look'd by some learned Men, or at least old Courtiers, experienced in Affairs, and conversant in Aphorisms and notable Sentences.* But in order to pass a Censure on the Title which *Cervantes* gave his *NOVELS*, it was necessary to prove that it was not suitable thereto. But this was not an Undertaking for our *Arragonian Censurer*, who ought to have observ'd *Cervantes's Explanation*, and have taken this short Lesson of Master *Alexio Venegas*: (i) *Recapitulating* (says he) *these three Species of Fables, I say that the Mythologic Fable is a Discourse, which with pompousness of Language sets forth some Secret of Nature or Piece of History. The Apologic is an Exemplary Figure of Discourse, wherein the Intention of the Fabulist must appear to be the Instituting of Good Morals. The Milelian Fable is a vain and idle Raving without any Edification either of Virtue or Learning, and contriv'd purely to amuse and besot those of a shallow Judgment or lewd Inclinations.* Now *Cervantes*, leaving the *Mythologic Fable* to the ancient Poets; and the *Milelian* to shameless abandon'd Writers, Ancient and Modern; pitch'd upon the *Apologic or Exemplary*. And that this may be fully understood, let us again hear this half-witted Reprover, who may perhaps give us Occasion to defend *Cervantes* with something new. *Let him*, (says he, speaking of *Cervantes*) *content himself with his (k) Galatea, and his Comedies in Prose; for these are the utmost of his Novels: and let him cease to tire our Patience any longer.* That *COMEDIES* should be written in *Prose*, is no Wonder; for the *Greek and Latin*

152. *to the first Exposition of Momus, Conclus. 2. Latin.*

(b) *Dedication of his First Novel to Senora Maria Leonarda.*
 (i) *In his Exposition of Momus, Conclus. 2.* (k) *In his Preface before cited.*

Latin ones are almost all of 'em written in *Iambic Verse*, so much resembling Prose, as oftentimes to be scarce distinguishable from it. And the best Comedies we have in *Spain*, namely *THE CELESTINA*, and *EUPHROSINA* are both written in Prose. Of the *CELESTINA* the learned Author of the *Dialogue of the Languages* says, that excepting some Words improperly used, and some other *Latin* ones, it is his Opinion, *There's no Book written in the Spanish Tongue, wherein the Language is more natural, more proper, or more elegant.* And since him, *Cervantes* has said, (1) that it was a *Book in his Opinion Divine, had it spoke more covertly of Things Human:* Both of 'em Judgments, which according to mine, totally quadrate likewise with *THE EUPHROSINA*. However, I can't but own that amidst the Purity of Stile in this latter, there are Abundance of Pedantic Allusions which greatly cloy the Taste of the Readers.

152. That Novels shou'd be Comedies, is not much; since a Novel being a Fable, it is necessary it shou'd be some one of the Species of Fable, and in my Judgment it may be any of 'em, as may be observ'd in the subsequent Induction; wherein I shall make use of the Examples of *Cervantes* so far as they reach the Case, to the intent that it may be seen that he was a perfect Master in almost all the Species or Kinds of Fabulous Composition.

153. All **FABLE** is Fiction, and all Fiction is Narration, either of Things which have not happen'd, but were possible and might have happen'd; or of Things which never happen'd, nor were possible to happen. If the Narration is of Things merely possible, and due Regard be had to the Likeness and Proportion between the Thing feigned and the Thing design'd to be inculcated, it is call'd a **PARABLE**, of which the Holy Writings are full, as likewise the Book compos'd by the *Infante Don John Manuel* in his incomparable **CONDE LUCANOR**. And if we regard the Invention, it is call'd a **NOVEL**: a Name which in this Signification

(1) In the Verses of the *Ros Entrevigado* prefixed to *Don Quixote*.

tion is not very ancient in Spain. But if the Narration is of impossible Things, it is call'd an APOLOGUE, such as the FABLES of AÆSOP and of PHÆDRUS. In which sort of Composition we are to take notice, that tho' the *Hypothesis* be impossible, when once its Agents or Parties are suppos'd to exist, the Propriety and Customs of the Persons feign'd must be observed with Verisimilitude, keeping close to the Nature of Things throughout the whole. This Invention is of so great Use and Benefit, that we find it practis'd in the Holy Scripture: for in the (m) *Book of Judges* we read that the Trees held a Consultation to chuse a King over them. Some of whom refus'd to accept of the Royalty: The Olive-Tree, because he would not leave his Fatness; the Fig-Tree, because he would not forsake the Sweetness of his Fruit; the Vine, because he would not leave his Wine, which was so cheering: But when the Trees came to the Bramble and made the same Offer, the Bramble not only accepted of it, but threaten'd, in case they did not make him King, he wou'd set fire to the Cedars of Lebanon. We likewise read in the *Fourth Book of Kings*, (n) that Jeboash King of Israel sent to Amaziah King of Judah, that he should content himself with the Victories he had obtained, and tarry at home and not meddle any further to his hurt, for fear That should befall him which had befallen the Thistle which sent to the Cedar that was in Lebanon, demanding his Daughter in Marriage for his (the Thistle's) Son: and at the time that he was making this Proposaf, pass'd by a wild Beast that was in Lebanon, and trod down the Thistle, whilst with so much Arrogance he was aspiring to be joint Father-in-law with the Cedar. This being suppos'd, we may hold for an Apologue THE NOVEL OF THE DOGS, wherein Cervantes introduces an agreeable Dialogue between Scipio and Braganza, two Dogs belonging to the Resurrection Hospital at Valladolid.

154. As for NOVELS, specially so call'd; they are compos'd either of Things merely possible, as almost all

(m) Chap. IX. ver. 8;

(n) Chap. XII. v. 3.

all of 'em are; or of real Accidents, as the NOVEL OF THE CAPTIVE does in a great Measure, and so Cervantes says himself. (o) But then the Plot and Unravelling is not true, for therein consists the NOVEL or FABLE.

155. The Feigning of Things possible, either proposes the Imitation of a perfect Idea, the best that can be conceiv'd according to the illustrious Actions which are to be heighten'd and made grand; or an Idea of Civil Life, that may more easily be reduced to Practice; or else of the Defects of Nature or of the Mind, whether to reprehend them, or to ridicule them, or to recommend them to Imitation; for the Malignity of human Wit and the Profligacy of some Men's Principles will not stick even to go that Length.

156. If the FABLE proposes a very perfect Idea, it is call'd EPOPEYA, which represents in a florid, majestick and sublime Manner the glorious Actions of Persons eminent in the Arts of Peace or War, with a View to excite Admiration in the Readers Minds, and to prompt them to imitate such Heroick Virtues. Homer's ILIAD and ODYSSE'E are of this nature.

157. Antonius Diogenes, who, as Photius (p), the Patriarch of Constantinople, conjectures, lived not long after Alexander the Great, wrote a Novel of the Travels and Loves of Dinias and Dercilis, which is a visible Imitation of Ulysses's Travels and Amours with Calypso. The Novel of the Æthiopicks, Written by Heliodorus Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, was likewise, an Imitation of Homer's ODYSSE'E; as well as the Amours of Clitophon and Leucippé less chaste than the other: Its Author was Achilles Tatius, who, according to Suidas, was also a Bishop. And that our Age might not be without a Novelist in Homer's manner, M. Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, wrote with wonderful Ingenuity in a Poetic Stile, The Adventures of Telemachus. Lastly, (not to depart from Cervantes) THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA are clearly an Imitation of Homer's ODYSSE'E and Heliodorus's ÆTHIOPICS, which

(o) Part I. cb. 38. at the End. (p) In Bibliotheca.

which *Cervantes* intended to vie with; and as he made it the Object of his Competition, so in my Opinion he had excelled it, if he had not, out of the overflowing of his Wit, intermingled so many Episodes which disfigure and drown the Constitution and Proportion of the Members of the principal Fable. But then this very Fault has a singular Prerogative and Advantage, which is, that many of these Episodes are so many TRAGEDIES, where the Action is One, and the Person Illustrious, and the Stile suitable to the Grandeur of the Action, and nothing wanting to the Composition of a complete Tragedy, but a Dramatick Disposition, the *Chorus* and the *Apparatus* of the Scenery.

158. THE FABLE OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA imitates the ILIAD: That is to say, if *Anger* be a Species of *Madness*, in which Case I make no difference between Achilles *Angry* and Don Quixote *Mad*. As the ILIAD is an Heroick Fable writ in Verse, so the NOVEL OF DON QUIXOTE is one in Prose, for *Epicks may be as well writ in Prose as in Verse*, as (*q*) *Cervantes* says himself.

159. If a NOVEL proposes an Idea of Civil-Life with its artificial Plot and ingenious Solution, it is a Play, and such I take to be almost all *Cervantes's Novels*; and many of them have been turned into Plays and really acted upon the Stage, after being put into a Theatrical Form.

160. If the Life which a NOVEL represents is Pastoral, it will be called ECLOGUE with all the propriety of Speech that can be: And so *Cervantes* called his GALATEA. Let us now see how well the ignorant Arragonian's Words will square. *Let him* (says he speaking of *Cervantes*,) *be content with his GALATEA, and his PLAYS in Prose, for these are the utmost of his NOVELS*. I am very certain his Oracle *Lopè de Vega* would not have said this, since in his Dedication of the Novel *Desdichado Por La Honra* (Unfortunate for being Honourable) He has declared it to be his Opinion, that NOVELS have the same Precepts as PLAYS.

If

(*q*) Part II, ch. 47. at the End.

161. If Manners are chafized with an open Acrimony and a great severity of Temper, the NOVEL will be a SATIRE, as LA GITANILLA (*The little Gypſie*;) RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO, (Two Scoundrels, so call'd;) THE GLASS-DOCTOR, and THE DOGS SCIPIO AND BRAGANZA, which are four most ingenious Satires, resembling, as one may well guess, those composed by *Varro*, intituled MENIPPEAN, in reference to *Menippus* a Cynick Philosopher handling very solemn Matters in a merry waggish Stile. THE LITTLE GYPſIE is a disclosure and reprehension of the Ways and Manners of Gypsies, no better than Thieves and Robbers, (r) always prosecuted but never destroyed. RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO, is a Satyrical Representation of the Thievish Life, especially that of Cut-purses; which we (Spaniards) call *Gatuna* (*Cattifh.*) The LICENCIADO VIDRIERA, (*Glass-Doctor*) is a Censure, in general, of all Vices whatever. THE NOVEL OF THE DOGS is an Inveſtive against the abuses which are in the Profession of various Trades, Businesses, and Employments.

162. If the Manners, Customs or Actions are exhibited in a ridiculous Light, the NOVEL becomes then an ENTREMES, (an Interlude, or Entertainment as we now call 'em) of which kind of Composition, as I will shew in its due Place and Time, Cervantes has left us eight Pieces, and in the Four NOVELS just now named, there's a good deal of this; and even in DON QUIXOTE likewise.

163. Of the lewd Models or Patterns of the Vices, representing them as agreeable and pleasing, as is said, to have been done by the ancient and well lost SIBARITICK NOVELS, and is still seen in the MILESIAN, *Cervantes*

(r) *Salteadòr*, is the Spanish Word, and means a Highwayman, from Saltare to Leap, Stevens says, because they come unexpected as if they leap'd on a Man. I am inclin'd to think the Word comes from Saltus, as that Word signifies a Forest or Thick Wood, where such People harbour. I hope the Reader will excuse this Piece of Pedantry as some may think it. The reason of my inserting this suppos'd derivation of mine will appear presently.

Cervantes would not leave us any Example, because it cou'd have been no good one.

164. But that we may not want any Idea of the **FABULA** (s) **SALTICA** (*Saltick Fable*) if we may call by that Name, that which is said to have been invented or at least made use of by our (t) Countryman *Lucan*; *Cervantes* has left it us in his **LITTLE GYPSY**, &c. as he has also done of the **FABULA PSALTICA**, (u) which we may call **CANTICLES**, or, (if you will) **Sing-song Fables**; of which kind, our Author had composed (as he tells us himself in his *Voyage to Parnassus*) an infinite Number; among which many must certainly have been answerable to the greatness of his Wit and Genius; and I could my self point out some incomparable good ones: particularly that which begins *En la Corte està Cartes*, is in my Mind vastly pretty.

165. A skilful Inventor, like *Cervantes*, knows how to make an agreeable mixture of all these Species of Fables, as well with Regard to the Characters of the Persons, and the Manners, as in respect of the Stile, by appropriating it to the Subject treated of. And hereto alluded the Canon of *Toledo*, that is, *Cervantes* himself, when he said: (x) " Notwithstanding all the harm he had spoken of those Books (Romances or Novels) yet he found one good Thing in them, which was, the Subject they furnish a Man of Understanding with to exercise his Parts, because they allow a large scope for the Pen to dilate without any Check, describing Ship-wrecks, Storms, Skirmishes and Battles; representing " ing

(s) I don't remember to have met with this *Fabula Saltica* before now. I suppose as *Saltus* means a *Wood* or *Forest*, so *Saltica* may signify the same as *Sylvatica* a *Forest Fable*, or a *Fable* relating to such as live a *Vagrant Life in Forests*, like the *Gypsies*, who are the Subject of *Cervantes*'s *Novel* of the *Little Gypsy*. *Lucan* wrote several Books (which are lost) call'd, some say, *Sylvæ*, others *Laureæ*; and these are what this Spanish Biographer must mean by *Fabula Saltica*, not a dancing *Fable*, from *Saltare*. (t) *Lucan* the Author of the *Pharsalia* was born at *Corduba* in Spain. (u) From the Latin or rather Greek *Psallo* to sing, or play on an Instrument. (x) Part I. cb. 47. and 48.

“ ing to us a Brave Commander, with all the Quali-
“ fications requisite in such a one, shewing his Pru-
“ dence in disappointing the Designs of the Enemy,
“ his Eloquence in persuading or dissuading his Sol-
“ diers, his judgment in Council, his Celerity in Exe-
“ cution, and his Valour in Assailing, or repulsing an
“ Assault ; laying before us sometimes a dismal and
“ melancholy Accident, sometimes a delightful and
“ unexpected Adventure ; in one Place, a beautiful,
“ modest, discrete and reserv'd Lady ; in another, a
“ Christian-like, brave and courteous Gentleman ;
“ here, a boisterous, inhuman, boasting Ruffian ; there,
“ an affable, warlike and wise Prince ; lively expres-
“ sing the Fidelity and Loyalty of Subjects, Genero-
“ sity and Bounty of Sovereigns. He may no less, at
“ Times, make known his Skill in Astrology, Cos-
“ mography, Music and Policy ; and, if he pleases, he
“ cannot want an Opportunity of appearing knowing
“ even in Necromancy. He may describe the subtily
“ of *Ulysses* ; the Piety of *Æneas* ; the Valour of
“ *Achilles* ; the Misfortunes of *Hector* ; the Tre-
“ chery of *Sinon* ; the Friendship of *Euryalus* ; the
“ Liberality of *Alexander* ; the Bravery of *Cæsar* ;
“ the Clemency and Sincerity of *Trajan* ; the Fide-
“ lity of *Zopyrus* ; the Prudence of *Cato* ; and, in fine,
“ all those Actions which make up a complete Hero,
“ sometimes attributing them all to one Person, and
“ other Times dividing them among many. This be-
“ ing so perform'd in a grateful Style, and with inge-
“ nious Invention, approaching as much as possible to
“ Truth, will doubtless compose so beautiful and va-
“ rious a Work, that, when finisht, its Excellency and
“ Perfection must attain the best End of Writing,
“ which is at once to Delight and Instruct, as I have
“ said before ; for the loose Method practis'd in these
“ Books, gives the Author Liberty to play the Epick,
“ the Lyrick, and the Dramatick Poet, and to run
“ thro' all the other Parts of Poetry and Rhetorick ;
“ for Epicks may be as well writ in Prose as in Verse.
“ You are much in the right, Sir, reply'd the Curate ;
“ and therefore those who have hitherto publish'd
“ Books

“ Books of that kind, are the more to be blam’d, for
 “ having had no Regard to good Sense, Art, or
 “ Rules ; by the observation of which, they might
 “ have made themselves as famous in Prose, as the
 “ Two Princes of Greek and Latin Poetry are in
 “ Verse. I must confess said the Canon, (*who by the
 “ way is Cervantes himself as I have already said*) I
 “ was once tempted to write a Book of Knightly Ad-
 “ ventures myself, observing all those Rules ; and to
 “ speak the Truth, I writ above a hundred Pages,
 “ which for a better Tryal, whether they answered
 “ my Expectation, I communicated to some Learned
 “ and Judicious Men fond of those Subjects, as well
 “ as to some of those ignorant Persons, who only are
 “ delighted with Extravagancies ; and they all gave
 “ me a satisfactory Approbation.”

Among these ignorant Persons he must not have consulted the *Arragonian* Censurer, who would have considered that he who knew so well the Precepts of the Art of Novel-writing, when once he took Pen in Hand, wou’d not fail to comport himself accordingly. In my Judgment, *Cervantes’s NOVELS* are the best that ever were written in *Spain* ; as well in Regard to the sharpness and liveliness of Invention, and the Charity of Manners, as for the Art wherewith they are dispos’d, and the propriety and sweetnes of Stile with which they are written.

166. A Year after his NOVELS, he publish’d a small Book with this Title, A VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS. *Written by Michael de Cervantes Saavedra : Dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, Knight of St. IAGO, &c. &c. Printed at Madrid by the Widow of Alonso Martin. Anno 1614 in 8vo.*

167. *Cervantes* was not a little proud of this Performance. For my Part, I think it rather Witty than Agreeable ; not that I’ll presume to call the Author a bad Poet, as *Don Stephen Manuel de Villegas* does, in an Epistle to Doctor *Bartholomeo de Argensola* : (y).

Thou, in the Conquest of Mount-Helicon,
 Shalt, better than *Cervantes* far, make One :

Nor.

(y) In the *Eroticks, Elegia. 7.*

Nor shall that Poetafter, for his Vein
Of Quixotry, the Laurel'd Honours gain :

In which he alludes to *Cervantes's* saying, (x) that the Two Brothers *Leonardoes*, *Lupercio* and *Bartholomeo*, did not go to *Parnassus* to give Battle to the bad Poets, because they were taken up at *Naples* in attending upon the *Condé de Lemos*. *Villegas* therefore wrested *Cervantes's* meaning to a wrong Sense, by converting into Satire the Circumstance of those Great Wits not appearing at *Parnassus*; whereas They themselves were no doubt well pleas'd that this turn'd out to the Honour of the Nobleman their Protector: especially knowing how *Cervantes* had set a just value on their Merit before; having, when they were yet but Young, greatly commended them in his (a) *Galatea*, and afterwards in the same *Voyage to Parnassus*, so far as to say that in the very Crisis of the Battle,

*Apollo, now being put upon the Fret,
Determin'd his Last Stake of Pow'r to set,
And quell, with one important final Blow,
The obstinate Contention of the Foe.*

*A Poem, of a most Refined Strain
The Crucible of Bartholomeo's Brain
Had late produc'd: Religion was its Theme:
This did not, an Effectless Weapon, seem
To Phœbus. There, where the Grand Struggle lay,
Sent by the God, the Missive cut its Way:
All Opposition falls before it strait,
Soon as these Words the Warriors contemplate.*

(b) Turn thy Eyes inward for a-while, my Soul, &c.

168. And that which is most to be admir'd (in proof of the Rectitude of *Cervantes's* Judgment) is, his having spoke so much to the Advantage of the two *Leonardoes*, at a Time when he had Cause of Complaint against them, for not doing him the good Offices they had promis'd him, with the *Condé de Lemos*. (c) *Don Stephen Manuel de Villegas* knew all this, and yet, in Flattery to *Bartholomeo Leonardo*, wrencht

(x) *Voyage to Parnassus*, cb. 3. (a) Lib. 6. (b) The first Line of a Divine Poem, written by Doctor Bartholomè Leonardo de Argensola. (c) *Voyage to Parnassus*, cb. 3.

wrencht *Cervantes's* Thought awry; and making a Comparison of one and t'other, gave *Bartholomeo* the Preference. Of which Censure 'tis impossible to make a right Judgment, unless we speak with Distinction, according to the several Species of Poesy. For instance, in the Versification of the *Arte Menor*, the Judgment and Weight of *Hernan Perez de Guzman*, and D. *George Manrique* is Marvellous; as well as the Wit, Good-sense, and Graces of *Don John Manuel*, *Hernan Megia*, *Gomez Manrique*, *Louis Bivero*, *Suarez*, the Commandary *Avila*, *Don Diego de Mendoza*, and a great many more, whose Thoughts were extremely bright, and their Language and Expressions no less delightful than noble. The Festivity of *Castellejo* is admirable; so is the Urbanity of *Luis Galvez de Montalvo*; the Diction of all these, is chaste, intelligible, and in all respects Agreeable. *Garci-lafso de la Vega*, is the sole Master of Eclogue. Comedy and Tragedy, I speak of Elsewhere. Of Lyric Poetry, the Prince was, he that was so (i. e. the Titular Prince) of *Ezquielacho*, *Don Francisco de Borgia*, who yet, in point of Erudition, came short of *Don Luis de Gongora*; but tho' he versify'd finely and indeed inimitably, yet cou'd not equal him in the Observation of Art and Purity of Style. Satire and Heroick Poesy began late in Spain. Doctor *Bartholomeo Leonardo de Argensola* in the former (i. e. Satire) was a strict Observer of the niceties of Art, as being exceeding well vers'd in the three Latin Satirists, *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Perfius*, whom he rather copy'd than imitated. *Don Francisco de Quevedo* was less observant of Art, and was freer and indeed more licentious in his Reprehensions. In every Thing he discover'd a Masterly Wit: But in his *Satyrical and Censorious Epistle against the present Manners of the Spaniards written to Don Gaspar de Guzman*, *Condé de Olivarez*, he lets us know that had he given a Loose to his natural Genius, he had out-gone the greatest Satirists that the World had ever produced. As for Heroick Poetry, I chuse rather to give *Cervantes's* Judgment than my own. He introduces the Bachelor *Sampson Curasco* speaking of the Famous

Famous Poets of Spain, and makes him say, (d) *That there were but Three and a Half in all.* And who these Three and a Half were, Cervantes himself shall tell us. As the Curate and Barber were making a Search into *Don Quixote's Library*, *Here comes Threes more for ye*, (quoth the Barber) (e) *The Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla*; *The Austriada of John Rufo*, *one of the Magistrates of Cordova*; *and the Monserrate of Christopher de Virvès*, a Valentian Poet. *These*, cry'd the Curate, *are the best Heroick Poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy.* *Reserve 'em as the most valuable Performances which Spain has to boast of in Poetry.* By the Half-Poet, I take Cervantes to mean Himself; for, in the Person of *Don Quixote*, he said of himself: (f) *The Author of this Sonnet, to speak Truth, seems to be a tolerable good Poet, or I've but little Judgment.* And he had good Reason to say so; for according to the Testimony of *Mercury* himself he was an (g) excellent Inventor, and Invention is the Soul of Poetry. In every Thing which he invented, he keeps strictly to the Rules of Propriety and Decorum. (b) But as he had not that profound Learning which is requisite for Heroick Poetry; and as the Facetiousness of his Genius could not confine itself to the rigid Precepts of so serious an Art, he modestly and wisely declines calling himself a *whole Poet*. Nor indeed has he giv'n us any Tokens of his being so, either in his *CANTO OF CALLIOPE*, (i) or in his *VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS*.

169. This last Book (written in imitation of *Cæsar Caporali*) seems at first View to be an Encomium on the *Spanish Poets* of his Time, but it is really a Satire on them, as *Caporali's Poem*, under the same Title, is on the *Italian Poets*. The Author's Intention discovers itself in several Places. In one he says (k),

And

(d) *Part II. cb. 4.* (e) *Part I. cb. 6.* (f) *Part I. cb. 23.*
 (g) *Voyage to Parnassus, cb. 1.* (b) *Ibid. cb. 6.* (i) *See Book VI. of his Galatea.* (k) *Voyage to Parnassus, cb. 3.*

And now true Eloquence began to Vanish :
 This Man spoke Arabick, and that bad Spanish,
 Another Latin, &c.

In another Place he brings in (1) a mal-content Poet, reflecting upon ours, for celebrating so many who had no Merit to recommend 'em. The Words of this Poetafter are quoted before in page 95.

170. To which Charge our Author makes no other Answer but that *Mercury* had given him that List, and that it belong'd to *Apollo*, as the God of Poetry, to assign each Poet the Place which their Wit and Capacity qualify'd 'em for.

171. This same *VOYAGE* is likewise a sort of *MEMORIAL OR PETITION* of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*: And as Men that have no Friends, are oblig'd, tho' naturally Modest, to relate their Merits themselves, since they have nobody to do it for 'em, he introduces two Dialogues of his, one with *Mercury*, who according to ancient Mythology is the Messenger of the Gods, and another with *Apollo*, the Supreme Protector of the Sciences; and in each of them *Cervantes* speaks what was fit shou'd be known to, and rewarded by, the King of *Spain* by means of his Favourite: For those who are so are oblig'd to let their Masters know Who are deserving of Reward or Punishment, under the Penalty of being themselves condemn'd to perpetual Infamy. His first Discourse with *Mercury* runs thus :

*The Nuncio-God, commanding me to rise,
 Addreſt me thus, in Complimental guise :*
 " *Thou Protoplant of Poets, O my Friend
 Cervantes, tell me quickly to what end
 This Wallet and this Garb ?*" — " *I'm going, Sir,
 A Journey to Parnassus : being Poor,
 I travel as you see.*" — He strait rejoin'd,
 " *O Thou to whom the Gods have giv'n a Mind
 Rais'd above Man, above Cyllenius too,
 Plenty and Honour, as they are thy Due,
 Be they thy Lot ! for well Thou dost deserve
 On all Accounts. A brave old Soldier starve !*"
 " *Forbid*

(1) *Ibid. cb. 4.*

" Forbid it Heav'n ! I saw thee in the Fight
" Lose thy Left Hand, t' immortalize thy Right.
" Such rare Invention and so high a Strain
" I know Apollo gave thee not in vain.
" Thy Works, on ROZINANTE's Crupper laid,
" Are to all corners of the Earth convey'd.
" Go on, thou bright Inventor, Genius rare,
" Pursue thy Passage to Apollo's Chair,
" He wants thy Aid : Proceed without delay,
" Lest crowds of Poetafters stop the Way :
" Already they begin the Hill t' invade,
" Albo' unworthy of its every Shade.
" Arm thy self with thy Verses, and prepare
" Thy Voyage to pursue beneath my Care.
" Thou shalt securely pass, along with me,
" Without what's call'd Provision for the Sea."

172. The Speech which *Cervantes* made to *Apollo*, was on the Occasion of seeing himself in *Parnassus*, the only Person who had not a Chair, nor so much as a Stool to sit on ; alluding to the Disregard of his Wit and Parts, whereas he had been the First Man of his Time that had begun to raise Poetry from its groveling low Condition: As in this Discourse *Cervantes* mentions a great many Particulars concerning himself ; it is absolutely necessary I should Copy it. He says thus : (m)

Verses from Indignation flow sometimes,
But if the Maker's dull, dull are his Rhimes.
Howe'er, I was not in the least afraid
To say what exil'd Ovid never said :
And thus to Phœbus spoke. " Your Godship knows
How much your Vot'ries do themselves expose.
To the Great Vulgar and the Small : bow mean
And slender their support who only lean
Against the sacred Laurel Tree : O'erborne
By Ignorance and Envy, or Forlorn
And Over-lookt, they run their wretched Race,
Nor s'er attain the Good they have in Chase.

I form'd

(m) Chap. 4.

I form'd Fair GALATEA, to appear
 In lasting Charms on the World's Theatre :
 My Brain created her. 'Tis by my Lines
 The CONFUS'D FAIR-ONE so distinguisht shines.
 PLAYS I compos'd, some Comic, others Grave :
 Both suited to the Rules which Reason gave.
 The fretful, peevish, melancholy Mind
 In my DON QUIXOTE present Ease may find.
 My NOVELS shew'd a Way to reconcile
 Excessive Flights with Purity of Style.
 None, that I want Invention, can complain.
 (And he that wants Invention, wants the Main.)
 Early the Love of Verse my Soul inflam'd,
 And to please Thee my whole Endeavour aim'd.
 My Pen ne'er flew in Satire's Region yet :
 I never took Scurrility for Wit.
 (It frets me tho', and I lament my Fate
 That I must stand, while others sit in State.)
 Old as I am, I've finisht for the Press
 The Tale of Great PERSILES in Distress.
 Three Servile Low-life Subjects I have wrought
 With all the Chasfity of Style and Thought.
 Equal to PHYLLIS, my PHILENA strove
 For Maffry with the Warblers of the Grove,
 In many a pleasing Song of happy Love.
 As in the fleeting Wind my Hopes were sown,
 So with the fleeting Wind my Hopes are flown.
 Flatt'ry, the Vice of Beggars, I detest :
 And Fraud ne'er found admittance to my Breast.
 I curse not my short Commons ; but to keep
 Standing, in such a Place, cuts very deep."
 Phœbus reply'd to this complaining Speech,
 " The Ways of Heav'n are far beyond Man's Reach.
 " To Some, Good Fortune comes by slow degrees ;
 " To Others, all at once. And so it is
 " With Evil Fortune. An acquir'd Estate
 " Is full as hard to Keep as 'twas to Get.
 " Your Fortune once was made, and by your self :
 " But You, forsooth ! abominated Pelf,
 " And made it fly, Imprudent as you was !
 " You can't forget that this was Once your Caſe.
 " Howitt

" Howe'er, to comfort Thee, since Thou'rt a Wit,
" Fold up thy Cloak, and Sit thee down on It."
My Lord, said I, perhaps You a'n't aware
I have no Cloak—" That's true, quoth He, bow'e'r
" I'm glad to see Thee. Virtue is a Cloak,
" A good one too."—I did not like the Joke :
I bow'd my Head, yet still on foot remain'd :
For there's no Place unless—by Money gain'd,
Or else by Favour. Some one of the Crowd
Utter'd the following Words, but not aloud,
Strange ! that a Man shou'd be deny'd a Seat,
So full of PHOEBUS, VIRTUE, and of WIT !

173. Michael de Cervantes Saavedra says in this MEMORIAL, that his Pen never flew in the Region of Satire, meaning, He never wrote defamatory Libels. But this is a very piercing SATIRE, and capable of exciting in any (not inhumane) Breast a compassionate Concern to see thus abandon'd and destitute of Friends a Man, who, in the Opinion of that judicious Critic (n) *Huetius*, ought to be reckon'd among the best Wits Spain ever produced : and at the same time it stirs up one's Indignation against those, who, tho' they saw his Merit before their Eyes, yet neglected to reward it as they ought. I do not wonder at it ; for Father John de Mariana, an immortal Honour to the Society of Jesus, writing to Michael John Vimboldt (o), a Native of the Town of Ontiiente in the Kingdom of Valencia, who was then at the Court of Rome in the quality of Secretary to Cardinal D. Augustin de Espinola, Archbishop of Sant-Iago ; he says to him : Here (in Spain) the Culture of humane Learning declines every Day more and more. As Literature and the Sciences meet with no manner of Reward, nor indeed Respect, they are miserably dejected and in a manner sunk to nothing. Such Arts indeed as are Lucrative and fill the Coffers, are esteem'd and valu'd. This is our Case at present. For almost every Body makes the Worth of the Arts to be so much Money as they'll bring : and such as

H 2

don't

(n) Letter of the Origin of Romances. (o) Apud Leonem Al-
latium in *Apibus Urbanis*, pag. 196.

don't turn to a Pecuniary Account, are held to be useless and unnecessary. Father Mariana was none of those Flatterers in all Times so frequent, who are to the last degree Mysterious and upon the Reserve in every Thing ; they are so tender-mouth'd they never speak out, and are afraid to follow Truth too close at the Heels, lest they should kick their Teeth down their Throats. But Mariana did not use to mince the matter or to speak Things by halves or as it were by stealth : Not He : He could tell Philip III to his Face, and in the Face of the whole World : (p) *There is none that doth good to Men of Learning, no not One.* *There's no Reward in the whole Kingdom for Scholarship.* No manner of Respect shewn to Good Literature, not the least Honour paid it ; Honour I say, which is the Mother of the Arts. Such as cultivate the Sciences, are out of the way of all Preferment : They must take another Course if they would keep from starving. Some vile sordid Souls that torment themselves with Envy at other People's superior Parts, and are mad at seeing them publish their Qualifications to the World in order to be rewarded ; These will call by the Name of Arrogance the most just Complaints into which Cervantes broke out, as hath before been shewn. But he might say as another did on a like Occasion, and that was the no less unbefriended than learned Don Joseph Pellicer, (q) and not without good Reason. For why should not a Scholar have the same Liberty as a Soldier ? Why should a Penman be debarr'd what's all w'd to a Swordsman. Every Soldier is permitted to enumerate and set forth with Truth the Services, Engagements and Perils he has been in ; and this was look'd upon by the old Romans as a commendable Virtue not Pride, and accordingly they bestow'd on the Distinguishing, Military Rings, Garlands, Mural and Civic Crowns, Trophies and publick Triumphs. And therefore I ought not to be thought a Boaster in particularizing my several Performances and the Praises (two empty ones) which they have met with, especially since Ignorance and Slander provoke

(p) In his Dedication of his History of Spain. (q) In the Sicciano, § 2. of the Introduction.

provoke me to it by Injuries and Calumnies which are likewise made publick. If indeed I swerv'd from Truth, it were a Crime. But as I do not, why shou'd I, while I'm alive, leave the Relation of these Tthings to another Pen? The same thing has been practis'd by the greatest Men in Spain, *Don Antonio Augustin, Geronimo de Zurita, Doctor Arias Montanus, Master Luis de Leon, Father John de Mariana, Don Nicholas Antonio, Don John Lucas Cortes.* And in short, what great Man has not done the same in his Case and Place? (r) St. Paul calls his Glorying, Folly: but such a Folly as other People's Injustice compel a Man to, very often. (s) In Cervantes, the Commendation of himself was an easing and giving Vent to a just Sease of his ill Usage; and his Self-praises were very allowable, considering his Genius: for he said very truly, (t)

*I ne'er on Trifles sought my Fame to raise,
Nor ever catch'd at Undeserved Praise:*

But not meeting with it from others, thro' the Envy they bore him, he gave them Occasion of still envying him more, not with any Design to augment their Envy to him, but purely to make manifest the Satisfaction of his own Conscience, by reviving a Remembrance of what he had done for the publick Service. And therefore in his pleasant Dialogue with *Pancreatio of Roncesvalles* which may serve for a Comment to Cervantes's Speech to *Apollo*, he introduces the said *Pancreatio* asking him certain Questions: (u) *Was you never Theatrically inclin'd, Señor Cervantes?* Did you never write a Play? Yes, said I, a great many. And were they not mine, I should not scruple to pronounce them worthy of Praise, such were, *THE HUMOURS OF ALGIERS*: (x) *NUMANTIA: THE GRAND SULTANA: THE SEA-FIGHT: JERUSALEM: THE AMARANT, or FLOWER-GENTLE OF MAY: THE GROVE OF LOVE: THE NONE-SUCH: and THE GAY ARSINDA,*

H 3

DA,

(r) 2 Corintb. xii. 17. (s) The Apostle himself says as much. (t) *Voyage to Parnassus*, cb. 4. (u) Addition to the *Voyage to Parnassus*. (x) I have read this Play in Manuscript, says the Author. It is written with more Verisimilitude than the printed ones.

DA, and several others which I forget. But that which I set the greatest Value upon, was and is, THE CONFUSED FAIR-ONE, which, (without Offence to any poor Brother of the Cloak and Sword that has hitherto written for the Stage) may hold a principal Place among the Best. Pancratio. But, pray, have you any by you now? Michael. I have Six, with as many INTERLUDES. Pancratio. But why are they not acted? Michael. Because neither the Actors seek after me, nor I after them. Pancr. They may not know you have any. Michael. They know it well enough: but as they have in Pay their Bread-and-Water Poets, and they make Shift with them, they don't want better Bread than is made of Wheat. But I think to send them to the Press, that that may be read at leisure in the Closet, which upon the Stage vanishes away, unheeded or unheard. And PLAYS have their Times and Seasons as well as SONGS. Thus far Cervantes, whose Colloquy was as it were a Scout or Forerunner which preceded the Book he published the Year after, with this Title: *Eight Plays, as likewise Eight new Interludes, compos'd by Michael Cervantes de Saavedra. Madrid: Printed by the Wisdom of Alonso Martin. Anno 1615, in 4°.*

174. And now Cervantes was become so miserably poor, that not having Money enough to put this Book to Press, he sold it to John Villarœl, at whose Charge it was printed.

The Names of the PLAYS are these:

EL GALLARDO ESPANOL.
LA CASA DE LOS CELOS.
LOS BANOS DE ARGEL.
EL RUFIAN DICHOSO.
LA GRAN SULTANA.
EL LABERINTO DE AMOR.
LA ENTRETENIDA.
PEDRO DE URDEMALAS.

The Spanish Gallant.
The House of Jealousy.
The Bagnios of Algiers.
The Fortunate Bully.
The Grand SULTANA.
The Labyrinth of Love.
The kept Mistress.
Peter the Mischief-Monger.

INTER-

INTERLUDES, or ENTERTAINMENTS.

EL JUEZ DE LOS DIVORCIOS.	<i>The Judge of the Divorces.</i>
EL RUFIAN VIUDO.	<i>The Ruffianly Widower.</i>
ELECCION DE LOS ALCALDES DE DAGANZO.	<i>The Election of Mayor of Daganzo.</i>
LA GUARDA CUYDADOSA.	<i>The careful Guardian.</i>
EL VIZCAINO FINGIDO.	<i>The Counterfeit Biscayner.</i>
EL RETABLO DE LAS MARAVILLAS.	<i>The Raree-show of Wonders.</i>
LA CUEVA DE SALAMANCA.	<i>The Cave of Salamanca.</i>
EL VIEJO CELOSO.	<i>The Jealous Old-Man.</i>

The Second and Third Entertainments are in Verse; the others in Prose. This sort of Composition being a lively Representation of any Action whatever, that is capable of being made ridiculous by Imitation and Mockery, of Consequence these ENTERTAINMENTS must be better to see than to read. And therefore *Lopé de Rueda*, who, when living, perfectly charmed the Spectators by his Acting, gives but very little Pleasure to the Readers of those INTERLUDES published by *John de Timoneda*, a noted *Valencian* Gentleman, and a plausible Writer in his Time.

175. The PLAYS of *Cervantes*, compared with others more ancient, are much the best, excepting always that of *CALISTO* and *MELIBEA*, known by the Name of *CELESTINA*, the Bawd, infamously famous on more Accounts than one: among others, its being never known who first conceiv'd the Plan of it, and also drew the Out-lines in black and white, and began to colour it; and as for him that finish'd it, the Bachelor *Fernando de Roxas*, he could not equal the first Inventor. Since *Cervantes*, there have been Plays written of a grander Invention than the Greek ones (for the Latin Comic-Writers, *Plautus* and *Terence*, were no more than Imitators) but in point of Art much inferior. Whoever doubts this, let him first inform himself of the exceeding great Difficulty there is in writing a regular Play, by reading *Aristotle's Poeticks*, and if he does not understand it in the Original Greek, let him read *The most learned Illustration thereof*

written by *Don Joseph Antonio Gonzalez de Salas*. But that the Reader may remain better inform'd how much the Spanish Stage owes to *Cervantes*, let us hear the Account which he (the sole Chronologer thereof) gives of the Rise and Progress of the Spanish Drama to his own Time. In the Preface to his *Plays*, he thus delivers himself: " I can by no means avoid entreating the kind Reader to grant me his Pardon and Indulgence, if, in this Preface, he sees me a little transgressing the Bounds of my usual Reservedness. Some few Days ago, I happened to be in a Company of Friends, where the whole Conversation fell upon Plays and Matters relating to the Stage; which were so thoroughly canvassed, and every thing Theatrical sifted in so subtil a manner, that the Subject seem'd to me impossible to be extended to a greater Length, or the Argument capable of being spun to a finer Thread. Among other Topicks of our Discourse, we inquir'd who it was that in these Kingdoms first took the *Drama* out of its Cradle, stript the Spanish Plays of their Swaddling-cloaths, set 'em under a Canopy of State, and dress'd them with all that Gayness of Apparel and Sprightliness of Behaviour we now see 'em in. Myself being the oldeſt Man in Company, I told them I remembred to have ſeen Plays acted by the Great *Lopé de Rueda*, who was in high Esteem not only as a Player but as a Writer of Plays. He was a Native of *Seville*, and a Gold-beater by Trade. He had ſuch a Talent for Pastoral Poesy, that he was excell'd by none, either then, or at any time ſince; and altho' being then but a Lad I could not make ſo ſound a Judgment of the Goodness of his Verſes, yet as I retain ſome of 'em in my Memory even to this Day, I am fully ſatisfy'd that I advance nothing but the Truth. And were it not foreign to the Buſineſſ of a Preface, I cou'd quote ſuch Pages out of his Works as would confirm what I have ſaid of him. In the Time of this celebrated *Spaniard* all the Furniture and Utensils of the Actors were contain'd in one Sack or large Bag, and " wholly

“ wholly consisted of Four Shepherds-Jerkins, made
“ of Sheep-Skins with the Wool on, and adorn’d
“ with Gilt-leather-trimming ; Four Beards and Pe-
“ riwigs, and four Pastoral Crooks, little more or less.
“ The Plays were certain Discourses like Eclogues
“ between two or three Shepherds, and some Shep-
“ herdes. These Plays, such as they were, they
“ wou’d now and then improve and lengthen out with
“ two or three Interludes, of a Negre, i. e. Black-
“ man or Woman, a Ruffian, a Fool, and a (*y*) *Bis-*
“ *cayner* ; and *Lopé* acted all these four Parts and ma-
“ ny more, with all the Propriety and Advantage that
“ could possibly be imagin’d. There were not in
“ those Days any Machines for Show to bring down
“ Angels in Clouds, or the like ; nor any Challeng-
“ ings or Combatings between Moors and Christians
“ either on Foot or on Horseback. There were no
“ Openings or Trap-doors under the Stage for Ghosts
“ or Devils to arise from the Centre of the Earth.
“ The Stage itself was compos’d of four long Benches
“ or Forms placed in a Square ; and upon these they
“ laid four or six Planks or Boards, and so it was
“ about three Foot high from the Ground. The Fur-
“ niture of the Stage was an old Blanket or Horse-
“ cloth drawn with two Ropes from one Side to the
“ other, which made what they call’d the Attiring-
“ Room ; behind which were the Musicians singing
“ without a Guitarr some old Ballads. *Lopé de Rueda*
“ died, and as he was an excellent Man and of high
“ Renown, they buried him in the great Church at
“ *Cordova* (where he died) between the two Choirs,
“ where likewise is interr’d that famous Madman *Luis*
“ *Lopez*. *Nabarro* a Native of *Toledo* succeeded *Lopé*
“ *de Rueda*. This *Nabarro* was noted for acting the
“ Part of a Bully, or cowardly Ruffian. He made
“ some Addition to the Furniture of the Theatre, and
“ chang’d the Sack before-mention’d into Chests and
H. 5. “ Trunks.

(*y*) The *Cáfilians* make a Jest of the *Biscayners*, as we do of
some other People, and with as little Reason, for they are an inge-
nious People, only they don’t speak the Spanish properly.

" condemn'd 'em to perpetual Silence. At this very
 " Time a Bookseller told me, he wou'd buy 'em of
 " me, had not a topping Player told him, That,
 " from my Prose, Much might be expected, but from
 " my Verse, Nothing. If I must own the Truth, it
 " gave me no small Concern, the hearing of this ;
 " and thus I said to myself : Either I am quite chang-
 " ed into another Man, or the Times are grown much
 " better, tho' that's contrary to common Observa-
 " tion ; for Times past are always most commended.
 " I again lookt over my Comedies and some Inter-
 " ludes I had thrown by amqng 'em in a Corner, and
 " I did not think any of 'em so very bad but that
 " they might appeal from the muddiness of this
 " Player's Brain to the brightnes of other Actors less
 " Scrupulous and more Judicious. I was quite out
 " of Humour, and so parted with the Copy to a
 " Bookseller, who put 'em to Press, just as you see
 " 'em. He offered me tolerably well for 'em, and
 " I took his Money without having any thing to do
 " with the Actors. I con'd wish they were the best
 " in the World, or at least, reasonably Good. Thou
 " wilt soon fee how they are, (my dear Reader) and
 " if thou findest they have any Thing good in 'em,
 " and shouldest happen to light on my Bask-biting
 " Actor, desire him from me to take Care and mend
 " himself, for I offend no Man ; and as for the Plays,
 " let him take this along with him, they contain no
 " bare-faced, open Follies ; no obvious Nonsense ;
 " their Faults are Latent not Patent ; the Verse too
 " is the very same that's requisite in Comic Pieces
 " which ought to be, of all the Three Stiles, the low-
 " est : Again, the Language of the Interludes is the
 " proper Language of the Characters there represent-
 " ed ; and if all this won't do, I'll recommend a
 " Play to him which I'm now upon, with this Title,
 " THE DECEIT OF DEALING BY THE EYE, which
 " (if I am not deceiv'd myself) will not fail of plea-
 " sing. And so God grant *Him Health*, and *Me Pa-*
 " *tience.*

176. And

176. And thus you have the History of the Rise and Progress of the Spanish Drama ; to the advancement of which Cervantes was the Person that had most contributed ; and in order to bring it to a yet greater Perfection, he was so kind as to give us a Pattern of a *Grand TRAGI-COMEDY*, written in Prose. He was many Years studying and preparing for the Pres, the *TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA*. He had mention'd it on various Occasions. In his *Preface to his Novels*, he says thus of it : *After these (the Novels) if Life fail me not, I shall present thee with THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA, A Book which dares vie with HELIODORUS, unless for its saveliness it shou'd chance to come off with a broken Pate. But first thou shalt see, and that shortly, the Achievements of DON QUIXOTE, and the merry conceits of Sancho Panza ; and in a little Time after THE WEEKS OF THE GARDEN. I promise much, for one that has so little Strength. But who can lay a restraint upon his Desires ?* The second Part of *THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE* came out, as we have seen, in 1616. In his *DEDICATION* to the *Condé de Lemos*, dated at *Madrid* the last of *October*, 1615, Cervantes went so far as to conclude with the following Words : *And now I take my Leave with offering to your Excellency THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA : A Book which, God willing, I shall finish in Four Months, and which will be either the worst or the best Book that was ever written in our Language : I speak of Books of Entertainment : and I'm already sorry I said the worst ; for in the Opinion of my Friends, it will be the best that possibly can be. May your Excellency return in Safety, (b) as is heartily wished and desired ; for PERSILES will be ready to kiss your Hands, and I your Feet, being your Excellency's most Humble, &c. And indeed Cervantes had put his last Hand to *THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA* ; but before it cou'd be publish'd, Death put an End to Him.*

177. His Sicknes was such, that himself was able to be, and actually was, his own Historian. And since

we

(b) *He was President of the supreme Council in Italy.*

“ back again to embrace my Student once more, and
 “ he return'd too, and offer'd to do the like by me.
 “ With this he spurr'd his Beast, and left me as ill
 “ dispos'd on my Horse, as he was ill mounted on his
 “ Afs, on which my Pen itcht to be writing some
 “ pleasant Things.—But, Adieu, my merry Friends
 “ all; for I'm going to Die; and I hope to see you
 “ e'er't be long in t'other World, as happy as Heart
 “ can wish.”

And now, alas! we behold *Cervantes* on the Confines of Death and just upon the point of expiring. The Dropsy increast, and, in the End, bore him quite down. But the weaker he grew in Body, the more he endeavour'd to strengthen his Mind; and having received *Extreme Unction* (in order to go off Victorious, like a Christian *Wrestler*, in the last (*d*) *Lutuation*) he waited for Death with a Serenity of Mind which shew'd he did not fear that King of Terrors: and what is most to be wonder'd at, he could not even then forbear both speaking and writing some merry Conceit or other, as they came into his Head, insomuch that having receiv'd the last Sacrament on the 18th of April 1616, he, the very next Day, wrote, or dictated, the **DEDICATION OF THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA**, (*Los TRABAJOS DE PERSILES i SIGISMUNDA*) quoting Verses to his Patron the *Condé de Lemos*, for whom he left in writing the following Dedication.

“ There's an old Ballad which, in its Day, was much
 “ in vogue, and it began thus: *And now with one Foot*
 “ *in the Stirrup.* Now I could wish this did not fall
 “ so pat to my Epistle; for I can almost say in the
 “ same Words:—

And now with one Foot in the Stirrup
 Setting out for the Regions of Death;
 To write this Epistle I bear up,
 And salute my Lord, With my last Breath.

“ Yester-

(d) Our Author, no doubt, alludes to the Custom of the Ancients anointing their *Wrestlers* all over with Oil before they enter'd the Lists, for reasons which every body knows.

“ Yesterday they gave me the Extreme Unction, and
“ to Day I write this. Time is short, Pains increase,
“ Hopes diminish, and yet for all this I wou’d live a
“ little longer, methinks, not for the sake of Living,
“ but I wou’d eke out Life, a Handful or so, till I
“ could kiss your Excellency’s Feet; and it is not im-
“ possible but the Pleasure of seeing your Excellency
“ safe and well in *Spain*, might make Me well too;
“ but if I am decreed to die, Heaven’s Will be
“ done; but your Excellency will at least give me
“ leave to inform You of this my Desire, and like-
“ wise that you had, in me, so zealous and well-
“ affected a Servant, as to be willing to go even be-
“ yond Death to serve you, if it were possible for his
“ Ability to equal his Sincerity. However, I pro-
“ phetically rejoice at your Excellency’s Re-arrival
“ in *Spain*: My Heart bounds within me to fancy
“ you shewn to one another by the People: *There*
“ *goes the Condé de Lemos!* and it revives my Spirits
“ to see the accomplishment of those Hopes which I
“ had so much dilated upon in praise of your Ex-
“ cellency’s most promising Perfections. There are
“ still remaining in my Soul certain Remains and
“ Glimmerings of the *WEEKS OF THE GARDEN*, (e)
“ and of the Famous *BERNARDO*: If by good-luck,
“ or rather by a Miracle, Heav’n spares me Life,
“ your Excellency shall see them both, and with them
“ the Second Part of the *GALATEA*, which I know
“ your Excellency would not be ill pleas’d to see.
“ And so I conclude with my ardent Wishes that the
“ Almighty will preserve your Excellency, &c. Ma-
“ drid 19 April, 1617.

Your Excellency’s Servant Michael de Cervantes.

178. According to this Letter or Epistle Dedi-
tory, it is highly probable he dy’d soon after. The
particular Day is not known, nor even the Month.
Certain it is, he did not live long enough to see the
TRABAJOS abovemention’d printed; for on the 24th
of

(e) Two Books which be bad not perfectly finis’d.

of September, 1616. at San Lorenzo el Real a License was granted to *Dona (f) Catalina de Salazar*, Widow of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, to print that Book, and accordingly it was printed with this Title; *Los Trabajos, &c. i. e. The Troubles of Perfles and Sigismunda, a Northern History*; by Michael de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid; printed by John de la Cuesta, in the Year 1617. in 4to. A few Years after, it was translated into *Italian*, by *Francisco Elio*, a *Milanese*; and it was printed at *Venice*, by and for *Bartholome Fontana*, Anno 1616. in 8vo.

179. In the first Impression there are two Epitaphs; such, that for their duration deserve to be engrav'd in the lightest Cork that can be got for Love or Money. The one is (g) a Sonnet of *Luis Francisco Calderon*, which contains nothing particular. The other is a (b) *Decima*, which for the Brightness of the Thought, and to shew how Exquisite a Conception the Author of it must needs have, shall be here translated Literally:

180. *Verses of Don Francisco de Urbina, on Michael de Cervantes, an extraordinary famous Christian Wit of our Times, who was carry'd to his Grave, with his Face uncovered, by the Devout Men of the Third Order of St. Francis, he having been one of those Devout Men himself:*

E P I T A P H.

Traveller!

*This Grave, Cervantes' Ashes, does confine,
But not his Fame. That, deathless and divine,
Still lives. His Works, tho' He has run his Race,
Survive; so full of Beauty and of Grace
He went from Earth to Heav'n WITH A BARE FACE.*

181.

(f) *Catalina* is the Spanish name for *Catharine*. (g) *Soneto* in Spanish, is not what we in England mean by a *Sonnet*, but a particular kind of Spanish Poetry, consisting of 14 Verses, the common sort; tho' there be others which those who desire to understand may read the Spanish *Arte Poética*. (b) Another sort of Spanish Poetry of ten short Lines. I have given a Literal translation of them in those five Lines above. The writer of this Life has inserted the above Epitaph only to ridicule the Person that compos'd it.

181. This Epitaph gave occasion to the Author of the BIBLIOTHECA FRANCISCANA to put *Cervantes* into it, as one of the Writers that were Brothers of the Confraternity of the Third Order: A Bibliotbeque, (or Library) which if it were to take in all those Brothers, wou'd surely be the most Copious of all Libraries.

182. *Cervantes* says that his PERSILES and SIGISMUNDA dared to vie with HELIODORUS. The greatest Encomium we can bestow on it is, that, What he says, is matter of fact. The Loves therein recounted are most Chast; the fecundity of Invention marvellous, insomuch that he is even wasteful of his Wit, and excessive in the Multitude of Episodes. The Incidents are Numerous, and vastly Various. In some we see an imitation of *Heliodorus*, and in others, *Heliodorus* greatly improv'd; and in the rest a perfect Newness of Fancy shines forth in the most conspicuous Manner. All of them are dispos'd artfully, and well unfolded, with Circumstances almost always Probable. The farther the Reader proceeds in this Work, the greater is his Delight in reading it, the Third and Fourth Book being much better than the First and Second. A Series of Troubles borne with Patience, end at last in Peace and Ease, without any Machine; for in such a Man as *Cervantes*, it had been a Miracle itself if he had made use of a Miracle to bring about What indeed wou'd have puzzled a Wit less happy than his. In the Descriptions he excels *Heliodorus*. Those of the latter are a great deal too frequent, as well as too pompous. Those of *Cervantes* well-timed, and perfectly natural. He likewise was superior to the other in Style; for altho' that of *Heliodorus* is very elegant, it is somewhat affected and singular; it is too figurative, and more Poetical than is allow'd of in Prose. A Fault into which even the discrete *Fenelon* himself is likewise fallen. But *Cervantes*'s Style is proper, regularly sublime, modestly figured, and temperately Poetical when he offers at a Description. Briefly, this Work is of a better Invention, more artificial Contrivance, and of a more sublime Style than that of

Don

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. But it did not meet with an equal Reception, because the Invention of the History of **Don Quixote** is more popular, and contains Characters that are more pleasant and agreeable; and as they are fewer in number, the Reader better retains in his memory the Customs, Actions and Characters of each respective Person. Besides, the Style is more natural, and by so much the more easy, by how much less sublime it is. And here let me inform such Writers as don't know it, that to put bounds to the inventive Faculty, and to desist from a Work when it is come to its due Time and proper Period, is an argument of a Masterly Genius. And this very Thing puts me in mind that it is high time I had done troubling my Reader with any more of my Impertinencies, and I beg he'll forgive what's past, in regard all the View I have had in it was to pay obedience to the great Personage who honour'd me with his Commands, in Minuting down what I cou'd collect relating to *Michael de Cervantes*'s Life and Writings, in order to their being digested and written by some other Hand with that Felicity of Style which the Subject deserves. Meanwhile I shall here give a most faithful Copy of the Original itself; Concluding with those very Words with which *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* Began his **PREFACE** to his **NOVELS**.

183. " I shou'd be very glad, most loving Reader,
 " (were it possible) to be excus'd writing this Preface;
 " That which I prefix'd to my *Don Quixote*, not hav-
 " ing the good Fortune to please so very much as to
 " make me over fond to second it with another. That
 " I trouble thee with this, is owing to one of those (i)
 " many Friends whom my Circumstances, more than
 " my Wit, have gain'd me; whom I cou'd have
 " wisht to have got me ingratv'd, as the Custom is,
 " and to have prefix'd me to the Frontispiece of this
 " Book; for the famous *Don John de Jauregui* wou'd
 " have giv'n him my Picture to have done it from;
 " and thus wou'd my Ambition have been satisfy'd,
 " and

(i) He alludes to the unknown Friend, who he says was his Counsellor in the First Preface to his *Don Quixote*.

“ and likewise the Curiosity of those Readers that
“ had a Mind to know what kind of a Man I was,
“ that durst to fend abroad into the World so many
“ Inventions, and he might have written under my
“ Effigy these Words: He whom thou seest here
“ with a sharp aquiline Visage, brown chesnut-co-
“ lour'd Hair; his Forehead smooth and free from
“ Wrinkles; his Eyes brisk and cheerful; his Nose
“ somewhat Hookish or rather Hawkish, but withal
“ well-proportion'd; his Beard silver-colour'd, which
“ twenty Years ago was gold; his Mustachios large;
“ his Mouth little; his Teeth neither small nor big,
“ and of them he has but Six, and those in bad con-
“ dition and worse ranged, for they have no corre-
“ spondence with one another; his Body between two
“ Extreams, neither large nor little; his Complexion
“ lively, rather fair than swarthy; somewhat thick
“ in the Shoulders and not very light of Foot: This
“ I say is the Effigy of the Author of GALATEA, and
“ of DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA: He likewise
“ made the VOYAGE to PARNASSUS; in imitation of
“ Cæsar Caporal the Perugian, and other Works
“ which wander about the World, here and there and
“ every where, and perhaps too without the Maker's
“ Name. He was commonly call'd MICHAEL DE
“ CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. He was many Years a
“ Soldier; five and a half a Captive, and from thence
“ learnt to bear Afflictions patiently. At the naval
“ Battle of Lepanto he lost his left Hand by the shot
“ of a Harquebus; a Maim which how unsightly so-
“ ever it might appear to others, yet was look'd on
“ by him as the greatest Grace and Ornament, since
“ got in the noblest and most memorable Action that
“ ever past Ages had seen, or future e'er cou'd hope
“ to see; fighting under the victorious Banners of the
“ Son of that Thunderbolt of War Charles Vth of
“ Happy Memory.

THE

AUTHOR's PREFACE.

YOU may believe me without an oath, gentle reader, that I wish this book, as the child of my brain, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly, and the most ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not controul the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like: and therefore what could my sterl and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, astut, and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before; like one you may suppose born in a prison*, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation? Whereas repose of body, a desireable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offsprings to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be the father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost as it were with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the king of his subsidies, and know the common saying,

Under

* It is said the Author wrote this Book in that unhappy situation.

Under my cloke a fig for the king. All which exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation: and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you shall say of it.

Only I would give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums that are wont to be placed at the beginnings of books. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of this preface you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who, seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my musing. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor publish the achievements of that noble knight. For would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient lawgiver, the vulgar, will say, when they see me, at the end of so many years, slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the stile flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition: without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning and eloquence? For, when they cite the holy scriptures,

scriptures, they pass for so many St. Thomas's, and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that, in one line, they describe a raving lover, and in another give you a little scrap of a christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis; though the one was a railer, and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least such sonnets, whose authors are dukes, marquises, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets: though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know they would furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend, continued I, it is resolved, that Signor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of La Mancha, 'till beazien sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him, through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned by what I have told you. My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a loud laugh, said: Before god, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discrete and prudent person in all your actions: but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible, that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so

ripe as yours, and so made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness, and penury of right reasoning. Will you see whether what I say be true? Then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that, you say, suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry.

Say on, replied I, after I heard what he hinted at; after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness? To which he answered: The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and elegies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages, and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains your self to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prestor John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trapisonda; of whom I have certain intelligence, that they are both famous poets: and though they were not such, and though some pedants or prating fellows should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand* that wrote it.

As to citing in the margin the books and authors, from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so, that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find. As for example; treating of liberty and slavery,

† He lost one hand in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

slavery, Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro. And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are treating of the power of death, presently you have, Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres. + If of friendship and loving our enemies, as god enjoins, go to the holy scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down god's own words, Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros. If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the gospel again, De corde exēunt cogitationes malæ. On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich, Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos ; Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. And so, with these scraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it safely in this manner. If you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliath ; and with this alone (which will cost almost nothing) you have a grand annotation ; for you may put : The giant Golias or Goliat, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebintaus, as it is related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherin you shall find it.

Then, to shew yourself a great humanist, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus : The river Tagus was so called from a certain king of Spain : it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon : and some are of opinion, its sands are of gold, &c. If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell

I 2

you

+ This and the following period are omitted in Shelton's translation.

you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you write of courtesans, there is the bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora; and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject; Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders; Julius Cæsar gives you himself in his commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two droms of the Tuscan Tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, Of the love of god, where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In fine, there is no more to be done but naming those names, or hinting these stories in your book, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do, but to find a book that has them all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your work; and suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will however, at the first blush, give some authority to the book. And who will go about to disprove, whether you followed them or no, seeing they can get nothing by it?

After

After all, if I take the thing right, this book of yours has no need of these ornaments, you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagancies fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astronomy come within its sphere: nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, anything to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture, which no christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do, is, to copy Nature: Imitation is the business, and how much the more perfect that is, so much the better what is written will be. And since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, with plainness, and in significant, decent, and well-ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and as much as possible making your conceptions clearly understood, without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humour be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steady to overthrow that ill compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a considerable one.

I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression

I 3; upon.

upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this preface, wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel, that he was the chasteſt lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of some ſmall acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Pança, his ſquire, in whom I think I have decyphered all the ſquire-like graces, that are ſcattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And ſo, god give you health, not forgetting me. Farewel.

THE

T A B L E

OF THE

C H A P T E R S.

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T H E

L I F E and E X P L O I T S

Of the ingenious GENTLEMAN

D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A.

P A R T the F I R S T.

B O O K I.

C H A P T E R I.

*Which treats of the quality and manner of life
of the renown'd gentleman DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.*

IN a village of *La Mancha*¹, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived not long ago one of those gentlemen, who are usually posses'd of a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton², the fragments served up cold on most nights, an amlet³ on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three fourths of his

I 4 in-

¹ A small territory, partly in the kingdom of *Arragon*, and partly in *Castile*.

² Beef being cheaper in *Spain* than mutton.

³ The original is *duelos y quebrantos*, literally *grieves and groans*. It is a cant-phrase for some fasting-day-dish in use in *La Mancha*. Some say, it signifies *brains fry'd with eggs*, which the church allows in poor countries in defect of fish. Others have guess'd it to mean some windy kind of diet, as peas, herbs, &c. which are apt to occasion cholicks; as if one shou'd say, *greens and gripes on Saturday*.

income. The rest was laid out in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same ; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own homespun cloth. His family consisted of an house-keeper ¹ somewhat above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning hook. The age of our gentleman border'd upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage ; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said his surname was *Quixada* or *Quesada* (for in this there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject) tho' by probable conjectures it may be gather'd that he was called *Quixada* ². But this is of little importance to our story : let it suffice that in relating it we do not swerve a jot from the truth. You must know then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to reading books of chivalry, with so much attachment and relish, that he almost forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs ; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived to that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous *Feliciano de Silva* : for the glaringness of his prose, and those intricate phrases of his, seem'd to him so many pearls of eloquence ; and especially when he came to peruse those love-speeches, and letters of challenge, wherein in several places he found written : *The reason of the unrea-*

Saturdays. As it is not easy to settle its true meaning, the translator has substituted an equivalent dish better known to the English reader.

¹ The old translators will have the *Don*'s house-keeper to be an old woman, tho' it is plain she is but little more than forty ; and the original word *Ama* signifies only an upper woman-servant, or one who is *mistress* over the rest.

² A derivation from the Spanish word *Quixas*, which signifies lantern-jaws.

unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of your beauty: and also when he read; *The high heavens that with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness.* With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds which *Don Belianis* gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinished adventure: and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and finish it himself precisely as it is there promis'd: which he had certainly performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him. He had frequent disputes with the priest¹ of his village (who was a learned person, and had taken his degrees in *Ciguenza*) which of the two had been the better knight, *Palmerin of England*², or *Amadis de Gaul*. But master *Nicholas*, barber-surgeon of the same town, affirm'd, that none ever came up to the knight of the sun, and that if any one could be compared to him, it was *Don Galaor* brother of *Amadis de Gaul*; for he was of a disposition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In short he so bewilder'd himself in this kind of study, that he pass'd the nights in reading from sun-set to sun-rise, and the days from sun-rise to sun-set: and thus, what with little sleep and much reading, his brain

I. 5.

was.

¹ *El cura.* The rector or parish-priest.

² *England* seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry: for besides this *Palmerin*, we find *Don Florando of England*, and some others, not to mention *Amadis's* mistress the princess *Oriana of England*.

was dried up in such a manner, that he came at last to lose his wits. He crowded his fancy with all that he read in his books, to wit, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded that the whole system of chimeras he read of was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The *Cid Ruydiaz*¹, he was wont to say, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the knight of the burning-sword, who with a single back-stroke cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with *Bernardo del Carpio* for putting *Orlando* the enchanted to death in *Roncevalles*, by means of the same stratagem which *Hercules* used, when he suffocated *Anteus*, son of the earth, by squeezing him between his arms. He also spoke mighty well of the giant *Morgante*; for tho' he was of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he was charm'd with *Reynaldo de Montalvan*, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met²; and when abroad he seized that image of *Mahomet*, which was all of massive gold, as his history records. He wou'd have given his house-keeper, and niece to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomly kicking the traitor *Galalon*³. In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever enter'd into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own fame, as for the public good, that he shou'd commence knight-errant, and wander thro' the world, with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to

¹ A famous Spanish commander, concerning whom many fables pass among the vulgar.

² Here *Don Quixote*, in the hurry of his imaginations, confounds right and wrong, making his heroe a common robber; whereas upon cooler thoughts he shou'd have long'd to have been upon his bones, as he does upon *Galalon* in the same breath: but perhaps *Reynaldo*'s catholic zeal against *Mahomet* attoned for such unknighthly practice.

³ Who betray'd the French army at *Roncevalles*.

to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knights errant; redressing all kind of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that by accomplishing such enterprizes he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himself at least crown'd emperor of *Trapisonda* by the valour of his arm: And thus wrapt up in these agreeable delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he hasten'd to put in execution what he so much desired. And the first thing he did, was, to scour up a suit of armour which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. These he clean'd and furbish'd up the best he could, but perceived they had one grand defect, which was, that instead of a helmet they had only a simple morrion or steel-cap: but he dexterously supplied this want by costriving a sort of vizor of paste-board, which being fix'd to the headpiece gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approv'd and look'd upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did, was, to visit his steed; and tho' his bones stuck out like the corners of a Real¹, and he had more faults than *Gonela's* horse, which *tantum pellis & offa fuit*, he fancied that neither *Alexander's Bucephalus*, nor *Cyd's Babieca*, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him: for, said he to himself, it is not fit that a

horse

¹ A ludicrous Image drawn from the irregular figure of the Spanish money, to express the jutting bones of a lean beast.

horse so good, and of a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and therefore he studid to accommodate him with one, which shou'd express what he had been, before he belong'd to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was: for it seem'd highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high-sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life he now professed. And so, after sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him *Roxinante*¹; a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common nag, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more, and at length he thought fit to call himself *Don Quixote*: from whence, as is said, the Authors of this most true History conclude that his name was certainly *Quixada*, and not *Quesada*, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous *Amadis*, not content with the simple appellation of *Amadis*, addid thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself *Amadis de Gaul*; so he, like a good knight, did in like manner call himself *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence. And now, his armour being furnish'd up, the morrion converted into a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new-named, he perswaded himself that he wanted nothing but to pitch upon some lady to be in love with: for a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without leaves or fruit.

¹ From *Roxin*, a common drudge-horse, and *ante*, before: as *Alexander's Bucephalus* from his bull-head, and the knight of the sun's *Corsair* from a horn in his forehead.

fruit, and a body without a soul. If, said he, for the punishment of my sins, or thro' my good fortune, I should chance to meet some giant abroad; as is usual with knights-errant, and shou'd overthrow him at the first encounter, or cleave him asunder, or in fine vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to fend him to as a token? that, when he comes into her presence, he may kneel before her sweet ladyship, and with humble and submissive tone accost her thus: 'Madam, I am the Giant Caracumba, lord of the island Malindrania, whom the never-enough renowned knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has overcome in single combat, and has commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper.' Oh! how did our good gentleman exult, when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love, tho', as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was *Aldenza Lorenzo*; and her he pitch'd upon to be the lady of his thoughts: then casting about for a name, which shou'd have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he proceeded to call her *Dalcinea del Toboso* (for she was born at that place) a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belong'd to him.

C H A P. II.

Which treats of the first sally the ingenious Don Quixote made from his Village.

NOW these dispositions being made, he would no longer defer putting his design in execution; being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief he thought his delay occasioned in the world: such

such and so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And therefore, without making any one privy to his design, and without being seen by any body, one morning before day (which was one of the hottest of the month of *July*) he arm'd himself *cap-a-pse*, mounted *Roxinante*, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target¹, grasp'd his launce, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his back-yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprize. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such a thought as had well-nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubb'd a knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought to, enter the lists against any knight: and tho' he had been dubb'd, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device in his shield, till he had acquir'd one by his prowess. These reflexions stagger'd his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he shou'd meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasion'd his madness. As to the white armour, he proposed to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort that it should be whiter than ermin: and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleased to take; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogg'd on, talking to himself, and saying: Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage, who writes them, when he gives a relation of this my first sally, so early in the morning,

¹ The target or buckler was slung about the neck with a buckle and thong.

morning, will do it in words like these: *Scarce had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarce had the painted birds with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, when, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, she disclosed herself to mortals thro' the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon; when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courser Rosinante, and began to travel thro' the ancient and noted field of Montiel*²; and true it is, that was the very field; and passing along it, he continued saying; Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity! O thou sage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful history, I beseech thee not to forget my good Rosinante, the inseparable companion of all my travels and careers. Then on a sudden, as one really enamour'd, he went on, saying; O princess Dulcinea! mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by your rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of your beauty. Vouchsafe, lady, to remember this thine inthrall'd heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee.

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating as near as he could their very phrase. He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains if he had had any. He travell'd almost that whole day without meeting with any thing worth relating, which dishearten'd him much; for he wanted immediately to have encounter'd somebody, to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some

² A proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which Henry the bastard slew his legitimate brother *Don Pedro*, whom our brave *Black Prince Edward* had set upon the throne of Spain.

Some Authors say, his first adventure was that of the straits of *Lapice* ; others pretend, it was that of the Windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of *La Mancha*, is, that he travelled all that day, and toward the fall of night his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger ; and looking round about to see if he could discover some castle, or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived not far from the road an inn ; which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticos or palaces of his redemption ¹. He made all the haste he could, and came up to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, *Ladies of pleasure* as they are called, who were going to *Sevil* with certain carriers, who happen'd to take up their lodging at the inn that night. And as whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seem'd to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle with four turrets and battlements of resplendent silver, together with its draw-bridge, deep-moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it, he check'd *Roxinante* by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice by sound of trumpet of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding they delay'd, and that *Roxinante* press'd to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn door, and saw there the two strolling wenches, who seem'd to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were disporting themselves before the castle-gate. Now it happen'd

¹ This comparison of *Don Quixote*'s joy, at the sight of the inn, to that of the wise men, conducted to the like place by a star, is in allusion to those pictures in popish churches, wherein the wise men, the star, and the child Jesus in the manger, are represented under some magnificent piece of architecture, with grand porticos, pillars, &c. and the good company, together with the ox and the ass, for dignity's sake, most sumptuously lodg'd.

happen'd that a swineherd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are call'd ²) from the stubble field, winded his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and at that instant *Don Quixote's* imagination represented to him what he wish'd, namely, that some dwarf was giving the signal of his arrival; and therefore with wond'rous content he came up to the inn, and to the ladies, who perceiving a man arm'd in that manner, with launce and buckler, ran frighted into the house. But *Don Quixote*, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his paste-board vizor, and discovering his wither'd and dusty visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice, thus accosted them: Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the order of knighthood, which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes. The wenches stared at him; and with all the eyes they had were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost cover'd. But when they heard themselves styled *virgins*, a thing so out of the way of their profession, they could not contain their laughter; and that in so violent a manner, that *Don Quixote* began to grow angry, and said to them: Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion: But I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you service. This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our knight, increased their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much farther; had not the inn-keeper come out at that instant (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable); who beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill sorted, as were the bridle, launce, buckler and corslet, cou'd scarce forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their

2. Our author here ridicules the affected delicacy of the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word *hog* or *swine*, as too gross an image.

their mirth. But being in some fear of a pageant e-
quipp'd in so warlike a manner, he resolv'd to speak
him fair, and therefore accosted him thus: If your
worship, Signor Cavalier, seeks a lodging, bating a
bed (for in this inn there is none to be had) every thing
else this house affords in great abundance. *Don Quix-
ote*, perceiving the humility of the governor of the
fortress (for such to him appeared the innkeeper and the
inn) answered; Any thing will serve me, Signor *Cast-
ellano*, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my
repose. The host thought he called him *Castellano*,
because he took him for an honest *Castilian*¹, where-
as he was an *Andalusian*, and of the coast of *Saint
Lucar*, as arrant a thief as *Cacus*, and as sharp and un-
lucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he
reply'd: If it be so, your worship's beds are hard
rocks, and your sleep to be always awake; and since
it is so, sir, you may venture to alight, being sure of
finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping
a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night.
And so saying, he went and held *Don Quixote*'s stirrup,
who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he
had not broke his fast all that day. He presently re-
quested of the host to take especial care of his steed, for
he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever eat bread
in the world. The innkeeper view'd him, but did
not think him so good as *Don Quixote* represented him
to be, no, not by half; and having set him up in the
stable, he return'd to see what his guest would be
pleas'd to order, whom the damsels were disarming,
(for they were already reconciled to him) and tho'
they had taken off the back and breast-pieces, they
could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take
off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in
such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being
no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity
be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and
so he remain'd all that night with his helmet on, and
was

¹ *Castellano* in Spanish signifies both a *governor of a castle*, and a *native of Castile*.

was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality and ladies of that castle, he said to them with great gaiety : *Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies, as was Don Quixote, after his departure from his village : damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed*¹. O Roxinante ! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is my own ; for tho' I was not willing to discover myself, 'till the exploits done for your service and benefit shou'd discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of *Sir Lancelot* to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season ; but the time will come, when your ladyships may command, and I obey, and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you. The lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat anything. With all my heart, answered *Don Quixote* ; any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happen'd to be *Friday*, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in *Castile* they call *Abadexo*, in *Andalusia Bacallao*, in some parts *Curadillo*, and in others *Trucbuela*². They asked him whether his worship would be pleased to eat some *Trucbuelas*, for they had no other fish to offer him. So there be many *troutlings*, answered *Don Quixote* they may serve me instead of one *trout* : for I would as willingly be paid eight single reals, as one real of eight : and the rather, because perhaps these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But be that as it will, let it come quickly ; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the belly well. They laid the cloth at the door of the inn, for the sake of the fresh breeze, and the landlord brought him some of the ill-water'd and worse-

¹ In imitation of an old ballad, mention'd in book 2. ch. 5.

² The same which we call *Poor John*, or *little Trout*.

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worso-boil'd *Bacallao*; and a loaf of bread as black and
mouldy as his armour; but indeed one must have
laugh'd to see him eat; for having his helmet on,
and the beaver up, he could not put any thing into
his mouth with his hands, if somebody else did not
help him; and so one of the aforesaid ladies perform'd
this office; but to give him to drink was utterly
impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and put-
ting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisure-
ly at the other: and all this he suffer'd patiently, ra-
ther than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time there happen'd to come a few-
gelder to the inn, who, as soon as he arrived, sound-
ed his whistle of reeds four or five times; which en-
tirely confirmed *Don Quixote* in the thought, that he
was in some famous castle, that they served him with
music, and that the poor jack was trouts, the coarse
loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the
host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his
resolution and sally to be successfully employ'd. But
what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was
not yet dubb'd a knight; thinking he could not law-
fully undertake any adventure, 'till he had first receiv-
ed the order of knighthood.

C H A P. HL

*In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote
took to be dubb'd a knight.*

AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he
made an abrupt end of his short supper; which
done, he call'd the landlord, and shutting himself up
with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees before
him, and said: I will never rise from this place, va-
lorous knight, 'till your courtesy vouchsafes me a
boon I mean to beg of you; which will redound to
your own honour and to the benefit of human kind.
The host, who saw his guest at his feet, and heard such
expressions, stood confounded, and gazing at him, not
knowing what to do or say: he then strove to raise
him

him from the ground, but in vain, till he had promised to grant him the boon he requested. I expected no less. Sir, from your great magnificence, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore know, that the boon I wou'd request, and has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a knight¹; and this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour²: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander thro' the four quarters of the world in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements. The host (as we have said) was an arch-fellow, and having already entertained some suspicions of the folly of his guest, was now, at hearing such expressions, thoroughly convinced of it: and, that he might have something to make sport with that night, he resolved to keep up the humour, and said to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he desired and requested; and that such achievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of such prime quality as he seemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonstrate: and that he himself, in the days of his youth, had betaken himself to that honourable employ, wandering thro' divers parts of the world in search of adventures, not omitting to visit³ the suburbs of *Malaga*, the isles of *Riara*, the compass of *Sevil*, the aqueduct-market of *Segovia*, the olive-yard of *Valencia*, the *Rondilla* of *Granada*, the Coast of Saint *Lucar*, the fountain of *Cordoua*⁴, the hedge-taverns of *Toledo*, and sundry other parts, where he had exercised

¹ In the old romances, it is usual for some cavalier or damsel upon her palfry to come to a knight, and beg some boon at his hands, which the knight is obliged by his rules to grant, unless it be dishonest or dishonourable.

² On the eve of a holiday the *Romanifs* perform certain ceremonies of devotion, &c. and wake over the body of a deceased person. Hence our country wakes, &c.

³ Names of certain infamous places in *Spain*.

⁴ Near which was the whipping-post.

cised the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands ; doing sundry wrongs, soliciting sundry widows, undoing some damsels, and bubbling several young heirs¹ ; in fine, making himself known to most of the tribunals and courts of judicature in *Spain* : and that at last he had retired to this castle, where he had lived upon his own means and other peoples, entertaining all knight-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no chapel in his castle in which to watch his armour, (for it had been pull'd down in order to be rebuilt) however, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle ; and the next day, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such manner that he should be dubb'd a knight, and so effectually knighted, that no one in the world cou'd be more so. He asked him also, whether he had any money about him ? *Don Quixote* replied, he had not a farthing, having never read in the histories of knight-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake ; that supposing it was not mention'd in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous

to

¹ These expressions seeming a little too strong and open in the original, the translator was inclined to have qualified them in the version ; but upon reading *Don Belianis of Greece* (part 2. ch. 3.) he found *Don Brianel*, who was travelling to *Antioch* on the princess *Aurora*'s errand, and lodged in a house of good repute ; the landlord of which *Palineé* had been trained up to chivalry. This host offers his service to wait upon *Don Brianel*, and wanting a cloak, frightens a page, who flies and leaves his cloak behind him. *Don Brianel* approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it so cleverly, he believed it was not his first exploit of the kind ; and he frankly owns, he had often put in practice such pieces of dexterity. In allusion to this approved stroke of knight-errantry, *Don Quixote*'s host brags of divers wonders he had performed this way ; and this was a strong precedent, nor cou'd our knight object to any example feteh'd from his favourite *Don Belianis*'s approved history. So that this passage in *Cervantes*, which has been thought very faulty, appears from hence to be not only excusable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of expositing those authors and their numberless absurdities.

to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not therefore to be inferr'd, that they had none: and therefore he might be assur'd, that all the knights-errant (of whose actions there are such authentic histories) did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befall them, and that they carried also shirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them in the fields and deserts where they fought, unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud thro' the air, with a viol of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they shou'd instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds, as if they had never been hurt: but 'till they had such a friend, the knights-errant of times past never failed to have their squires provided with money and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with; and when it happened, that the said knights had no squires (which fell out very rarely) they carried all these things behind them upon their horses in a very small wallet hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant: therefore he advised him, tho' he might command him as his godson (which he was to be very soon) that from thenceforward he should not travel without money and without the aforesaid precautions; and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. *Don Quixote* promised to follow his advice with all punctuality; and now order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour in a large yard adjoining to the inn; and *Don Quixote*, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern that stood close to a well: and bracing on his buckler, and grasping his launce, with a solemn pace he began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the phrenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They all wondered at so odd a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance; and they perceiv'd, that, with a compos'd air, he sometimes continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon shone with such a lustre as might almost vie with his who lent it; so that whatever our new knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who inn'd there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove *Don Quixote's* armour from off the cistern; who seeing him approach, call'd to him with a loud voice: Ho there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword, take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wou'dst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity. The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have saved his carcase) but instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as it seem'd) on his mistress *Dulcinea*, he said: Assist me, dear lady, in this first affront offer'd to this breast enthrall'd to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger: and uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave the carrier such a blow on the head, that he laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that had he seconded his blow, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first. Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened (for still the first lay stunn'd) came out with the same intention of watering his mules: and as he

was

was going to clear the cistern by removing the armour; *Don Quixote*, without speaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let slip his target, and lifting up his lance broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran together at the noise, and the inn-keeper among the rest; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, braced on his target, and laying his hand on his sword, he said: O queen of beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness toward this thy captivated knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits. Hereby in his opinion he recovered so much courage, that if all the carriers in the world had attack'd him, he would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those that were wounded (for they perceived them in that condition) began to let fly a shower of stones at *Don Quixote*, who sheltered himself the best he could under his shield, and durst not stir from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman tho' he should kill them all. *Don Quixote* also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the castle a poltroon and a base-born knight, for suffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; and that if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery: but for you, rascally and base scoundrels (said he) I do not value you a straw: draw near, come on, and do your worst; you shall quickly see the reward you are like to receive of your folly and insolence. This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants; and for this reason, together with the landlord's persuasions, they forbore throwing any more stones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before. The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving

him the *unlucky* order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther mischief shou'd ensue; and so coming up to him, he begg'd pardon for the rudeness those vulgar people had been guilty of, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done: for the whole stress of being dubb'd a knight lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learn'd from the ceremonial of the order; and that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field: that he had already discharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours; and the rather, since he had been above four about it. All which *Don Quixote* believ'd, and said, he was there ready to obey him; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost dispatch, because if he shou'd be assaulted again, and found himself dubb'd a knight, he was resolv'd not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those he shou'd command him to spare for his sake. The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book, in which he enter'd the accounts of the straw and barley he furnish'd to the carriers, and with the two abovesaid damsels (a boy carrying an end of candle before them) came where *Don Quixote* was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual (as if he had been saying some devout prayer) in the midst of the reading he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that with his own sword a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering between his teeth as if he was praying. This done, he order'd one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom, and discretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies; but indeed the exploits they had already seen our new knight perform kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said: *God make*

make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle. *Don Quixote* ask'd her name, that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She reply'd with much humility, that she was called *La Tolosa*, and was a cobler's daughter of *Toledo*, who lived at the little shops of *Sancho bien aya*; and wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. *Don Quixote* then desir'd her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the *Don*, and to call herself *Donna Tolosa*, which she promised to do. The other buckled on his spurs; with whom he held almost the same kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he asked her name also, and she said she was called *La Molinera*, and was daughter of an honest miller of *Antequera*. *Don Quixote* intreated her also to add the *Don*, and call herself *Donna Molinera*, making her fresh offers of service and thanks.

Thus the never-till-then-seen Ceremonies being hastily dispatch'd, *Don Quixote*, who was impatient to see himself on horseback, and sallying out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled *Rozinante*, and embracing his host, mounted, and at parting said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour of dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, return'd his compliments with no less flourishes; tho' in fewer words, and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wish'd him a good journey.

C H A P. IV.

Of what befel our knight after he had sallied out from the inn.

IT was about break of day when *Don Quixote* issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his un-

K 2 dertaking,

dertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a Squire; purposing to take into his service a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor and had children, yet was very fit for the squarely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turn'd *Roxinante* towards his village, who, as it were knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seem'd to set his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it, when he said; I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are doubtless the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my Protection and assistance. And turning the reins, he put *Roxinante* forward toward the place, from whence he thought the voice proceeded. And he had enter'd but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waste upwards, about fifteen years of age; who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country-fellow was laying him on very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for said he, *The tongue slow and the eyes quick*. And the boy answer'd, I will do so no more, dear Sir, by the passion of Jesus Christ, I will never do so again, and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock. Now *Don Quixote*, seeing what pass'd, said in an angry tone: Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself; get upon thy horse, and take thy launce (for he also had a launce leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fasten'd) for I'll make thee to know that 'tis cowardly to do what thou art doing. The country-man, who saw such a figure coming towards him, cased in iron, and brandishing his launce

at

at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words answered ; Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chaitising, is my own servant ; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day ; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages ; but before God, and on my conscience, he lies. *Lyes, in my presence !* pitiful rascal, said *Don Quixote* ; by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee thro' and thro' with this launce : pay him immediately without farther reply ; if not, by that God that rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment ; untie him presently. The farmer bowed his head, and without replying a word untied his boy. *Don Quixote* ask'd the lad how much his master ow'd him ; who answer'd, nine months wages at seven¹ reals a month. *Don Quixote* computed it, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals ; and he bade the country-man instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright answer'd, that, on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (tho' by the way he had taken no oath) it was not so much ; for he must deduct the price of three pair of pumps he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well. All this is very right, said *Don Quixote* ; but set the pumps and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have given him undeservedly ; for if he tore the leather of the pumps that you paid for, you have torn his skin ; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well ; so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing. The mischief is, Signor Cavalier, quoth the country-man, that I have no money about me ; but let *Andres* go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real. I go with him ? said the lad ; the devil a bit ; no Sir, I design no such thing ; for when he has me

K 3

alone,

¹ A Real is about sixpence *English*.

alone, he will flay me like any saint *Bartholomew*¹. He will not do so, reply'd *Don Quixote*; it is sufficient, to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has receiv'd, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment. Take heed, good Sir, what you say, quoth the boy; for my master is no knight, nor ever receiv'd any order of knighthood: he is *John Aldudo* the rich, of the neighbourhood of *Quintanar*. That is little to the purpose, answer'd *Don Quixote*; there may have been ~~knights~~ of the family of the *Aldudos*², and the rather since every man is the son of his own works. That's true, quoth *Andres*; but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour? I do not refuse thee, friend *Andres*, reply'd the farmer; and be so kind to go with me; and I swear by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every peany down, and ³ perfum'd into the bargain. As to the perfuming, I thank you for that, said *Don Quixote*; give it him in reals and I shall be satisfied: and see that you perform what you have sworn; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return, to find you out, and chastise you; for I shall find you out, tho' you should hide yourself closer than a little lizard. And if you wou'd know who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise, know that I am the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the redresser of wrongs and abuses; and so farewell, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid. And so saying, he clap'd spurs to *Roxinante*, and was soon got a good way

¹ In the popish churches there is frequently an image or statue of a man without his skin, which is called *A Saint Bartholomew*.

² This looks like a piece of Satire upon some family of that name, who probably had given *Cervantes* some provocation.

³ A Spanish phrase for paying or returning any thing with advantage, and used here as a satire on the effeminate custom of wearing every thing perfumed, insomuch that the very money in their pockets was scented.

way off. The country-man followed him with all the eyes he had, and when he found he was quite past the wood, and out of sight, he turn'd to his man *Andres*, and said; Come hither, child, I am resolved to pay you what I owe you, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me. And I swear so you shall, quoth *Andres*, and to be sure, Sir, you will do well to perform what that honest gentleman has commanded, whom god grant to live a thousand years, and who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, adad, if you don't pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatned. And I fwear so too, quoth the peasant; but to shew thee how much I love thee, I am resolv'd to augment the debt, to increase the payment: and taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes, that he left him for dead. Now, master *Andres*, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redrefs this, tho' I believe I have not half done yet; for I have a good mind to flea thee alive as thou fearedst but now. But at length he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the seantence he had pronounced. *Andres* went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and tell him all that had passed, and that he shoule pay for it sevengfold. Notwithstanding all this away he went weeping, and his master staid behind laughing.

In this manner the valorous *Don Quixote* redressed this wrong; and overjoyed at his success, as thinking he had given a most fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, intirely satisfied with himself, and saying in a low accent; Well mayst thou deem thy self happy above all women living on the earth, O *Dulcinea del Toboso*, beauteous above the most beautiful, since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight as is, and ever shall be, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who (as all the world knows) received but

yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance, that injustice could invent and cruelty commit: for to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lash'd that tender stripling.

Just as he had done speaking, he came to the center of four roads, and presently it came into his imagination, that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross ways, set themselves to consider, which of the roads they should take; and to imitate them, he stood still awhile, and at last, after mature consideration, he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road toward his own stable. And having gone about two miles, *Don Quixote* discovered a great crowd of people, who, as it afterwards appear'd, were certain merchants of *Toledo*, who were going to buy silks in *Murcia*. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horse-back, and three *Muleteers* on foot. Scarce had *Don Quixote* espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure: and to imitate, as near as possibly he could, the paffages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to atchieve. And so with a graceful deportment and intrepidity he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his launce, covered his breast with his target, and posting himself in the midst of the high-way, he stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant; for such he already judged them to be: and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, *Don Quixote* raised his voice, and with an arrogant air cried out: Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the empress of *la Mancha* the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The merchants stop'd at the sound of these words, and to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and by one and the other they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he

he required of them ; and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him ; Signor cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be : let us but see her, and if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth you exact from us. Should I shew her to you, replied *Don Quixote*, where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious ? the business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it ; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are : and, whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require) or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause. Sir knight ¹, replied the merchant, I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of *Alcarria* and *Estramadura* ; that your worship would be pleased to shew us some por- traiture ² of this lady, though no bigger than a barley corn ; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread, and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your

K 5

worship

¹ When the merchant answer'd before, he was supposed not to know the person he spoke to ; and therefore he calls him *Signor cavalier* : but now that *Don Quixote* puts it past all doubt that he sets up for a *knight-errant*, he calls him *Sir knight*, and goes on in the style of romance.

² In a multitude of romances we meet with the custom of painting the lady's face upon the knight's shield, who maintains from country to country, and from court to court, that his mistress exceeds all others in beauty and all other perfections. Nay farther, they sometimes carried a lady or ladies with them, and, at their arrival in any country or city, published a cartel or challenge, defying all the knights of those parts to match those vagrant beauties, staking lady against lady, or three or four against one, according as they could settle it in respect to beauty or quality, and the conqueror to carry off the prize or prizes : sometimes they refused to shew the lady, and only produced her picture in her stead.

worship remain contented and appeased: nay I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that, tho' her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermillion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour. There distils not, base scoundrels, answered *Don Quixote*, burning with rage, there distils not from her what you say, but rather amber-grease and civet among cotton¹; neither is she crooked, nor hump-back'd, but as streight as a spindle of *Guadarrama*²: but you shall all pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress. And so saying, with his launce couch'd, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good-fortune had not order'd it that *Rozinante* stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. *Rozinante* fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumber'd was he with his launce, target, spurs and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out; Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for 'tis through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lyē here extended. A muleteer of the company, who it seems was not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such arrogancies, cou'd not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and coming to him, he took the launce, and after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured *Don Quixote*, that, in spite of his armour he thresh'd him to chaff. His masters cried out not to beat him so much, and

to

¹ In Spain and Italy, perfumes and essences are usual presents made to persons of the first distinction, and put up in small vials or ivory boxes, in nests of cotton deck'd with raw silk of various dyes, and ranged in beautiful order, in caskets of filagree, or other costly work.

² The rocks of this hill are so streight and perpendicular, that they were called *The Spindles*. At the foot of it stands the *al.*

to leave him: but the muleteer was piqu'd, and wou'd not quit the game, 'till he had quite spent the remainder of his choler: and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight, who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that fell upon him, never shut his mouth, but threaten'd heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight; who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he, when bruised, and almost battered to pieces? yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault; nor was it possible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

C H A P. V.

Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune.

BUT finding that he was really not able to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of *Valdovinos* and the marquis of *Mantua*, when *Carloto* left him wounded on the mountain; a story known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and for all that no truer than the miracles of *Mahomet*. Now this example seemed to him as if it had been cast in a mold to fit the distress he was in: and so, with symptoms of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded knight of the wood:

Where

*Where art thou, mistress of my heart,
Unconscious of thy lover's smart?
Ah me! thou know'st not my distress;
Or thou art false and pitiless.*

And in this manner he went on with the romance till he came to those verses, where it is said; *O noble marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood.* And it so fortuned, that just as he came to that verse, there chanced to pass by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill: who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up, and asked him who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? *Don Quixote* believed he must certainly be the marquis of *Mantua* his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such senseless extravagancies, and taking off his visor, which was beaten all to-pieces, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and said, Ah Signor *Quixada* (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant) how came your worship in this condition? but he answered out of his romance to whatever question he asked him: which the good man perceiving, made a shift to take off his back and breast-piece, to see if he had received any wound: but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easiest carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon *Rozinante*; and so taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on toward his village, full of reflexion at hearing the extravagancies which *Don Quixote* uttered; and no less thoughtful was the knight, who through the mere force

force of bruises and bangs could scarce keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies ; insomuch that the peasant was again forced to ask him what ailed him : and sure nothing but the devil himself cou'd furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him ; for at that instant, forgetting *Valdovinos*, he be-thought himself of the Moor *Abindarraez*, at the time when the governor of *Antequera Roderigo of Narvaez* had taken him prisoner, and convey'd him to his castle. So that when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions, in which the prisoner *Abindarraez* answered *Roderigo of Narvaez*, according as he had read the story in the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense : from whence he collected that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haste he cou'd to reach the village, to free himself from the vexation of *Don Quixote*'s tiresome and impertinent speeches. In the mean time *Don Quixote* went on saying : Be it known to your worship, Signor *Don Roderigo de Narvaez*, that this beauteous *Xarifa*, whom I mentioned, is now the fair *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world. To this the peasant answered ; Look you, Sir, as I am a finner, I am not *Don Roderigo de Narvaez*, nor the marquis of *Mantua*, but *Pedro Alonso* your neighbour : neither is your worship *Valdovinos*, nor *Abindarraez*, but the worthy gentleman Signor *Quixada*. I know who I am, answered *Don Quixote*, and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of *France*, yea and the nine worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have atchieved, jointly or separately taken.

With these and the like discourses they reached the village : but the peasant staid till the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered

tered gentleman so scurvily mounted.. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at *Don Quixote's* house, which he found all in an uproar.. The priest and the barber ¹ of the place, who were *Don Quixote's* great friends, happened to be there ; and the house-keeper was saying to them aloud ; what is your opinion, *Signor Licenciate Pero Perez*, (for that was the priest's name) of my master's misfortune ? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the launce, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me ! I am verily persuaded, and 'tis as certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain ; and now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and *Barabbas* take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all *la Mancha*. The niece joined with her, and said moreover : know, master *Nicholas* (for that was the barber's name) that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring on these confounded books of dis-ventures two whole days and nights ; and then throwing the book out of his hands, he would draw his sword, and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls ; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight ; and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us, that water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage *Esquife* ², a great enchanter and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself,

¹ The barber is always a surgeon, and consequently a country doctor ; and a person of no small importance, since he has the ordering and adjusting of the *Muflabios*, those ensigns of the Spanish dignity and gravity.

² Mistaken by the girl for *Alquife*, a famous enchanter in *Amadis de Gaul* and *Don Belianis* of *Greece*.

self, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical. I say the same, quoth the priest, and in faith to-morrow shall not pass, without holding a public Inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those, who read them, to do what I fear my good friend has done. All this the peasant and *Don Quixote* overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity ; and so he began to cry aloud ; Open the doors, gentlemen, to Signor *Valdovinos* and the marquis of *Mantua*, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor *Abindarraez* the *Moor*, whom the valorous *Roderigo de Narvaez*, governor of *Antequera*, brings as his prisoner. At hearing this, they all came out, and as some knew their friend, others their master and uncle, all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. Forbear all of you, he cried, for I am sorely wounded thro' my horse's fault : carry me to my bed, and, if it be possible, send for the sage *Urganda*² to search and heal my wounds. Look ye, in the devil's name, said the house-keeper immediately, if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in god's name ; for, without the help of that same *Urganda*, we shall find a way to cure you yourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass. They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all : and he told them, he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse *Rozinante*, as he was fighting with ten of the most Prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. Ho, ho, says the priest, what !

² A most notable enchantress in *Amedis de Gaul*, even beyond the sage *Alquife*.

what ! there are giants too in the dance¹ : by the holy sign of the cross I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night. They asked *Don Quixote* a thousand questions, and he wou'd answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest enquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found *Don Quixote* ; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered both at the time of finding him and all the way home ; which increased the *Licenciate's* desire to do what he did the next day ; which was, to call on his friend master *Nicholas* the barber, with whom he came to *Don Quixote's* house.

C H A P. VI.

Of the pleasant and grand scrutiny made by the priest and the barber in our ingenious gentleman's library.

WHILST *Don Quixote* still slept on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were, those authors of the mischief ; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the house-keeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio very well bound, besides a great many small ones. And no sooner did the house-keeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water, and some sprigs of hyssop, and said ; Signor *Licenciate*, take this and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, shou'd enchant us in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world. The priest smiled at the house-keeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of ; for, perhaps, said he, we may find some, that may not deserve to be chastised by fire. No, said the niece, there

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¹ Alluding to a passage in *Amadis*, where several giants are mix'd with ladies and knights, at *Constantinople*, in a dance..



is no reason why any of them should be spared ; for they have all been mischief-makers : it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoak will offend no body. The house-keeper said the same ; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest wou'd not agree to that, without first reading the titles at least. And the first that master *Nicholas* put into his hands was *Amadis de Gaul* in four parts² ; and the priest said : there seems to be some mystery in this ; for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed in *Spain*, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it ; and therefore I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy. Not so, Sir, said the barber ; for I have heard also, that 'tis the best of all the books of this kind ; and therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared. It is true, said the priest, and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see that other that stands next him. It is, said the barber, the *Adventures of Esplandian*, the legitimate son of *Amadis de Gaul*. Verily, said the priest, the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing : take him, mistress house-keeper ; open yon casement and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire. The house-keeper did so with much satisfaction, and honest *Esplandian* was sent flying into the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatned. Proceed, said the priest. The next, said the barber, is *Amadis of Greece* : yea, and all these on this side, I believe, are of the lineage of *Amadis*. Then into the yard with them all, quoth the priest ; for rather than not burn queen *Pinti-quiniestra*,

2. Hence it appears, that only the first four books of *Amadis* were thought genuine by *Cervantes*. The subsequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemn'd hereby as spurious.

*guigla*¹, and the shepherd *Darinel*² with his eclogues, and the damn'd intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant. Of the same opinion am I, said the barber; and I too, added the niece. Since it is so, said the house-keeper, away with them all into the yard. They handed them to her, and there being great numbers of them, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all, the shortest way, out of the window. What tun of an author is that? said the priest. This is, answered the barber, *Don Olivante de Laura*. The author of that book, said the priest, was the same who composed *the garden of flowers*; and in good truth I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather the least lying; I can only say, that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and absurdity. This that follows is *Florimarte of Hyscania*, said the barber. What! is Signor *Florimarte* there, replied the priest; now in good faith he shall soon make his appearance in the yard, notwithstanding his strange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and with this other, mistress house-keeper. With all my heart, dear Sir, answered she, and with much joy executed what she was commanded. This is the knight *Platir*, said the barber. That, said the priest, is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon: let him keep the rest company without more words; which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it intitled *The knight of the cross*. So religious a title, quoth the priest, might one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common saying, *The devil lurks behind the cross*: so to the fire with him. The barber, taking down another book, said, this is the *Mirror of chivalry*. O! I know his worship very well, quoth the priest. Here comes Signor *Reynaldo de Montalvan*, with

¹ A terrible fighting giantess, in *Amadis de Gaul*, and one of the most ridiculous characters imaginable.

² A ridiculous buffoon, in love with an empress. *ibid.*

with his friends and companions, greater thieves than *Cæcuz*; and the twelye peers, with the faithful historiographer *Tarpin*. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous *Mateo Boyardo*'s ¹ invention; from whose also the christian poet *Ludovico Ariosto* spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will shew him no respect; but, if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head ². I have him in *Italian*, said the barber, but I do not understand him. Neither is it any great matter, whether you understand him or not ³, answered the priest; and we wou'd willingly have excused the good captain from bringing him into *Spain*, and making him a *Castilian*; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those, who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books that shall be found treating of *French* matters ⁴, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, 'till we can determine with more deliberation what is to be done with them; excepting *Bernardo del Carpio*, and another called *Roncivalles*, who, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the house-keeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission. The barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the priest was so good a christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world ⁵. And so opening.

¹ A famous *Italian* poet, author of several *canto's* of *Orlando Inamorato*; from whom *Ariosto* borrowed a great part of his *Orlando Furioso*.

² A mark of honour and respect.

³ It is plain from hence, that *Cervantes* did not relish *Ariosto*'s extravagancies.

⁴ Meaning the common subject of romances, the scene of which lay in *France*, under *Charlemagne*, and the *Paladins*.

⁵ There are several satirical strokes upon the clergy in this book,

ing another book, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*, and next it another called *Palmerin of England*; which the Licenciate espying, said; Let this *Oliva* be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain: but let *Palmerin of England* be preserved, and kept, as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that which *Alexander* found among the spoils of *Darius*, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet *Homer*. This book, gossip, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of *Portugal*. All the adventures of the Castle of *Miraguarda* are excellent, and very artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the *decorum* preserved in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, master *Nicholas*, saving your better judgment, let this, and *Amadis de Gaul*, be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without more ado. Not so, gossip, replied the barber; for this that I have here is the renowned *Don Belianis*. The priest replied; This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to purge away its excessive choler: besides we must remove all that relates to the castle of *Fame*, and other impertinencies of greater consequence; wherefore let them have the benefit of transportation, and, as they shew signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice: in the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your house; but let no body read them. With all my heart, quoth the barber, and, without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the house-keeper take all the great ones and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest¹ web.

And

book, and the author is forced now and then to balance them with such open flattery as this here.

¹ A concealed piece of satire on the laziness and want of good housewifry of the Spanish women.

And therefore laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tost them out at the window. By her taking so many together, there fell one at the barber's feet, who had a mind to see what it was, and found it to be, *The bistory of the renowned knight Tirant the white.* God save me! quoth the priest, louder than ordinary, is *Tirant the white* there? Give me him here, neighbour; for I make account I have found a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here is *Don Kyrie-eleison of Montalvan*, a valorous knight, and his brother *Thomas of Montalvan*, and the knight *Fonseca*, and the combat which the valiant *Detrianste* fought with *Alano*, and the smart conceits of the dams^{el} *Plazerdemivida*², with the amours and artifices of the widow *Reposada*²; and madam the empress in love with her squire *Hypolito*. Verily, gossip, in its way, it is the best book in the world: here the knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things, which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things seriously, to be sent to the gallies for all the days of his life: carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true. I will do so, answered the barber: but what shall we do with these little books that remain? These, said the priest, are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry: and opening one, he found it was the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, and said (believing all the rest to be of the same kind) these do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief, that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do no body any hurt. O Sir, said the niece, pray order these to be burnt with the rest; for, shou'd my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to become a shepherd³, and wander thro' the woods and fields, sing-

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² Qualities personified, or made into substantive names. *Plazerdemivida* signifies *pleasure of my life*: *Reposada*, *quiet or sedate*.

³ He did so, at the end of the second part.

ing and playing on a pipe ; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease. The damsel says true, quoth the priest, and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion out of our friend's way. And since we begin with the *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of opinion not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the sage *Felicia*, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems ; and leave him the prose in god's name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing. This that follows, said the barber, is the *Diana* called *the second*, by *Salmantino* ; and another of the same name, whose author is *Gil Polo*. The *Salmantinian*, answered the priest, may accompany and encrease the number of the condemned ; to the yard with him : but let that of *Gil Polo* be preserved, as if it were written by *Apollo* himself. Proceed, gossip, and let us dispatch ; for it grows late. This, said the barber, opening another, is the *Ten books of the fortune of love*, composed by *Antonio de Lofrafo*, a Sardinian poet. By the holy orders I have received, said the priest, since *Apollo* was *Apollo*, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humurous and so whimsical a boek as this was never written ; it is the best, and most singular of the kind, that ever appeared in the world ; and he, who has not read it, may reckon that he never read any thing of taste : give it me here, gossip ; for I value the finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of *Florence* sattin. He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the barber proceeded, saying ; These that follow are the *Shepherd of Iberia*, the *Nymphs of Enares*, and the *Cures of jealousy*. There is no more to be done, said the priest, but to deliver them up to the secular arm¹ of the house-keeper ; and ask me not why, for then

¹ The clergy of the *Inquisition* pretend to be so compassionate and averse to bloodshed, that when they have condemned an heretic to the flames, they only deliver him up to the secular arm, that is, into the hands of the civil magistrate, who is obliged to put their christian sentence in execution.

then we shou'd never have done. This that comes next is the *Shepherd of Filida*. He is no shepherd, said the priest, but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel. This bulky volume here, said the barber, is intituled *The treasure of divers poems*. Had they been fewer, replied the priest, they would have been more esteemed: it is necessary this book should be weed'd and cleared of all the low things interspersed amongst its sublimities: let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing. This, pursued the barber, is a book of *Songs* by *Lopez Maldonado*. The author of this book also, replied the priest, is a great friend of mine: his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetnes of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good: let it be kept with the select. But what book is that next to it? The *Galatea* of *Michael de Cervantes*², said the barber. That *Cervantes* has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it; he proposes something, but concludes nothing: we must wait for the secoad part, which he promises³; perhaps, on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon, which is now denied him; in the mean time, gossip, keep him a recluse in your chamber. With all my heart, answered the barber; and here come three together: The *Araucana* of *Don Alonso de Ercilla*, the *Austriada* of *John Rufo*, jurat of *Cordova*, and the *Monserrato* of *Christopher de Virues*, a poet of *Valencia*. These three books, said the priest, are the best that are written in heroic verse in the *Castilian* tongue, and may

² An ingenious advertisement to help the sale of his book. This, and some other passages, shew that our author lived by his writings.

³ *Cervantes* never performed this promise.

may come in competition with the most famous of *Italy*: let them be preserved as the best performances in poetry *Spain* can boast of. The priest grew tired of looking over so many books, and so, inside and contents unknown¹, he would have all the rest burnt. But the barber had already opened one called *The tears of Angelica*. I should have shed tears myself (said the priest, hearing the name) had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of *Spain* only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of *Ovid* with great success.

C H A P. VII.

Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

WHILE they were thus employ'd, *Don Quixote* began to call out aloud, saying: Here, here, valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament. This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the *Carolea*, and *Leon of Spain*, with the *Ab's of the Emperor* composed by *Don Louis de Avila*, which without doubt must have been among those that were left: and perhaps had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to *Don Quixote*, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force, and after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said; Certainly, my lord archbishop *Turpin*, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves

¹ *A carga cerrada.* A mercantile phrase used in their bills of lading.

ourselves the *twelve peers*, to let the knights-courtiers¹ carry off the victory without more opposition, after we the adventurers had gained the prize in the three preceding days. Say no more, good gossip, said the priest ; it may be god's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow : mind your health for the present ; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded. Wounded ! no, said *Don Quixote* ; but bruised and battered I am for certain ; for that bastard, *Don Roldan*, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called *Rinaldo of Montauban*, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments ; but at present bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge myself. They did so ; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration at his madness. That night the house-keeper set fire to, and burnt, all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too ; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives ; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it ; and in them was fulfilled the saying, that *the just sometimes suffer for the unjust*. One of the remedies, which the priest and barber prescribed at that time for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up he might not find them ; in hopes that, the cause being removed, the effect might cease ; and that they should pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all ; which was presently done ac-

¹ The *knights-courtiers* were those who maintained the superiority of their mistress's beauty against all opposers : the *knights-adventurers* were those who entered the lists with them, without its being known who they were, or from whence they came. *Don Quixote* in his dream fancies himself one of the latter, and wakes under the concern of his party being in danger of being worsted.

cordingly. Within two days after, *Don Quixote* got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books ; and not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it : he came to the place where the door used to be ; and he felt with his hands, and stared about every way without speaking a word : but after some time he asked the house-keeper whereabouts stood the room, where his books were. She, who was already well-tutored what to answer, said to him : What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for ? there is neither room, nor books, in this house ; for the devil himself has carried all away. It was not the devil, said the niece, but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure hence, and alighting from a serpent, on which he rode ¹, entered into the room ; and I know not what he did there, but after some little time out he came, flying thro' the roof, and left the house full of smoke ; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room ; only we very well remember, both I and mistress house-keeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said, with a loud voice, that, for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest : he told us also, that he was called the sage *Munniaton* ². *Freston* ³, he meant to say, quoth *Don Quixote*. I know

¹ The enchantress *Urganda*, in *Amadis de Gaul*, carries her knights, or her prisoners, thro' the air, or over the sea, in a machine figured like a serpent, and wrap'd in fire and smoke. And in the same romance, *Friston* the enchanter, vice-roy of *Sicily*, introduces a vapour mixed with a stinking smoke, and accompanied with a dreadful clap of thunder, and carries off the emperor and his daughters. So that the niece tells her uncle nothing but what was common in books of knight-errantry, and easily to be believed by him.

² The niece, by this fiction, thinks to frighten *Don Quixote* from his knight-errantry ; for what mischief might not such an enchanter do him in time, when he begins by carrying away part of his house, and his choicest furniture ? But, contrary to her intention, it rather confirms him in his phrenzy, by convincing him there are enchanters.

³ An enchanter in *Don Belianis of Greece*.

know not, answer'd the house-keeper, whether his name be *Freton*, or *Friton*; all I know is, that it ended in *ton*. It doth so, replied *Don Quixote*: he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by his skill and learning he knows, that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight, whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, without his being able to prevent it; and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the diskindness he can; but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven. Who doubts of that? said the niece; but, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world, looking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go to seek wool and return shorn themselves. O dear niece, answered *Don Quixote*, how little do you know of the matter? before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine. Neither of them would make any farther reply; for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid after this fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossips, the priest and the barber; he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man (if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor) but very shallow-brained. In short he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to fall out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other things, *Don Quixote* told him, he should dispose himself to go

with him willingly ; for some time or other such an adventure might present, that an island might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. With these and the like promises, *Sancho Pança* (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. *Don Quixote* presently cast about how to raise money, and by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up his broken helmet the best he could, he acquainted his squire *Sancho* of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet ; and *Sancho* said, he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, *Don Quixote* paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise : but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself with shirts, and what other things he could, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper. All which being done and accomplished, *Pança*, without taking leave of his wife and children, or *Don Quixote* of his house-keeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village without being perceived by any one ; and they travelled so hard, that, by break of day, they believed themselves secure of not being found, tho' search were made for them. *Sancho Pança* went ambling upon his ass like any Patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him. It so fell out, that *Don Quixote* took the same route he had done in his first expedition, thro' the plain of *Montiel*, which

he

he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before ; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant gave them no disturbance. Now *Sancho Pança* said to his master ; I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island ; for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big. To which *Don Quixote* answered ; you must know, friend *Sancho Pança*, that it was a custom much in use among the ancient knights-errant, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered ; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me : on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it : for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, staid till their squires were grown old ; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days, and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of *Count*, or at least *Marquis*, of some valley or province, be it greater or less : but if you live, and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were cast in a mold, for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this an extraordinary matter ; for things fall out to such knights-adventurers as we are, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee even more than I promise. So then, answered *Sancho Pança*, if I were a king by some of those miracles you are pleased to mention, *Maria Gutierrez*, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a queen, and my children infantas. Who doubts it ? answered *Don Quixote*. I doubt it, replied *Sancho Panga* ; for I am verily perswaded that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would fit well upon the head of *Maria Gutierrez* ; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would fit better upon her, and that too with the help of god, and good friends. Recommend her to god, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, and he will do what is best for her : but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself

with being less than an *Adelantado*¹. Sir, I will not, answered *Sancho*, especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the good success, which the valorous Don Quixote had, in the dreadful and never-imagined adventure of the wind-mills, with other events worthy to be recorded.

AS they were thus discoursing, they perceived some thirty or forty wind-mills that are in that plain; and as soon as *Don Quixote* espied them, he said to his squire: Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend *Sancho Pança*, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives; with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful prize, and doing god good service, to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth. What giants? said *Sancho Pança*. Those you see yonder, answered his master, with those long arms; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues. Consider, Sir, answered *Sancho*, that those, which appear yonder, are not giants, but wind-mills: and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go. One may easily see, answered *Don Quixote*, that you are not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants, and if you are afraid, get aside, and pray, whilst I engage with them in a cruel and unequal combat. And so saying, he clap'd spurs to *Roxinante*, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, advertising

¹ There are twenty-four families in Spain so called, that distinguished themselves against the Moors; of which *Sevil* hath fourteen. *Adelantado* signifies also a lord-lieutenant of a province.

vertising him, that those he went to assault were without all doubt wind-mills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire *Sancho*, nor yet discerned what they were, tho' he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud; fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you. Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, said; Well, tho' ye shou'd move more arms than the giant *Briareus*, ye shall pay for it. And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady *Dulcinea*, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his launce in the rest, he rushed on as fast as *Rozinante* could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his launce into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence; that it broke the launce to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. *Sancho Pança* hastened to his assistance as fast as his as cou'd carry him: and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir; so violent was the blow he and *Rozinante* had received in falling. God save me, quoth *Sancho*, did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but wind-mills; and no body cou'd mistake them; but one that had the like in his head. Peace, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage *Freston*, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into wind-mills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me: but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword. God grant it, as he can, answered *Sancho Pança*; and helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon *Rozinante*, who was half shoulder-flip'd: and discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the

pass of *Lapice*¹; for there, *Don Quixote* said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare: and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his launce; and speaking of it to his squire, he said: I remember very well to have read, that a certain *Spaniſh* knight, called *Diego Perez de Vargas*, having broken his ſword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed ſuch wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of ſo many *Moors*, that he was ſurnamed *Macbuca*²; and from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of *Vargas* and *Macbuca*. I tell you this, because from the firſt oak or crabtree we meet I mean to tear ſuch another limb at leaſt as good as that, and I purpose and intend to do ſuch feats with it, that you ſhall deem yourſelf moſt fortunate, in meriting to behold them, and to be an eye-witneſs of things which can ſcarcely be beſlieved. God's will be done, quoth *Sancho*; I believe all juſt as you ſay, Sir; but, pray, ſet yourſelf upright in your ſaddle; for you ſeem to me to ride fideling, and it muſt be occaſioned by your being ſo forely bruised by the fall. It is certainly ſo, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and if I do not complain of pain, it is becauſe knightſ-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, tho' their entrails came out at it. If it be ſo, I have nothing to reply, anſwered *Sancho*; but god knows I ſhould be glad to hear your worship complain when any thing ails you. As for myſelf, I muſt complain of the leaſt pain I feel, unless this baſineſs of not complaining be understood to extend to the ſquires of knightſ-errant. *Don Quixote* could not forbear ſmiling at the ſimplicity of his ſquire, and told him he miſt complain whenever, and as muſh as, he pleased, with or without cauſe, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the lauws of chivalry. *Sancho* put him in mind, that it was time to dine.

His

1 A paſs in the mountains, ſuch as they call *puerto seco*, a dry port, where the king's officers levy the tolls and customs upon paſſengers and goods.

2 From *macbar*, to pound or bruise in a mortar.

His master answered, that at present he had no need ; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence, *Sancho* adjusted himself the best he cou'd spon his beast, and taking out what he had put in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best fed *victualler* of ¹ *Malaga* might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him ; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, tho' never so pernicious. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them *Don Quixote* tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a launce, and fixed to it the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night *Don Quixote* slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady *Dulcinea*, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their miseries. Not so did *Sancho* pass the night ; whose stomach being full (and not of dandelion-water) he made but one sleep of it : and, if his master had not rouzed him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, cou'd have awaked him. At his uprising he took a swig at his leathern bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before ; which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. *Don Quixote* would not break his fast ; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon favoury remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, toward the pass of *Lapice*, which they.

L 5. disco-

¹ The wines of *Malaga* were formerly most esteemed in *Spain*, as were afterwards those of the *Canaries*, and at present the *Cape* wines.

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discovered about three in the afternoon. Here (said *Don Quixote* espying it) brother *Sancho Pança*, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, tho' you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle, 'till you are dubbed a knight. I assure you, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles: but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him. I say no less, answered *Don Quixote*; but in the busines of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity. I say, I will do so, answered *Sancho*; and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's-day.

As they were thus discoursing in the way, there appeared two monks of the order of St. *Benedict*, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks with spectacle-glasses, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as was afterwards known, a certain *Biscaine* lady going to *Sevil* to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the *Indies* in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, tho' they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had *Don Quixote* espied them, when he said to his squire: Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that

appear

appear yonder must be, and without doubt are, enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach ; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power. This may prove a worse job than the wind-mills, said *Sancho* : pray, Sir, observe, that those are *Benedictine* monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you. I have already told you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, that you know little of the busines of adventures : what I say is true, and you will see it presently ; and so saying he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the high-way by which the monks were to pass ; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice ; Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds¹. The monks checked their mules, and stood admiring, as well at the figure of *Don Quixote*, as at his expressions ; to which they answered : Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the *Benedictine* order, who are travelling on our own busines, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach, or not. Soft words do nothing with me ; for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels, said *Don Quixote* ; and, without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to *Rozinante*, and with his launce couched ran at the foremost monk with such fury and undauntedness, that, if he had not flid down from his mule, he wou'd have brought him to the ground in spite of his teeth, and wounded him to boot, if not killed him outright. The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's fides, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself. *Sancho Pança*, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimblly,

¹ The usual style of defiance in the old romances.

nimbly from his as, and running to him began to take off his habit. In the mean while the monks two lacqueys coming up asked him why he was stripping their master of his cloaths? *Sancho* answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle, which his lord *Don Quixote* had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing *Don Quixote* at a distance, talking with the lady in the coach, fell upon *Sancho*, and threw him down, and leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. And, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frightened, and as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted, but he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance, to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter: but being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. *Don Quixote*, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying; Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty ravishers lye prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beateous *Dulcinea del Toboso*; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, I desire nothing more, than that you would return to *Toboso*, and in my name present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty.

All that *Don Quixote* said was over-heard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a *Biscainer*; who finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to *Toboso*, flew at *Don Quixote*, and taking hold of his launce, address'd him, in bad *Castilian* and worse *Biscaine*, after this manner. Be gone, cavalier, and the devil go with

with thee: I swear by the god that made me, if thou doest not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a *Biscainer*. *Don Quixote* understood him very well, and with great calmness answered; Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave. To which the *Biscainer* replied: I no gentleman! I swear by the great god thou lyest, as I am a christian; if thou wilt throw away thy launce, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse: *Biscainer* by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou lyest: look then if thou haft any thing else to say. Thou shalt see that presently, as said *Agrages*, answered *Don Quixote*; and throwing down his launce, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler set upon the *Biscainer*, with a resolution to kill him. The *Biscainer*, who saw him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which being of the worst kind of hackneys was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword: but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach-fide, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them: but they could not; for the *Biscainer* swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress, and every body that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the vigorous conflict: In the progress of which the *Biscainer* gave *Don Quixote* such an huge stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. *Don Quixote*, who felt the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying: O Lady of my soul, *Dulcinea*, flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposeth himself

himself to this rigorous extremity. The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the *Biscainer*, was all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The *Biscainer*, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that *Don Quixote* had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step. Now *Don Quixote*, as has been said, advanced against the wary *Biscainer*, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him in sunder; and the *Biscainer* expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were trembling, and in suspense what might be the event of those prodigious blows, with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her maidens were making a thousand vows, and promises of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in *Spain*, that god would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, in this very crisis, leaves the combat doubtful¹, excusing himself, that he could find no more written of these exploits of *Don Quixote* than what he has already related. 'Tis true indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious an history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of *la Mancha* should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner as shall be recounted in the second part.

THE

¹ The breaking off the combat in this place is very beautiful and artificial, as it keeps the reader in a most agreeable suspense.

THE
LIFE and EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is concluded, and an end put to, the stupendous battle between the vigorous Biscainer and the valiant Manchegan.

IN the first part of this history, we left the valiant *Biscainer* and the renowned *Don Quixote*, with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomegranate: but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. This grieved me extremely, and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust, to think what small probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of so favourly a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should want a sage, to undertake the penning his unparalleled exploits; a circumstance

circumstance that never before failed any of those knights-errant, who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two pages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret. Surely then so worthy a knight could not be so unfortunate, as to want what *Platir*¹, and others like him, abounded with. For this reason I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it. On the other fide, I confidered, that, fince among his books there were found some so modern as the *Cure of jealousy*, and the *Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*², his history also must be modern; and if it was not as yet written, might, at leaft, still remain in the memories of the people of his village, and those of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned *Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the light and mirror of *Manchegan* chivalry, and the first who, in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant; to redress wrongs, succour widows, and relieve that sort of damsels, who with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley: for unless some miscreant, or some leud clown, with hatchet and steel cap, or some prodigious giant, ravished them, damsels there were, in days of yore, who at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping in all that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave, as the mothers that bore them. Now, I say, upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant *Don Quixote* is worthy of immortal memory and praise: nor

¹ A second-rate knight in *Palmerin of England*.

² The river that runs through *Madrid*.

nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history ; though I am very sensible, that, if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. Now the manner of finding it was this.

Walking one day on the exchange of *Toledo*, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer ; and, as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers, thrown about the streets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a quire of those the boy was selling, and saw it had characters, which I knew to be *Arabic*. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some *Moorish* rabbi, to read them for me : and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter ; for, had I sought one for some better and more ancient language ¹, I should have found him there. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me ; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and reading a little in it began to laugh. I asked him, what he smiled at ? and he answered me, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was ; and he, laughing on, said ; there is written on the margin as follows : *This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, bad, they say, the best hand at pickling pork, of any woman in all La Mancha.* When I heard the name of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I stood amazed and confounded ; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of waste-paper contained the history of *Don Quixote*.

With this thought, I hastened him to read the beginning ; which he did, and, rendering *extempore* the *Arabic* into *Castilian*, said that it began thus : *The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Ben-engeli, Arabian bistoriographer.* Much discretion

¹ Meaning some Jew, to interpret the *Hebrew* or *Chaldee*.

discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book ; and, snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real ; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the *Morisco*, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me those papers (all those that treated of *Don Quixote*) into the *Castilian* tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat ; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip thro' my fingers, took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, *Don Quixote*'s combat with the *Biscainer*, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth ; the swords lifted up ; the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion ; and the *Biscainer*'s mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The *Biscainer* had a label at his feet, on which was written, *Don Sancbo de Azpetia* ; which, without doubt, must have been his name : and at the feet of *Roxinante* was another, on which was written, *Don Quixote*. *Roxinante* was wonderfully well delineated ; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of *Roxinante* had been given him. Close by him stood *Sancbo Pança*, holding his ass by the halter ; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written, *Sancbo Zancas* : and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindie-shanked : which, doubtless, gave him the names of

of *Panfa* and *Zancas*; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were some other minuter particulars observable; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history; though none are to be despised, if true. But, if any objection lies against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an *Arab*, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying: though, they being so much our enemies, one should rather think he fell short of, than exceeded, the bounds of truth. And so, in truth, he seems to have done; for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done, and worse designed; for historiographers ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this you will certainly find whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and if any perfection is wanting to it, it must, without all question, be the fault of the infidel its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, its second part, according to the translation, began in this manner.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth, and the deep abyss; such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. And the first, who discharged his blow, was the choleric *Biscainer*; which fell with such force and fury, that, if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight: but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that, though it lighted on the left shoulder, it did him

no

no other hurt, than to disarm that fide, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good god! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our *Manchegan*, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice that it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the *Biscainer*, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head (that excellent defence standing him in little stead) that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, if he had not laid fast hold of her neck: but notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups, and let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. *Don Quixote* stood looking on with great calmness, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, he bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The *Biscainer* was so stunned, that he could not answer a word, and it had gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was *Don Quixote*) if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him, that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. *Don Quixote* answered with much solemnity and gravity: Assuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of *Taboso*, and present himself, on my behalf, before the peerless *Dulcinea*, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit. The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what *Don Quixote* required, and without enquiring who *Dulcinea* was, promised him her squire should perform

perform whatever he enjoined him. In reliance upon this promise, said *Don Quixote*, I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands.

C H A P. II.

Of the discourse Don Quixote had with his good squire Sancho Pança.

BY this time *Sancho Pança* had gotten up, somewhat roughly handled by the monks lacqueys, and stood beholding very attentively the combat of his master *Don Quixote*, and besought god in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governour, as he had promised him. Now seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon *Rozinante*, he came and held his stirrup; and before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him: Be pleased, my lord *Don Quixote*, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world. To which *Don Quixote* answered; Consider, brother *Sancho*, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governour, but something better. *Sancho* returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon *Rozinante*, and himself mounting his ass began to follow his master; who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by. *Sancho* followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but *Rozinante* made such way, that, seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master

to

to stay for him. *Don Quixote* did so, checking *Roxinante* by the bridle, 'till his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him: Methinks, sir, it would not be amis to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the *holy brotherhood*¹, and they may apprehend us: and in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches, we may chance to sweat for it. Peace, quoth *Don Quixote*; for where have you ever seen or read of a knight-errant's being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed never so many homicides. I know nothing of your *Omecills*, answered *Sancho*, nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the *holy brotherhood* have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it. Then set your heart at rest, friend, answered *Don Quixote*; for I should deliver you out of the hands of the *Chaldeans*; how much more then out of those of the *holy brotherhood*? But tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in story of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out², more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall? The truth is, answered *Sancho*, that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read, nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and pray god we be not called to an account for these darings, where I just now hinted. What I beg of your worship, is, that you would let your

¹ An institution in Spain for the apprehending of robbers, and making the roads safe for travellers.

² When single combat was in use, nothing was more frequent, than for the parties engaged to retreat by consent, in order to take breath. If either of the combatants perceived the other to breathe shorter or thicker than himself, he was at liberty to take this advantage, and to press him close; though even in this case it was usual, out of a high point of generosity, to agree to the adversary's proposal of taking breath.

your wound be dressed; for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have here some lint, and a little white ointment, in my wallet. All this would have been needless, answered *Don Quixote*, if I had bethought myself of making a vial of the balsam of *Fierabras*; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines. What vial, and what balsam is that? said *Sancho Pança*. It is a balsam, answered *Don Quixote*, of which I have the receipt by heart; and he that has it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do, is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder (as it frequently happens) to take up fair and softly that part of my body, which shall fall to the ground, and, with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid; and then will you see me become sounder than any apple. If this be so, said *Sancho*, I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other thing, in payment of my many and good services, but only that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much the making? For less than three reals one may make nine pints, answered *Don Quixote*. Sinner that I am, replied *Sancho*, why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach it me? Peace, friend, answered *Don Quixote*; for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses: and, for the present, let us set about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wish. Accordingly, *Sancho* took some lint and ointment out of his wallet: but when *Don Quixote* perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad; and, laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up

up his eyes to heaven, he said: I swear, by the creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of *Mantua* led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew *Valdovinos*; which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed; till I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage. *Sancho*, hearing this, said to him; Pray, consider, Signor *Don Quixote*, that, if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime. You have spoken and remarked very justly, answered *Don Quixote*, and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge: but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, till I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, *Sancho*, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw; for I have a solid foundation for what I do, the same thing having happened exactly with regard to *Mambrino*'s helmet, which cost *Sacripante* so dear¹. Good sir, replied *Sancho*, give such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me now, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? must the oath be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your cloaths, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, which that old mad fellow the marquis of *Mantua*'s oath required, and which you, sir, would now revive? Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that here are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that, perhaps, they never heard them so much as named, in

all

¹ The story is in *Arriete's Orlando Furioso*.

all the days of their lives. You are mistaken in this, said *Don Quixote*; for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways, before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of *Albraca*¹, to carry off *Angelica the fair*. Well then, be it so, quoth *Sancho*; and god grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die. I have already told you, *Sancho*, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of *Denmark*, or that of *Sobradisa*², which will fit you like a ring to your finger; and moreover, being upon *Terra Firma*³, you shouold rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told you of; for I vow to god, my ear pains me very much. I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread, said *Sancho*; but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship. How ill you understand this matter! answered *Don Quixote*: you must know, *Sancho*, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and, if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand: and, if you had read as many histories as I have done, you would have known this: for, though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them, that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their smelling. And though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed, that, as they passed most part of their lives in wandering

¹ Meaning king *Marfilio*, and the thirty-two kings his tributaries, with all their forces. *Ariosto*.

² A fictitious kingdom in *Amadis de Gaul*.

³ In allusion to the famous *Firm island*, in *Amadis de Gaul*, the land of promise to the faithful squires of knights-errant.

228 *The LIFE and EXPLOITS of*
through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their
most usual diet must consist of rustic viands, such as
those you now offer me. So that, friend *Sancho*, let
not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure ; nor
endeavour to make a new world, or to throw the con-
stitution of knight-errantry off the hinges. Pardon
me, sir, said *Sancho* ; for, as I can neither read nor
write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted
with the rules of the knightly profession ; and therefore
from henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all
sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight ;
and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with
poultry, and other things of more substance. I do not
say, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, that knights-errant
are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruits, as you say ;
but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind,
and of certain herbs they found up and down in the
fields, which they very well knew ; and so do I. It
is a happiness to know these same herbs, answered
Sancho ; for I am inclined to think, we shall one day
have occasion to make use of that knowledge. And
so saying he took out what he had provided, and they
eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner.
But being desirous to seek out some place to lodge in
that night, they soon finished their poor and dry com-
mons. They presently mounted, and made what haste
they could to get to some inhabited place before night :
but both the sun, and their hopes, failed them near the
huts of certain goatherds ; and so they determined to
take up their lodging there : but, if *Sancho* was grieved
that they were not able to reach some habitation, his
master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air,
making account that, every time this befel him, he
was doing an *act possessive*, or such an act as gave a
fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote with certain goatherds.

HE was kindly received by the goatherds; and *Sancho*, having accommodated *Rozinante* and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goats-flesh that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with shew of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired *Don Quixote* that he would seat himself upon a trough, with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. *Don Quixote* sat down, and *Sancho* remained standing, to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him; That you may see, *Sancho*, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I will, that you sit here by my side, and in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal. I give you a great many thanks, sir, said *Sancho*; but let me tell your worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than

turkeys at other folks tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often; neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind; nor do other things, which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship) be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me: for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world. All this notwithstanding, you shall sit down; for who-soever humbleth himself, god doth exalt; and, putting him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who, with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of *Paris*. The horn stood not idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After *Don Quixote* had satisfied his hunger, he took up an handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these:

Happy times, and happy ages those, to which the ancients gave the name of *golden*! not because gold (which, in this our iron age, is so much esteemed) was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour; but because they, who then lived, were ignorant of these two words, *Meum* and *Tuum*. In that age of innocence, all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running streams, offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters.

waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertil produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark; with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plow had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered from every part of her fertil and spacious bosom whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more cloathing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments like those now-a-days in fashion; to which the *Tyrian* purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul cloathed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixt with, truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much deprecate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause, nor person, to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistresses of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and

leud designs of others; and, if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of *Crete*; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of whom, as times grew worse, and wickedness encreased, the order of knight-errantry was instituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire: for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights errant, yet knowing, that, without your being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reason that, with all possible good-will towards you, I should acknowledge yours to me.

Our knight made this tedious discourse ¹ (which might very well have been spared) because the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the *golden age*, and inspired him with an eager desire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds, who stood in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. *Sancho* himself was silent, stuffing himself with the acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree:

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating; but, supper being over, one of the goatherds said; that your worship, Signor knight errant, may the more truly say, that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades sing, who will soon

¹ *Cervantes* seems to satirize the pedantic, declamatory, manner of the writers of those times, especially the school-divines, with which *Spain* swarmed.

soon be here: he is a very intelligent swain, and deeply enamoured; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck to heart's content. The goatherd had scarce said this, when the sound of the rebeck ¹ reached their ears, and, presently after, came he that plaid on it, who was a youth of about two and twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him, if he had supped; and he answering, yes; then, *Antonio*, said he who had made the offer, you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see, we have here, among the mountains and woods, some that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you shew them, and make good what we have said; and therefore I intreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village. With all my heart, replied the youth; and, without farther intreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a singular good grace, he began to sing as follows.

ANTONIO.

*Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boast the conquest of thy heart,
Though nor thy tongue, nor speaking eyes,
Have yet reveal'd the latent smart.*

*Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
In them my love's success I see;
Nor can be be unfortunate,
Who dares avow his flame for thee.*

*Yet sometimes hast thou frown'd, alas!
And giv'n my hopes a cruel shock;
Then did thy soul seem form'd of brass,
Thy snowy bosom of the rock.*

M 4

But

¹ A kind of Instrument with three strings, used by shepherds.

But in the midst of thy disdain,
 Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
 Hope from behinf, to ease my pain,
 The border of her robe displays.

Ab! lovely maid! in equal scals
 Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
 Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
 Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.

If love, as shepherds wont to say,
 Be gentleness and courtesy,
 So courteous is Olalia,
 My passion will rewarded be:

And if obsequious duty paid
 The grateful heart can ever move,
 Mine sure, my fair, may well persuade
 A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
 I dress myself with studious care,
 And, in my best apparel dight,
 My Sunday cloaths on Monday wear.

And shepherds say, I'm not to blame;
 For cleanly dress and spruce attire
 Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
 And gently fan the dying fire.

To please my fair, in mazy ring
 I join the dance, and sportive play,
 And oft beneath thy window sing,
 When first the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
 And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
 And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
 Though envy swell, or malice blame.

Teresa

Teresa of the Berrocal,
When once I prais'd you, said in spight;
Your mistress you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight :

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit ;
Thanks to the false and curled hair,
Which wary love himself might cheat.

I swore, 'twas false ; and said she ly'd ;
At that, her anger fiercely rose :
I box'd the clown that took her side,
And how I box'd my fairest knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a loose desire ;
My love is chaste, without alloy
Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.

The church bath filken cords that tye
Consenting hearts in mutual bands :
If thou, my fair, its yoke wilt try,
Thy swain its ready captive stands.

If not, by all the saints I swear,
On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
But for the cloister and the cell.

Here ended the goatherd's song, and though *Don Quixote* desired him to sing something else, *Sancho Panza* was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep, than to hear ballads : and therefore he said to his master ; Sir, you had better consider where you are to lie to-night ; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the nights in singing. I understand you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote* ; for I see plainly, that the visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music.

It relished well with us all, blessed be god, answered *Sancho*. I do not deny it, replied *Don Quixote*; but lay yourself down where you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, *Sancho*, if you would dress this ear again: for it pains me more than it should. *Sancho* did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him not be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him, he would want no other salve, as it proved in effect.

C H A P. IV.

What a certain goatherd related to those that were with Don Quixote.

WHILE this passed, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said, Comrades, do you know what passes in the village? How should we know? answered one of them. Know then, continued the youth, that this morning died that famous shepherd and scholar called *Crysostom*; and it is whispered, that he died for love of that devilish untoward lass *Marcela*, daughter of *William* the rich; she, who rambles about these woods and fields, in the dress of a shepherdess. For *Marcela*! say you? quoth one. For her, I say, answered the goatherd. And the best of it is, he has ordered by his will, that they should bury him in the fields as if he had been a *Moor*, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree-fountain: for, according to report, and what, they say, he himself declared, that was the very place where he first saw her. He ordered also other things so extravagant, that the clergy say, they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To all which that great friend of his *Ambrofio* the student,

dent, who accompanied him likewise in the dress of a shepherd, answers, that the whole must be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as *Chrysostom* enjoined ; and upon this the village is all in an uproar : but, by what I can learn, they will at last do what *Ambrofio*, and all the shepherd's friends require ; and to morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place I have already told you of. And I am of opinion, it will be very well worth seeing ; at least, I will not fail to go, though I knew I should not return to-morrow to the village. We will do so too, answered the goatherds, and let us cast lots who shall stay behind, to look after all our goats. You say well, *Pedro*, quoth another : but it will be needless to make use of this expedient ; for I will stay for you all : and do not attribute this to virtue, or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which struck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking. We are obliged to you, however, answered *Pedro*. *Don Quixote* desired *Pedro* to tell him, who the deceased was, and who that shepherdess. To which *Pedro* answered, that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village, among yon rocky mountains, who had studied many years in *Salamanca* ; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing well-read man : particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky : for he told us punctually the clipse of the sun and moon. Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, the obscuration of those two greater luminaries is called an *eclipse*, and not a *clipse*. But *Pedro*, not regarding niceties, went on with his story, saying : he also foretold when the year would be plentiful, or *estril*. *Steril*, you would say, friend, quoth *Don Quixote*. *Steril* or *estril*, answered *Pedro*, comes all to the same thing.. And as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby ; for they followed his advice in every thing. This year, he would say, sow barley, not wheat : in this you may sow *wetches*, and not barley : the next year, there will be plenty

plenty of linseed oil : the three following, there will not be a drop. This science they call *astrology*, said *Don Quixote*. I know not how it is called, replied *Pedro* ; but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from *Salamanca*, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown ; and with him another, a great friend of his, called *Ambrofio*, who had been his fellow-student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, how the deceased *Chrysoftom* was a great man at making verses ; insomuch that he made the carols for *Christmas-eve*, and the pious plays for *Corpus Christi*, which the boys of our village represented ; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of *Chrysoftom* died, and he inherited a large estate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money ; of all which the youth remained dissolute master ; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit, for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess *Martela*, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased *Chrysoftom* was in love. I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know) who this young slut is ; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were *as old as the itch*. Say, *as old as Sarah*, replied *Don Quixote*, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. The *itch* is old enough, answered *Pedro* ; and, Sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words, we shall not have done this twelvemonth. Pardon me, friend, said *Don Quixote*, I told you of it, because there is a wide difference

ference between the *itch* and *Sarab*¹: and so go on with your story; for I will interrupt you no more. I say then, deat Sir of my soul, quoth the goatherd, that in our village there was a farmer richer than the father of *Chrysostom*, called *William*; on whom god bestowed, besides much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other²: and, above all, she was a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor; for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying god in the other world. Her husband *William* died for grief at the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter *Marcela*, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother's, who had a great share; and for all that it was judged that her daughter's would surpass her's. And so it fell out; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, no body beheld her without blessing god for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with, and undone for, her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close: notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, and partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, follicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage.

¹ This wants explanation, it being impossible to give the force of it in an *English* translation. *Viejo como la Sarna* is a *Spanish* proverb, signifying *as old as the itch*, which is of great antiquity; though it is agreed that this is only a corruption of ignorant people, saying *Sarra* for *Sarra*: which last is usually taken to signify *Sarab*, *Abraham's* wife, either in regard she lived 110 years, or because of the long time it is since she lived; though some say that *Sarra*, in the *Biscaine* language, signifies *old age*, and so the proverb will be, *As old as old age itself*.

² This seems to be a ridicule on the extravagant metaphors used by the *Spanish* poets, in praise of the beauty of their mistresses.

marriage. But he (who, to do him justice, is a good christian) though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir errant, that, in these little places, every thing is talked of, and every thing censured. And, my life for yours, that clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country-towns. It is true, said *Don Quixote*, and proceed : for the story is excellent, and, honest *Pedro*, you tell it with a very good grace. May the grace of the lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose. And farther know, quoth *Pedro*, that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular, of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that, being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold ! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy *Marcela* appears a shepherdess, and without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country-lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in publick, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you, how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers have taken *Chrysostom*'s dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her ; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is said, that he left off loving her to adore her.

her. But think not, that because *Marcela* has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those, who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. And by this sort of behaviour, she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those, who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair: and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles, as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, Sir, a while, you would hear these mountains and valleys resound with the complaints of those undeviated wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of *Marcela* written and engraved on its smooth bark, and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express, that *Marcela* bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd; there complains another: here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer,

summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time the beautiful *Marcela*, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of *Chrysostom*'s death. And therefore I advise you, Sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral; which will be very well worth seeing: for *Chrysostom* has a great many friends; and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried. I will certainly be there, said *Don Quixote*, and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story. O, replied the goatherd, I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to *Marcela*'s lovers; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd, who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss, that you get you to sleep under a roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such, that you need not fear any cross-accident. *Sancho Pança*, who gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, for his part, solicited his master to lay himself down to sleep in *Pedro*'s hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady *Dulcinea*, in imitation of *Marcela*'s lovers. *Sancho Pança* took up his lodging between *Roxinante* and his afs, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person well rib-roasted.

C H A P. V.

*The conclusion of the story of the Shepherdess Marcela,
with other accidents.*

BUT scarce had the day began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake *Don Quixote*, and asked him, whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of *Crysostom*, for they would bear him company. *Don Quixote*, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid *Sancha* saddle and pannal immediately; which he did with great expedition: and with the same dispatch they all presently set out on their way. They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path-way, they saw about six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypres and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly-club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits, attended by three laces on foot. When they had joined companies, they saluted each other courteously; and asking one another whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said; I fancy, Signor *Vivaldo*, we shall not think the time mis-spent in staying to see this famous funeral; for it cannot choose but be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd, as of the murthering shepherdess. I think so too, answered *Vivaldo*; and I do not only not think much of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it... *Don Quixote* asked them, what it was they had heard of *Marcela* and *Crysostom*? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion

occasion of their going clad in that manner ; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain shepherdess called *Marcela*, and the loves of many that wooed her ; with the death of *Chrysostom*, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that *Pedro* had told to *Don Quixote*.

This discourse ceased, and another began ; he, who was called *Vivaldo*, asking *Don Quixote*, what might be the reason that induced him to go armed in that manner, through a country so peaceable ? To which *Don Quixote* answered : The exercise of my profession will not permit or suffer me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for soft and effeminate courtiers ; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were invented and designed for those, whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number am I, though unworthy, and the least of them all. Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, *Vivaldo* asked him, what he meant by knights-errant ? Have you not read, Sir, answered *Don Quixote*, the annals and histories of *England*, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of king *Artbur*, whom, in our *Castilian* tongue, we perpetually call king *Artus* ; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of *Great Britain*, that this king did not die, but that, by magic art, he was turned into a raven ; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and scepter : for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any *Englishman* hath killed a raven. Now, in this good king's time, was instituted that famous order of the knights of the round table ; and the amours therein related, of *Don Lancelot du Lake* with the queen *Ginebra*, passed exactly so, that honourable *Duenna Quintaniona* being their go-between and confidante : which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in *Spain*, of *Never was knight by ladies so well served, as was Sir Lancelot*

celot when he came from Britain: with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time, the order of chivalry has been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world: and in this profession many have been distinguished and renowned for their heroic deeds; as, the valiant *Amadis de Gaul*, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation; the valorous *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*; and the-never-enough to be praised *Tirant the white*: and we, in our days, have in a manner seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight *Don Belianis of Greece*. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry: of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession; and the very same thing that the aforesaid knights professed, I profess: and so I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm, and my person, to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the weak and needy.

By these discourses the travellers were fully convinced, that *Don Quixote* was out of his wits, and what kind of madness it was that influenced him; which struck them with the same admiration, that it did all others at the first hearing. And *Vivaldo*, who was a very discerning person, and withal of a mirthful disposition, that they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral-mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. And therefore he said to him; Methinks, Sir knight-errant, you have undertaken one of the strictest professions upon earth: and I verily believe, the rule of the *Carthusian* monks themselves is not so rigid. It may be as strict, for aught I know, answered our *Don Quixote*; but that it is so necessary to the world, I am within two fingers breadth of doubting: for, to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no less than the captain himself, who gives him the orders. I would say, that the religious, with all peace and

and quietness, implore heaven for the good of the world ; but we soldiers, and knights, really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms, and the edge of our swords : and that, not under covert, but in open field ; exposed as butts to the unsufferable beams of summer's sun, and winter's horrid ice. So that we are god's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his justice in it. And considering that matters of war, and those relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without sweat, toil, and labour, it follows, that they, who profess it, do unquestionably take more pains than they, who, in perfect peace and repose, are employed in praying to heaven to assist those, who can do but little for themselves¹. I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of the knight-errant is as good as that of the recluse religious : I would only infer from what I suffer, that it is doubtless more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy ; for there is no doubt, but that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives. And if some of them rose to be emperors, by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat : and if those, who arrived to such honour, had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations. I am of the same opinion, replied the traveller : but there is one thing, in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, and it is this : when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter, they never once remember to commend themselves to god².

¹ A fly satire on the uselessness of recluse religious societies.

² Here it is remarkable, that *Cervantes* speaks only of recommending ourselves to god, without taking notice of the doing it to any saint, though that be the known practice in the *Romish* church, and is what the protestants charge, in the very words of this author, with favouring strongly of paganism.

as every christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervor and devotion, as if they were their god; a thing which, to me, savours strongly of paganism. Signor, answered *Don Quixote*, this can by no means be otherwise, and the knight-errant, who should act in any other manner, would digress much from his duty; for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the knight-errant, who is about to attempt some great feat of arms, must have his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously toward her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection, in the doubtful moment of distress he is just entering upon. And though no body hears him, he is obliged to mutter some words between his teeth, by which he recommends himself to her with his whole heart: and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories. And you must not suppose by this, that they are to neglect recommending themselves to god; for there is time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work. But for all that, replied the traveller, I have one scruple still remaining; which is, that I have often read, that, words arising between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, and, fetching a large compass about the field, immediately, without more ado, encounter at full speed; and in the midst of their career they commend themselves to their mistresses: and what commonly happens in the encounter, is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through by his adversary's lance: and if the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now, I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to god, in the course of this so hasty a work. Better it had been, if the words he spent in recommending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been employed about that, to which, as a christian, he was obliged. And besides, it is certain all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to; because

because they are not all in love. That cannot be, answered *Don Quixote*: I say, there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of stars. And I affirm, you can shew me no history, in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amoar: and for the very reason of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a bastard, and one that got into the fortrefs of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber¹. Yet, for all that, said the traveller, I think (if I am not much mistaken) I have read, that *Don Galaor*, brother to the valorous *Amadis de Gaul*, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might recommend himself; notwithstanding which, he was not the les esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight. To which our *Don Quixote* answered; Signor, one swallow makes no summer. Besides, I very well know, that this knight was in secret very deeply enamoured: He was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well attested, that he had one, whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy that he especially valued himself. If it be essential that every knight-errant must be a lover, said the traveller, it is to be presumed that your worship is one, as you are of the profession: and, if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as *Don Galaor*, I earnestly intreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy if all the world knew, that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight as your worship appears to be. Here *Don Quixote* fetched a deep sigh, and said; I cannot positively affirm whether this sweet enemy of mine is pleased, or not,

that

¹ This is one instance of *Cervantes's* frequent use of scriptural expressions.

that the world should know I am her servant: I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously enquire of me, that her name is *Dulcinea*; her country *Tobofo*, a town of *la Mancha*; her quality at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized: for her hairs are of gold, her forehead the *Elysian* fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, pearls her teeth, alabaster her neck, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow; and the parts, which modesty veils from human sight, such, as (to my thinking) the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for. We would know, replied *Vivaldo*, her lineage, race, and family. To which *Don Quixote* answered; She is not of the antient *Roman Curtii*, *Caii*, and *Scipios*, nor of the modern *Colonnas* and *Ursinis*; nor of the *Moncadas* and *Requesenes* of *Catalonia*; neither is she of the *Rebellas* and *Villanovas* of *Valentia*; the *Palafoxes*, *Nuças*, *Rocabertis*, *Corellas*, *Lunas*, *Alagones*, *Urreas*, *Foges*, and *Gurreas* of *Arragon*; the *Cerdas*, *Manriques*, *Mendoças* and *Gusmans* of *Castile*; the *Alencastros*, *Pallas* and *Meneses* of *Portugal*: but she is of those of *Tobofo de la Mancha*; a house, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the ages to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions that *Cerbino* fixed under *Orlando*'s arms, where it was said; *Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando*. Although mine be of the *Cachopines* of *Laredo*, replied the traveller, I dare not compare it with that of *Tobofo de la Mancha*; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears 'till now. Is it possible you should never have heard of it? replied *Don Quixote* ¹.

All

¹ All the time they are going to the burial, how artfully does the author entertain the reader, by way of digression, with this dialogue between *Don Quixote* and *Vivaldo*!

All the rest went on listening with great attention to the dialogue between these two: and even the goat-herds and shepherds perceived the notorious distraction of our *Don Quixote*. *Sancbo Pança* alone believed all that his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he somewhat doubted of, was, what concerned the fair *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for no such a name, or princess, had ever come to his hearing, though he lived so near *Toboso*.

In these discourses they went on, when they discovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, which (as appeared afterward) were some of yew, and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs: which one of the goatherds espying, said; They, who come yonder, are those who bring the corpse of *Chrysoftom*; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haste therefore to arrive; which they did, and it was just as the bier was set down on the ground: four of them, with sharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously: and presently *Don Quixote* and his company went to take a view of the bier; upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers¹, in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age: you might see, thro' death itself, that he had been of a beautiful countenance, and hale constitution. Several books, and a great number of papers, some open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were present, as well those who looked on, as those who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence; 'till one of those, who brought the deceased, said to another; Observe carefully, *Ambroſio*, whether this be the place which *Chrysoftom* mentioned, since you are so punctual in performing what he

¹ It is the custom in *Spain* and *Italy* to strew flowers on the dead bodies, when laid upon their biers.

he commanded in his will. This is it, answered *Ambroſio*; for in this very place he often recounted to me the story of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he first saw that mortal enemy of human race; here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion; here it was that *Marcela* finally undeceived and cast him off, in such sort that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life; and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then, turning himself to *Don Quixote* and the travellers, he went on, saying: This body, Sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a foul, in which heaven had placed a great part of its treasure: this is the body of *Cbryſoflom*, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in fine, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was scorned: he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompence he obtained, was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men; as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered them to be committed to the flames, at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth. You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them, said *Vivaldo*, than their master himself; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him, who commands something utterly unreasonable. And *Augustus Cæſar* would not consent to the execution of what the divine *Mantuan* had commanded in his will. So that, Signor *Ambroſio*, when you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a person injured, do not you fulfil it as

one indiscreet ; rather act so, that, by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of *Marcela* may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those, who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices ; for I, and all here present, already know the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend : we know also your friendship, and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his death bed : from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of *Marcela*, the love of *Cbrysoftom*, and the fincerity of your friendship ; as also the end of those, who run headlong in the path that inconsiderate and ungoverned love sets before them. Last night we heard of *Cbrysoftom*'s death, and that he was to be interred in this place ; and so, out of curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come and behold with our eyes, what had moved us so much in the recital : and, in return for our pity, and our desire to remedy it, if we could, we beseech you, O discreet *Ambrofio*, at least I beseech you in my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away some of them. And without staying for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest ; which *Ambrofio* perceiving, said : Out of civility, Signor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken ; but to imagine that I shall forbear burning those that remain, is a vain thought. *Vivaldo*, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently opened one of them, which had for its title : *The song of despair*. *Ambrofio*, hearing it, said : This is the last paper the unhappy man wrote ; and that you may see, Signor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it so as to be heard ; for you will have leisure enough, while they are digging the grave. That I will with all my heart, said *Vivaldo* : and as all the by-standers had the same desire, they drew round about him, and he read in a clear voice, as follows.

C H A P. VI.

*Wherin are rehearsed the despairing verses of the deceased
shepherd, with other unexpected events.*

C H R Y S O S T O M S S O N G.

I.

SINCE, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumphs of your scorn,
Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd breast
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice;
Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
Hear then, and listen with attentive ear,
Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
To ease, in thy despite, my raging smart.

II.

The lion's roar, the bowl of midnight wolves,
The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
From my griev'd soul forth issue in one sound,
Leaving my senses all confus'd and lost.
For ah! no common language can express
The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III.

Yet let not echo bear the mournful sounds
To where old Tagus rowsls his yellow sands,
Or Betis, crown'd with olives, pours his flood.
But here, midst rocks and precipices deep,
Or to obscure and silent vales remov'd,
On shores by human footsteps never trod,
Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
Or with th' invenom'd race of savage beasts
That range the howling wilderness for food,
Will I proclaim the story of my woes,
Poor privilege of grief! whilst 'echoes boarre
Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV.

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,
 O'erturn tb' impatient mind; with surer stroke
 Fell jealousy destroys; the pangs of absence
 No lover can support; nor firmest hope
 Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect.
 Yet I, strange fate! though jealous, though disdain'd,
 Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live.
 And midst the various torments I endure,
 No ray of hope e'er darted on my faint:
 Nor would I hope; rather in deep despair
 Will I sit down, and brooding o'er my griefs
 Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
 Or hope subside with surer cause of fear?
 Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
 Close my sad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel
 Presents the hideous phantom to my view?
 What wretch so credulous, but must embrace
 Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
 Disdain avow'd, suspicious reali'd,
 And truth itself converted to a lie?
 O cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
 Fierce jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
 Or thou, disdain, a twisted cord bestow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
 The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
 That love has most enthrall'd: still to my thoughts
 Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
 Beauteous in mind as face, and in myself
 Still let me find the source of her disdain;
 Content to suffer, since imperial love
 By lovers woes maintains his sovereign state.
 With this persuasion, and the fatal woe,
 I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
 And dying offer up my breathless corse,
 Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling wind.

VII.

VII.

O thou, whose unrelenting rigor's force
 First drove me to despair, and now to death,
 When the sad tale of my untimely fall
 Shall reach thy ear, tho' it deserve a figh,
 Veil not the bea' n of those bright eyes in grief,
 Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
 At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy scorn.
 But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate,
 With laughter and each circumstance of joy,
 The festival of my disastrous end.
 Ah! need I bid thee smile? too well I know
 My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyss;
 Bring, Tantalus, thy unextinguish'd thirst,
 And, Sisyphus, thy still returning stone;
 Come, Tityus, with the vultur at thy heart,
 And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel;
 Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.
 Pour your united griefs into this breast,
 And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
 (If a despairing wretch such rites may claim)
 O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-sheet.
 And let the triple porter of the shades,
 The sister furies, and chimæras dire,
 With notes of woe the mournful chorus join.
 Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch
 By beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
 Complain no more; but since my wretched fate
 Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
 Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb.

Chrysofom's song was very well approved by those who heard it: but he, who read it, said, it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of *Marcela*; for *Chrysofom* complains in it of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, all in prejudice of the credit and good name of *Marcela*.

To which *Ambroſio* answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend: To satisfy you, *Signor*, as to this doubt, you must know, that, when this unhappy person wrote this song, he was absent from *Marcela*, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself, to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an absent lover is disturbed by every thing, and seized by every fear, so was *Chryſofſom* perplexed with imaginary jealousies, and suspicious apprehensions, as much as if they had been real. And thus the truth, which fame proclaims of *Marcela*'s goodness, remains unimpeached; and, excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant, and very disdainful, envy itself neither ought, nor can, lay any defect to her charge. It is true, answered *Vivaldo*; and going to read another paper of those he had saved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful vision (for such it seemed to be) which on a sudden presented itself to their sight: for on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess *Marcela*, so beautiful, that her beauty surpassed the very fame of it. Those, who had never seen her till that time, beheld her with silence and admiration; and those, who had been used to the sight of her, were no less surprized than those who had never seen her before. But *Ambroſio* had scarcely espied her, when, with signs of indignation, he said to her: Comest thou, O fierce 'baſilisk of these mountains, to see whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition? or to behold, from that eminence, like another pitiless *Nero*, the flames of burning *Rome*? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corſe, as did the impious daughter on that of her father *Tarquin*? tell us quickly, what you come for, or what is it you would have: for since I know, that *Chryſofſom*, while living, never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, I will take care that all those, who called themselves his friends, shall obey you, tho' he be dead.

I come



Philip James Sculpt

I come not, O *Ambroſio*, for any of those purpoſes you have mentioned, answered *Marcela*; but I come to vindicate myſelf, and to let the world know, how unreasonable thoſe are, who blame me for their own ſufferings, or for the death of *Chryſtoſom*: and therefore I beg of all here present, that they would hear me with attention; for I need not ſpend much time, nor use many words, to convince persons of ſense of the truth. Heaven, as yourselves ſay, made me handsome, and to ſuch a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me, whether you will or no. And, in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and inſist, that I am bound to love you. I know, by the natural ſense god has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable: but I do not comprehend that, merely for being loved, the person that is loved for being handsome is obliged to return love for love. Befides, it may chance that the lover of the beauteous person may be ugly; and, what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would ſound oddly to ſay; I love you for being handsome; you muſt love me, though I am ugly. But ſuppoſing the beauty on both ſides to be equal, it does not therefore follow, that the inclinations ſhould be ſo too: for all beauty does not inspire love; and there is a kind of it, which only pleases the ſight, but does not captivate the affections. If all beauties were to en-amour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix: for the beauteous objects being infinite, the deſires muſt be infinite too. And, as I have heard ſay, true love cannot be divided, and muſt be voluntary and unforced. This being ſo, as I believe it is, why would you have me ſubject my will by force, being no otherwife obliged thereto, than only because you ſay you love me? For, pray, tell me, if, as heaven has made me handsome, it had made me ugly, would it have been juſt that I ſhould have complained of you, because you did not love me? Befides, you muſt conſider that my beauty is not my own choice; but ſuch as it is, heaven beſtowed it on me freely, without my asking or deſiring it. And as the viper does not de-

serve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, because it is given her by nature, as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome. Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword: neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound, those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she, who is loved for being beautiful, part with it, to gratify the desires of him, who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it? I was born free, and, that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields; the trees on these mountains are my companions; the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glasses: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those, whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. And if desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to *Chrysostom*, nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said, that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. And if it be objected to me, that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them; I answer, that when in this very place, where they are now digging his grave, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I told him, that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithstanding all this plain dealing, would obstinately persevere against hope, and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the midst of the gulph of his own indiscretion? If I had held him in suspense, I had been false: if I had complied with him, I had acted contrary to my better intention and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived; he despaired without being hated: consider now whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him, who

who is deceived, complain ; let him, to whom I have broken my promise, despair ; let him, whom I shall encourage, presume ; and let him pride himself, whom I shall admit : but let not him call me cruel, or mur-
therers, whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained, that I should love by destiny ; and from loving by choice, I desire to be excused. Let every one of those, who solicit me, make their own particular use of this declaration ; and be it understood from henceforward, that, if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain ; for she, who loves nobody, should make nobody jealous ; and plain dealing ought not to pass for disdain. Let him, who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing : let him, who calls me ungrateful, not serve me ; him, who thinks me shy, not know me ; who cruel, not follow me : for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this shy thing, will in no wise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest procedure and reserve ? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men ? You all know, that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to subject myself : I neither love, nor hate any body ; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that ; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, those steps by which the soul advances to its original dwelling. And in saying this, without staying for an answer, she turned her back, and entered into the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all those present in admiration as well of her sense as of her beauty.

Some of those, who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, discovered an inclination to follow her, without profiting by so express a declaration as they had heard her make ; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, and thinking this a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and with a loud and intelligible voice said : Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful *Marcela*, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she ought to be charged with on account of *Cbrysoftom's* death, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers : for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous. Now, whether it were through *Don Quixote's* menaces, or because *Ambrofio* desired them to finish that last office to his friend, none of the shepherds stirred from thence, 'till, the grave being made and *Cbrysoftom's* papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by standers. They closed the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock, 'till a tomb stone could be finished, which, *Ambrofio* said, he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner.

*Here lies a gentle shepherd swain,
Through cold neglect untimely slain.
By rigor's cruel hand be dy'd,
A victim to the scorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful, ingrate,
Whose eyes enlarge love's tyrant state.*

They then strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and condoling with his friend *Ambrofio*, took leave, and departed. *Vivaldo* and his companion did the same ; and *Don Quixote* bid adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who prayed him to go with them to *Sevit*, that being a place the most likely to furnish

furnish him with adventures, since, in every street, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. *Don Quixote* thank ed them for the notice they gave him, and the dispo-
sition they shewed to do him a courtesy, and said, that for the present he could not, and ought not, to go to *Sevil*, 'till he had cleared all those mountains of rob-
bers and assaiffs, of which, it was reported, they were full. The travellers, seeing his good intention, would not importune him farther ; but taking leave again, left him, and pursued their journey : in which they wanted not a subject for discourse, as well of the story of *Marcela* and *Cbryofrom*, as of the whimsical mad-
ness of *Don Quixote*, who resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess *Marcela*, and offer her all that was in his power for her service. But it fell not out as he in-
tended, as is related in the progress of this true histo-
ry, the second part ending here.

THE

THE
LIFE and EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure, which befel Don Quixote in meeting with certain bloody-minded Yangueses¹.

THE sage Cid Hamet Ben-engeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of his host, and of all those who were present at Cbryestom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter before. And having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they stopped in a mead full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook ; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noon-day heat, which already began to come on with great violence. Don Quixote and Sanche alighted, and leaving the as² and Roxinante at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung in the place, they ransacked the wal-

let ;

¹ Carriers of Galicia, commonly so called.

— let ; and without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man eat what they found in it. *Sancho* was so secure of *Roxinante*, that he had taken no care to fetter him, knowing him to be so tame and so little gamesome, that all the mares of the pastures of *Cordova* would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of *Galician* mares belonging to certain *Yanguese* carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water : and that, where *Don Quixote* chanced to be, was very fit for the purpose of the *Yangueses*. Now it fell out, that *Roxinante* had a mind to solace himself with the fillies, and, having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and, without asking his master's leave, betook himself to a smart trot, and went to communicate his need to them. But they, as it seemed, had more inclination to feed than any thing else, and received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner, that in a little time his girts broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was, that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, who had seen the drubbing of *Roxinante*, came up out of breath : and *Don Quixote* said to *Sancho* ; By what I see, friend *Sancho*, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race : I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to *Roxinante* before our eyes. What the devil of revenge can we take, answered *Sancho*, if they are above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half ? I am as good as a hundred, replied *Don Quixote* ; and, without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the *Yangueses* ; and *Sancho* did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow *Don Quixote* gave one of them a terrible wound, through

through a leathern doublet which he wore, on the shoulder. The *Yangueses*, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and, hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true, that at the second peal they brought *Sancho* to the ground, and the same befel *Don Quixote*, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: And, as fate would have it, he fell just at *Roxinante*'s feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. Now the *Yangueses*, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was *Sancho Pança*; who, finding he lay close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried, Signor *Don Quixote*! ah, Signor *Don Quixote*! What would you have, brother *Sancho*? answered *Don Quixote*, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. I would fain, if it were possible, answered *Sancho Pança*, that your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of the *Feo Blas*, if so be you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones, as it does for wounds. O that I had it here! unhappy I, that we have it not! answered *Don Quixote*. But I swear to you, *Sancho Pança*, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune does not order it otherwise) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out. But in how many days do you think, Sir, we shall recover the use of our feet, replied *Sancho Pança*? For my part, said the battered knight *Don Quixote*, I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men, who were not dubbed knights like myself. And therefore, I believe heaven has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother *Sancho*, it is requisite you be forewarned of what I shall now tell you; for it highly concerns the good of

of us both : and it is this ; that when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay 'till I lay hand on my sword against them ; for I will in no wise do it ; but do you draw your sword, and chaffise them to your own heart's content : but if any knights shall come to their aid and defence, I shall then know how to interpose, to defend you, and offend them with all my might : for you have already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends : so arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant *Biscainer*. But *Sancho Pança* did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering, and saying ; Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever ; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up : so that give me leave, Sir, to tell you by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, neither against peasant, nor against knight ; and from this time forward, in the presence of god, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever. Which his master hearing, answered : I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease ever so short a while, that I might convince you, *Pança*, of the error you are in. Harkye, finner, should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may safely, and without any hindrance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised you, what would become of you, if, when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you should render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions ? For you must know, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet, nor so much in the interest of

their

their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, to try their fortune : and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever shall happen. In this that hath now befallen us, answered *Sancho*, I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valour your worship speaks of ; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, Sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up *Roximante*, tho' he does not deserve it ; for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of *Roximante*, whom I took to be as chaste and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that *much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons* ; and that *we are sure of nothing in this life*. Who could have thought, that, after such swinging flashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer-errant, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves, which has discharged itself upon our shoulders ? Thine, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, should, one would think, be used to such storms ; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambricks, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. And were it not that I imagine (do I say imagine ?) did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation. To this replied the squire : Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen ; for, to my way of thinking, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if god of his infinite mercy does not succour us. Learn, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps : but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors ; and this experience hath shewn

as in many and divers knights, whose histories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some, who by the strength of their arm alone have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned: and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous *Amadis de Gaul* saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, *Archelaus the magician*, of whom it is positively affirmed, that, when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard. And moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us, that the *knights of the sun*, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself, at the bottom, in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; where they administered to him one of those things they call a clyster, of snow-water and sand, that almost did his business; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight. So that I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons, who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, *Sancho*, that the wounds, which are given with instruments that are accidentally in ones hand, are no disgrace or affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if the shoemaker strikes a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said, that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, that we are disgraced: for the arms those men carried, where-with they mashed us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, fword, or dagger. They gave me no leisure, answered *Sancho*, to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my whyniard¹, when they crossed my

¹ *Tizona*: a romantic name given to the sword of Roderick *Díaz de Bivar*, the famous Spanish General against the Moors.

my shoulders with their saplins, in such a manner, that they deprived my eyes of sight, and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think whether the busines of the threshing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory, as on my shoulders. All this notwithstanding, I tell you, brother *Pançá*, replied *Don Quixote*, there is no remembrance, which time does not obliterate, nor pain, which death does not put an end to. What greater misfortune can there be, replied *Pançá*, than that, which remains 'till time effaces it, and 'till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which people cure with a couple of plaisters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for ought I see, all the plaisters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again. Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, *Sancbo*, answered *Don Quixote*; for so I purpose to do: and let us see how *Roxinante* does; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share. We must not wonder at that, answered *Sancho*, since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at, is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear. Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters whereby to come at a remedy, said *Don Quixote*. I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of *Roxinante*, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old *Silenus*, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went delightfully mounted on a most beautiful ass. It is like he went mounted as your worship says, answered *Sancho*: but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish. To which *Don Quixote* answered: The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so that, friend *Pançá*, answer me no more,

more, but, as I have already said to you, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence, before night comes on and overtakes us in this uninhabited place. Yet I have heard your worship say, quoth *Panga*, that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate. That was, said *Don Quixote*, when they could not help it, or were in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was *Amadis*, when, calling himself *Beltenebros*¹, he posted himself on the poor rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shewn him by the lady *Oriana*. But let us have done with this, *Sancho*, and dispatch, before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen *Roxinante*. That would be the devil indeed, quoth *Sancho*; and fending forth thirty alas's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on whosoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but staid bent by the way like a *Turkis* bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to faddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up *Roxinante*, who, had he had a tongue to complain with, it is most certain would not have been outdone either by *Sancho* or his master. In fine, *Sancho* settled *Don Quixote* upon the ass, and tying *Roxinante* by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster now slower toward the place where he thought the road might lye. And he had scarce gone a short league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) discovered to him the road, where he espied an inn, which, to his sorrow and *Don Quixote*'s joy,

¹ The lovely obscure.

joy, must needs be a castle. *Sancho* positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado *Sancho* entered into it with his string of cattle.

C H A P. II.

Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman in the inn, which he imagined to be a castle.

THE inn-keeper, seeing *Don Quixote* laid across the aſs, enquired of *Sancho*, what ailed him? *Sancho* answered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The inn-keeper had to wife one of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours: so that she presently set herself to cure *Don Quixote*, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. There was also a servant in the inn, an *Aſſrian* wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and faddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better. It is true, the activity of her body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burthened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she cared to do. Now this agreeable lass helped the maiden; and they two made *Don Quixote* a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse loft. In which room lodged also a carrier, whose bed lay a little beyond that of our *Don Quixote*. And though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of *Don Quixote*'s, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches that they were



Philip James Sculpt

were wool, by the hardness might have been taken for pebble-stones; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rugg, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account. In this wretched bed was *Don Quixote* laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, *Maritornes* (for so the *Asturian* was called) holding the light. And as the hostess stuck on the plasters, perceiving *Don Quixote* to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said, that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. They were not blows, said *Sancho*; but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark: he said also; pray, forsooth, order it so, that some towe may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my fides alsoake a little. So then, said the hostess, you too have had a fall. No fall, said *Sancho Pança*; but the fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a thousand drubs. That may very well be, said the girl; for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen. But here is the point, mistress, answered *Sancho Pança*, that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master *Don Quixote*. How is this cavalier called, quoth the *Asturian Maritornes*? *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, answered *Sancho Pança*: he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world. What is a knight-errant, replied the wench? Are you so lately come into the world, that you do not know, answered *Sancho Pança*? Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is seen cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to

his

his squire. How comes it then to pass, that you being squire to this so worthy a gentleman, said the hostess, have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom? It is early days yet, answered *Sancbo*; for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And now and then one looks for one thing, and finds another. True it is, if my master *Don Quixote* recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not track my hopes for the best title in *Spain*.

All this discourse *Don Quixote* listened to very attentively; and setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say, that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall remain. And had it pleased the high heavens, that love had not held me so entranced, and subjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty.

The hostess, her daughter, and the good *Maritornes*, stood confounded at hearing this our knight-errant's discourse; which they understood just as much as if he had spoken *Greek*: though they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; so, thanking him with inn-like phrase for his offers, they left him. The *Asturian Maritornes* doctored *Sancbo*, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were a-bed, and her master and mistress asleep,

asleep, she would repair to him, and satisfy his desire as much as he pleased. And it is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but she performed it, though she had given it on a mountain, and without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in that calling of serving in an inn; often saying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it stood *Sancho's*, which consisted only of a flag-matt, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two in course stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, sleek, fat and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of *Arevalo*, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of this carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, some went so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. Besides, *Cid Hamet Benengeli* was a very curious, and very punctual historiographer in all things: and this appears plainly from the circumstances already related, which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence. Which may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly and succinctly, that we have scarcely a smack of them, leaving the most substantial part of the work, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, at the bottom of the inkhorn. The blessing of god a thousand times on the author of *Tablante*, of *Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the Count de *Tomillas*! with what punctuality do they describe every thing!

I say then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual *Maritornes*. *Sancho* was already plastered, and laid down; and though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and

Don

Don Quixote, through the anguish of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which our knight always drew from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle (for, as has been said, all the inns where he lodged were, in his opinion, castles) and that the inn-keeper's daughter was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, that night, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him, and pass a good part of it with him. And taking all this chimera (which he had formed to himself) for real and true, he began to be uneasy, and to reflect on the dangerous crisis, to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, though queen *Ginebra* herself, with the lady *Quintanions*, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved an unlucky one) of the *Asturian*'s coming drew near; who in her smock, and bare-footed, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarce was she come to the door, when *Don Quixote* perceived her, and sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plaisters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel the *Asturian*, who crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered *Don Quixote*'s arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her toward him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently

sently he fell to feeling her smock, which, though it was of canvas, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass-beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hairs, not unlike those of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of *Arabia*, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. And though her breath doubtless smelted of stale last-night's salt fish, he fancied himself sucking from her lips a delicious and aromatic odour. In short he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner, he had read described in his books, of some princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously wounded knight, with whom she is in love. And so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier vomit. Yet he imagined he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her: O! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty; but fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lye so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to gratify your desires, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a knight, as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands. *Maritornes* was in the utmost pain, and in a violent sweat, to find herself held so fast by *Don Quixote*; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled without speaking a word, to get loose from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened atten-

tively to all that *Don Quixote* said ; and jealous that the *Asturian* had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to *Don Quixote*'s bed, and stood still, to see what would come of those speeches which he did not understand. But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that *Don Quixote* laboured to hold her, not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood : and not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground : at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of *Maritornes*'s ; for having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up, and lighting a candle went toward the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to *Sancho Pança*'s bed, who was now asleep ; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering said ; Where are you, strumpet ? these are most certainly some of your doings. Now *Sancho* awaked, and perceiving that bulk lying as it were a-top of him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every side : and not a few of his fifty-cuffs reached *Maritornes*, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made *Sancho* such a return in kind, that she quite rouzed him from sleep, in despite of his drowsiness : who finding himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with *Maritornes* ; and there began between them two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. Now the carrier perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted *Don Quixote*, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlady

landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding without doubt, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick: the carrier belaboured *Sancho*, *Sancho* the wench, the wench him, the inn-keeper the wench; and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest: and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threshed one another so unmercifully, that let the hand light where it would, it left nothing found.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer, of those they call the old holy brotherhood of *Toledo*¹; who, likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, catched up his wand, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out; Forbear, in the name of justice; forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood. And the first he lighted on was the battered *Don Quixote*, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard, as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly, I charge you to aid and assist me: but, finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers: and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying; Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out; for they have killed a man here. This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw: only the unfortunate *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go *Don Quixote*'s beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents: but he found none; for the inn-keeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when

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he

¹ They patrouil in squadrons, to apprehend robbers and disorderly persons.

he retired to his Chamber ; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

C H A P. III.

Wherein are continued the numberless hardships, which the brave Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Pança underwent in the inn, which he unhappily took for a castle.

BY this time *Don Quixote* was come to himself, and with the very same tone of voice, with which, the day before, he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of pack-staves, he began to call to him, saying ; *Sancho*, friend, sleepest thou ? sleepest thou, friend *Sancho* ? How should I sleep ? woe is me ! answered *Sancho*, full of trouble and vexation ; I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night. You may very well believe so, answered *Don Quixote* ; and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must know—but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret till after my death. Yes, I swear, answered *Sancho*. I say it, replied *Don Quixote*, because I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation. I do swear, said *Sancho* again, I will keep it secret till after your decease, and god grant I may discover it to-morrow. Have I done you so many ill turns, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, that you would willingly see me dead so very soon ? It is not for that, answered *Sancho* ; but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping. Be it for what it will, said *Don Quixote* ; I trust for greater matters than that to your love and your kindness : and therefore you must know, that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable ; and, to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and

and beautiful damsel that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person? what of the sprightliness of her wit? what of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fidelity I owe to my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I will pass over untouched and in silence? only I would tell you, that heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands; or perhaps (which is more probable) this castle, as I said before, being enchanted; at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a douse on the chops, that I was all bathed in blood, and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for *Roxinante's* frolic, did us the mischief you know. Whence I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted *Moor*, and is not reserved for me. Nor for me neither, answered *Sancho*; for more than four hundred *Moors* have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheese-cakes to it. But tell me, pray, Sir, how can you call this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? though it was not quite so bad with your worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I, what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share. What! have you been pounded too? answered *Don Quixote*. Have I not told you, yes? Evil befall my lineage! quoth *Sancho*. Be in no pain, friend, said *Don Quixote*; for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye. By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed; and *Sancho* seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his

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shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master; Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor coming to chaffise us again, if any thing be left at the bottom of the ink-horn ¹? It cannot be the Moor, answered *Don Quixote*; for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body. If they will not be seen, they will be felt, said *Sancho*; witness my shoulders. Mine might speak too, answered *Don Quixote*: but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us, that what we see is the enchanted Moor.

The officer came, and, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true indeed, *Don Quixote* still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him, and said: How fares it, honest friend? I would speak more respectfully, answered *Don Quixote*, were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead? The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it, and lifting up the bras-lamp, with all its oil, gave it *Don Quixote* over the pate, in such sort, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. Doubtless, Sir, quoth *Sancho Pança*, this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks ². It is even so, answered *Don Quixote*; and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them; for as they are invisible and phantaftical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it never so much. Get you up, *Sancho*, if

¹ *Si se dexo algo en el tintero.* The meaning of which phrase is clear, from the like expression in the preceding chapter, where *Cervantes* praises the punctuality of *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* in recounting the minutest circumstances of the history; whereas other historians relate facts too succinctly, leaving the most substantial part of the work at the bottom of the ink-horn (*dexandose en el tintero, &c.*) that is, leaving the work imperfect.

² *Candilazos.* A new-coined word in the original.

if you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam; for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast.

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber, and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him; Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant that are in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted *Moor* that is in this inn. The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses. And the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what that honest man wanted. The inn-keeper furnished him with what he desired, and *Sancho* carried them to *Don Quixote*, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled: and what he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the last night's hurricane. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, till he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a viol to put it in; and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruze, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. And immediately he said over the cruze above fourscore *Pater-nosters* and as many *Ave-maries*, *Salves* and *Credos*, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction: at all which were present *Sancho*, the inn-keeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

Now the dose being ready, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint

and a half of what the cruze could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in; and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach: and thro' the convulsive reachings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat: wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours, when he awoke, and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered of his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured. And he was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of *Fierabras*, and that with this remedy he might thenceforward encounter without fear any dangers, battles, and conflicts whatever, though never so perilous.

Sancho Pança, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. *Don Quixote* granting his request, he took it in both hands, and with a good faith and better will, tossed it down into his stomach, swilling very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor *Sancho*'s stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings, with so many cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come: and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. *Don Quixote*, seeing him in that condition, said to him: I believe, *Sancho*, that all this mischief has befallen you because you are not dubbed a knight: for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good to those who are not. If your worship knew that, replied *Sancho* (evil betide me and all my generation!) why did you suffer me to drink it? By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to let fly at both channels with so much precipitation, that the flag-mat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himself, were never after fit for use. He sweated and sweated again, with

with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every body else thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation-errant lasted him near two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken, that he was not able to stand. But *Don Quixote*, who, as is said, found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing, that all the time he loitered away there was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam: and thus, hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled *Roxinante* with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback, and, coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat above twenty persons: among the rest the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those, who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, with a very solemn and grave voice, said to him; Many and great are the favours, Signor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends, to your heart's desire.

and so from on horseback he began to call those, who were tossing *Sancho*, so many strange and abusive names, that it is impossible to put them down in writing: but they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying *Sancho* forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with intreaties: yet all availed little, nor would have availed; but at last they left off for pure weariness. They then brought him his ass, and wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate *Maritornes*, seeing him so harrassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she brought from the well, because it was coolest. *Sancho* took it, and, as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying; Son *Sancho*, drink not water; child, do not drink it; it will kill thee: see here, I hold the most holy balsami (shewing him the cruze of the potion) by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again. At these words *Sancho* turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a louder voice; Perhaps you have forgot, Sir, that I am no knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my entrails, after last night's work. Keep your liquor in the devil's name, and let me alone. His ceasing to speak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment: but at the first sip finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed *Maritornes* to bring him some wine: which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they say of her, that, tho' she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint out-lines of a christian. As soon as *Sancho* had done drinking, he fell a kicking his ass; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expence of his accustomed surety, his carcass. The landlord, indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but *Sancho* never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him put; but the

blanketteers

blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that, though *Don Quixote* had really been one of the knights of the round table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

C H A P. IV.

In which is rehearsed the discourse, which Sancho Pança held with his master Don Quixote, with other adventures worth relating.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his as. *Don Quixote*, perceiving him in that condition, said; Now am I convinced, honest *Sancho*, that that castle or inn is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found, that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get upon them, nor so much as alight from *Rozinante*; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted: for I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that, If I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a manner, as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for, as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity. And I too, quoth *Sancho*, would have avenged myself if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they, who diverted themselves at my expence, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called *Pedro Martinez*, another *Tenorio Hernandez*; and the landlord's name is *Jehu Palomeque the left-handed*: so that, Sir, as to your

your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this, is, that these adventures we are in quest of will in the long run bring us into so many disadventures, that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from *Ceca* to *Mecca*¹, leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire. How little do you know, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, what belongs to chivalry! peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession: for tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? none without doubt. It may be so, answered *Sancho*, though I do not know it. I only know, that since we have been knights-errant, or you have been, Sir, (for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number) we have never won any battle, except that of the *Biscainer*; and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear, and half an helmet; and, from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside the blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the pleasure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worship is pleased to say. That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*: but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of *Amadis*, when he called himself:

¹ *Ceca* was a place of devotion among the *Moors* in the city of *Cordova*, to which they used to go in pilgrimage from other places; as *Mecca* is among the *Turks*: whence the proverb comes to signify *sauntring about to no purpose*. — A banter upon popish pilgrimages.

self knight of the burning sword, which was one of the best weapons that ever knight had in the world : for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it. I am so fortunate, quoth *Sancho*, that though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam : as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow. Fear not that, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote* ; heaven will deal more kindly by thee.

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when *Don Quixote* perceived on the road they were in a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them ; and seeing it he turned to *Sancho*, and said : This is the day, O *Sancho*, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm ; and in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall remain written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. See you yon cloud of dust, *Sancho* ? it is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way. By this account there must be two armies, said *Sancho* ; for on this opposite side there rises such another cloud of dust. *Don Quixote* turned to view it, and, seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted, they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain : for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges which he found in the books of chivalry ; and whatever he said, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now the clouds of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, 'till they came near. But *Don Quixote* affirmed with so much positiveness, that they were armies, that *Sancho* began to believe it, and said ; Sir, what then must we do ? What, replied *Don Quixote*, but favour and assist the weaker side ? Now then you must know,

Sancho,

Sancho, that the army, which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor *Alifanfaron*, lord of the great island of *Taprobana*: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the *Garamantes*, *Pentapolin* of the naked arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare³. But why do these two princes hate one another so, demanded *Sancho*? They hate one another, answered *Don Quixote*, because this *Alifanfaron* is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of *Pentapolin*, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet *Mabomet*, and turn christian. By my beard, said *Sancho*, *Pentapolin* is in the right, and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power. In so doing, you will do your duty, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*; for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight. I easily comprehend that, answered *Sancho*; but where will we dispose of this as, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast. You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*; and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not: for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory; that *Rozinante* himself will run a risque of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both armies. And that you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence both the armies may be distinctly seen. They did so, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two flocks, which *Don Quixote* took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust they raised obstructed and blinded the sight: but our knight, seeing in his imagination what he did not see, nor was to be seen in nature, began with a loud voice to say:

The

³ Alluding to the story of Scanderbeg king of Epirus.

The knight you see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned *couchant* at a damsel's feet, is the valorous *Laurcalco*, lord of the silver bridge : the other with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns *argent*, in a field *azure*, is the formidable *Micocolembo*, grand duke of *Quiracia* : the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted *Brandabarbaran* of *Bolicbe*, lord of the three *Arabias* ; he is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears instead of a shield a gate, which, fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple, which *Sampson* pulled down, when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see, in the front of this other army, the ever victorious and never vanquished *Timonel de Carcajona*, prince of the *New Biscay*, who comes armed with armour *quartered*, *azure*, *vert*, *argent*, and *or*, bearing in his shield a cat *or* in a field *gules*, with a scroll inscribed *MAU*, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who, it is reported, is the peerless *Miaulina*, daughter to *Alphenniquen* duke of *Atgarve*. The other, who burthens and oppresses the back of yon spirited steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white, without any device, is a new knight, by birth a *Frenchman*, called *Peter Papin*, lord of the baronies of *Utrique*. The other, whom you see, with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pyed fleet courier, and his armour of pure *azure*, is the powerful duke of *Nerbia*, *Esparta filardo* of the wood, whose device is an *asparagus-bed*¹, with this motto, in *Castilian*, *Rabrea mi suerte, Tbus drags my fortune*. In this manner he went on, naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and distributing to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, *ex tempore*, carried on by the strength

¹ This passage has been utterly mistaken by all translators in all languages. The original word *Esparguera* is a mock allusion to *Esparta filardo*, and the gingle between the words is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles so frequent in heraldry ; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and sounding titles in *Spain*, whose owners were arrant beggars.

strength of his imagination and unaccountable madness: and so, without hesitation, he went on thus. That body fronting us is formed and composed of people of different nations: ' here stand those, who drink the sweet waters of the famous *Xantbus*; the mountaineers, who tread the *Masilian* fields; those, who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of *Arabia Felix*; those, who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear *Thermodon*; those, who drain, by sundry and divers ways, the golden veins of *Pactolus*; the *Numidians*, unfaithful in their promises; the *Perians*, famous for bows and arrows; the *Parthians* and *Medes*, who fight flying; the *Arabians*, perpetually shifting their habitations; the *Scythians*, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped *Ethiopians*; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those, who drink the chrystral streams of olive-bearing *Betis*; those, who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden *Tagus*; those, who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine *Genil*; those, who tread the *Tartessian* fields, abounding in pasture; those, who recreate themselves in the *Elysian* meads of *Xereza*; the rich *Manchegans*, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those, clad in iron, the antique remains of the *Gothic* race; those, who bathe themselves in *Pisuerga*, famous for the gentleness of its current; those, who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding *Guadiana*, celebrated for its hidden source; those, who shiver on the cold brow of shady *Pyreneus*, and the snowy tops of lofty *Apenninus*; in a word, all that *Europe* contains and includes.

Good god! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. *Sancho Pança* stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then

¹ An imitation of *Homer's* catalogue of ships.

then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named: But seeing none, he said; Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at least I do not see them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins. How say you, *Sancho*? answered *Don Quixote*. Do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums? I hear nothing, answered *Sancho*, besides the bleating of sheep and lambs: and so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. The fear you are in, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, makes you, that you can neither see nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are: and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone; for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance. And saying this, he clapped spurs to *Rozinante*, setting his launce in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightning. *Sancho* cried out to him; Hold, Signor *Don Quixote*, come back; as god shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter: pray come back; woe to the father that begot me! what madness is this? Look; there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled: sinner that I am! what is it you do? For all this, *Don Quixote* turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud; Ho! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor *Pentapolin* of the naked arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy *Alifanfaron* of *Taprobana*. And saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of the sheep, and began to attack them with his launce, as courageously and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen, who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist,

fist. *Don Quixote* did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out; Where are you, proud *Alifanfaron*? present yourself before me; for I am a single knight, desirous to try your force hand to hand, and to punish you with the loss of life, for the wrong you do to the valiant *Pentapsolin Garamanta*. At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruse, and set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down: but, before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand and on the cruse, that it dashed it to-pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were above seven, and marched off without further enquiry.

All this while *Sancho* stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, and running to him found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses. Did I not desire you, said he, Signor *Don Quixote*, to come back? Did I not tell you, that those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men? How easily, replied *Don Quixote*, can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, *Sancho*, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please; and this malignant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was like to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile

squa-

squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, *Sancho*, for my sake, to undeceive yourself, and see the truth of what I tell you: get upon your ass, and follow them fair and softly, and you will find, that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be muttons, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want your help and assistance: come hither to me, and see how many grinders I want; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head. *Sancho* came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth; and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in *Don Quixote*'s stomach, at the instant *Sancho* was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents, with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire. Blessed virgin! quoth *Sancho*, what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor finner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth. But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, favour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruze he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his master; so that they both remained exactly in the same pickle. *Sancho* ran to his ass, to take something out of his wallets, to cleanse himself, and cure his master; but not finding them he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master, and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

Hereupon *Don Quixote* got up, and laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on *Rozinante*'s bridle, who never had stirred from his master's side (so trusty was he and good-conditioned) and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a

man

man overwhelmed with thought. *Don Quixote* seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: Know, *Sancho*, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms that fall upon us are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befall me, since you have no share in them. How, no share in them! answered *Sancho*: peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, are some body's else? What! are the wallets missing, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Yes they are, answered *Sancho*. Then we have nothing to eat to-day, replied *Don Quixote*. It would be so, answered *Sancho*, if these fields did not produce those herbs, you say you know, with which such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities. For all that, answered *Don Quixote*, at this time I had rather have a slice of bread, and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by *Dioscorides*, though commented upon by Dr. *Laguna* himself. But, good *Sancho*, get upon your afs, and follow me; for god, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service as we are, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the froglings of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust. Your worship, said *Sancho*, would make a better preacher than a knight-errant. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, the knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's high-way, with as good a grace as if they had taken their degrees in the university of *Paris*: whence

we

we may infer, that the launce never blunted the pen, nor the pen the launce. Well ! let it be as your worship says, answered *Sancho* ; but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night ; and pray god it be where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted *Moors* : for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold. Child, said *Don Quixote*, do you beseech god, and lead me whither you will : for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us : but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw ; for there I feel the pain. *Sancho* put in his fingers, and feeling about said ; how many did your worship use to have on this side ? Four, answered *Don Quixote*, beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound. Take care what you say, Sir, answered *Sancho*. I say four, if not five, replied *Don Quixote* ; for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay. Well then, said *Sancho*, on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half ; and in the upper neither half nor whole : all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand. Unfortunate that I am ! said *Don Quixote*, hearing the sad news his squire told him : I had rather they had tore off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm ; for, *Sancho*, you must know, that the mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone ; and, in good sooth, a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject to who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend *Sancho*, and lead on, for I will follow you what pace you will. *Sancho* did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on fair and softly (for the pain of *Don Quixote*'s jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste) *Sancho* had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

Of the sage discourse that passed between Sancho and his master, and the succeeding adventure of the dead body; with other famous occurrences.

IT is my opinion, dear master, that all the disadventures, which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away that helmet of *Malandrino*, or how do you call the *Moor*? for I do not well remember. *Sancho*, you are in the right, said *Don Quixote*: but to tell you the truth, it was quite slipped out of my memory; and you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing. Why, did I swear any thing? answered *Sancho*. It matters not that you have not sworn, said *Don Quixote*: it is enough that I know you are not free from the guilt of an accessory; and, at all adventures, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy. If it be so, said *Sancho*, see, Sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and perhaps with your worship, if they find you persist.

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the high-way, without their lighting on of discovering any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger: for with the loss of their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions. And, as an additional misfortune, there beset them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night fell pretty dark;

dark ; notwithstanding which they went on, *Sancho* believing that, since it was the king's high-way, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling on, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw advancing towards them on the same road a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. *Sancho* stood aghast at the sight of them, and *Don Quixote* could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his steed by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights were drawing toward them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appeared. *Sancho* trembled at the sight as if he had been quick-silver, and *Don Quixote*'s hair bristled upon his head : who, recovering a little courage, cried out ; *Sancho*, this must be a most prodigious and most perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour. Wo is me ! answered *Sancho* ; should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, where shall I find ribs to endure it ? Let them be never such goblins, said *Don Quixote*, I will not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment : for if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales : but now we are upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure. But if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time, quoth *Sancho*, what matters it whether we are in the open field or no ? For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I beseech you, *Sancho*, be of good courage ; for experience will shew you how much of it I am master of. I will, an't please god, answered *Sancho* ; and leaving the high-way a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be : and soon after they perceived a great many persons in white¹ ; which dreadful apparition entirely funk,

¹ The original is *encamisados*, which signifies persons who have put on a shirt over their cloaths. It was usual for soldiers, when

sunk *Sancho Pança*'s courage, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white shirts, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands: behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; and the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in shirts came muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might very well suffice to strike terror into *Sancho*'s heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than *Don Quixote*. As for *Sancho*, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted. But it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself, that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and with a sprightly vigour and mien posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass, and when he saw them come near, he raised his voice, and said: Hold, knights; whoever you are, give me an account to whom you belong; from whence you come; whither you are going; and what it is you carry upon that bier: for, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it; either to chastise you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you. We are

going

they attacked an enemy by night, to wear shirts over their armour or cloaths, to distinguish their own party: whence such nightly attacks were called *encamisadas*.

going in haste, answered one of those in white: the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require; and so spurring his mule he passed forward. *Don Quixote*, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said: Stand, and be more civil, and give me an account of what I have asked you; otherwise I challenge you all to battle. The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle; so that, rising upright on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A lacquey that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to revile *Don Quixote*; whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, and without staying longer assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded; and turning him about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them, insomuch that you would have thought *Roxante* had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself. All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival, or a festival night. The mourners likewise were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that *Don Quixote*, with entire safety to himself, demolished them all, and obliged them to quit the field sorely against their wills: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter¹.

All this *Sancho* beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself: without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be. There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first whom the mule had overthrown;

¹ The success of this adventure was proper to encourage our knight to attempt any enterprise.—The author seems here to have intended a ridicule on these funeral solemnities.

thrown ; by the light of which *Don Quixote* espied him, and coming to him set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or threatening to kill him. To which the fallen man answered : I am more than enough surrendered already ; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, Sir, if you are a christian gentleman, do not kill me : you would commit a great sacrilege : for I am a licenciate, and have taken the lesser orders. Who the devil then, said *Don Quixote*, brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic ? Who, Sir ? replied he that was overthrown. My misfortune. A greater yet threatens you, said *Don Quixote*, if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you. Your worship shall soon be satisfied, answered the licenciate ; and therefore you must know, Sir, that, though I told you before I was a licenciate, I am indeed only a batchelor of arts, and my name is *Alonzo Lopez*. I am a native of *Alcovendas* : I come from the city of *Baeza* with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches : we are accompanying a corfse in that litter to the city of *Segovia* : it is that of a gentleman who died in *Baeza*, where he was deposited ; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place, which is in *Segovia* where he was born. And who killed him ? demanded *Don Quixote*. God, replied the batchelor, by means of a pestilential fever he sent him. Then, said *Don Quixote*, our lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body else had slain him : but since he fell by the hand of heaven, there's no more to be done but to be silent and shrug up our shoulders ; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of *la Mancha*, *Don Quixote* by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, righting wrongs and redressing grievances. I do not understand your way of righting wrongs, said the batchelor ; for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again

gain whilst I live ; and the grievance you have redressed in me is, to leave me so aggrieved, that I shall never be otherwise ; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me, to meet with you who are seeking adventures ¹. All things, answered *Don Quixote*, do not fall out the same way : the mischief, master batchelor *Alonzo Lopez*, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chaunting, and clad in doleful weeds, that you really resembled something wicked, and of the other world ; so that I was under a necessity of complying with my duty and of attacking you, and would have attacked you though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell ; for 'till now I took you to be no less. Since my fate would have it so, said the batchelor, I beseech you, Signor knight-errant, who have done me such errant mischief, help me to get from under this mule ; for my leg is held fast between the stirrop and the saddle. I might have talked on 'till to-morrow morning, said *Don Quixote* : why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness ? Then called he out to *Sancho Pança* to come to him : but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. *Sancho* made a bag of his cloke, and cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast ; and then running to his master's call, he helped to disengage the batchelor from under the oppression of his mule, and setting him thereon gave him the torch ; and *Don Quixote* bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury, which he could not avoid doing them. *Sancho* said likewise ; if perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous *Don Quixote*.

P. 3;

ote.

¹ The author's making the batchelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was probably designed as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are so apt to run into an affectation that way, and to mistake it for wit ; as also upon the dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes, in their greatest distresses, guilty of the like absurdity.

The bachelor being gone, *Don Quixote* asked *Sancho*, what induced him to call him *the knight of the sorrowful figure* at that time more than at any other? I will tell you, answered *Sancho*; it is because I have been taking notice of you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried; and in truth your worship makes at present very near the most woful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth. It is owing to neither, replied *Don Quixote*; but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my atchievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himself *the knight of the burning faword*; another *be of the unicorn*; this *of the damsel*; that *of the Phoenix*; another *the knight of the Griffin*; and another *be of death*; and were known by these names and ensigns over the whole globe of the earth. And therefore I say, that the aforesaid sage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me *the knight of the sorrowful figure*, as I purpose to call myself from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield. You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made, said *Sancho*; your worship need only shew your own, and stand fair to be looked at; and without other image or shield they will immediately call you *him of the sorrowful figure*; and be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, Sir (and let this be said in jest) that hunger, and the loss of your grinders, makes you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful piece of painting may very well be spared.

Don Quixote smiled at *Sancho*'s conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined, and said; I conceive, *Sancho*, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta illud. Siquis
suedato*

suadente diabolo, &c. ¹ though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them: besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, which I respect and revere like a good catholic and faithful christian as I am, but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befel the Cyd *Ruy Diaz*, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his holiness the pope, for which he was excommunicated; and yet honest *Roderigo de Vivar* passed that day for an honourable and courageous knight.

The batchelor being gone off, as has been said, without replying a Word, *Don Quixote* had a mind to see whether the corpse in the hearse were only bones or not; but *Sancho* would not consent, saying; Sir, your worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expence of any I have seen; and though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and ashamed thereat, may recover themselves, and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, *To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread*: and driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking *Sancho* in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. *Sancho* disburthened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they dispatched their breakfast, dinner, after-noon's luncheon, and supper all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess, which the ecclesiastics that attended the deceased (such gentlemen seldom failing to make much of themselves) had brought with them.

¹ i. e. According to that, If any one at the instigation of the devil, &c. Canon 72. *Distinct.* 134.

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them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befel
them, which *Sancho* took for the worst of all; which
was, that they had no wine, nor so much as water
to drink; and they being very thirsty, *Sancho*, who
perceived the meadow they were in covered with green
and fine grass, said what will be related in the fol-
lowing chapter.

End of VOLUME FIRST.

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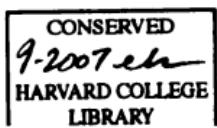
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